

Phillip Ray Kunz in Bits and Pieces

As I Remember Him

by

Phillip Ray Kunz

2012

Why do I write this history? I suppose that part of me thinks I should survive here after I die. Perhaps there will be a great-grandchild who will find some interest in one of his or her roots. It may be that I have an interest in giving another point of view to the real me.

Today in 2011 part of who I am is in my head and heart and, from the perspective of mortality, will sooner or later lie down with me in the grave and will then be hidden for those who stay behind. I know that chunks of all of what I am will journey on with me to wherever the spirit travels.

From the perspective of the future, some of what I was may be found in daily journals, which I sometimes wrote with day to day tenacity and sometimes with a skip of a year or two or more. Another part of me may be found in the details of the day to day operation while serving in the military or as a young missionary to the Southern States. These two periods of time are documented in other writings. I will include some of my writings when, as an older missionary, I presiding over a mission in Louisiana with the huge assistance of my good wife, Joyce. Our second mission together has been written about day by day by Joyce in her journal, and in a different perspective, by me in a little booklet of poetry and prose titled: People, Projects and Pavers: Writings from Belarus. This mission was one in which we had the opportunity of spending much money, which had been donated by members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in humanitarian efforts to various organizations in Belarus which were helping the poor and needy.

Pieces of me are here and there, sometimes in print and sometimes in the minds and hearts of those who were my companions and associates, or perhaps some who I just happened to be near for some reason or other. In any event, today in 2011. I write about a part of me.

Personal Information

My name is Phillip Ray Kunz. Some of my children poke a little fun at me by saying, "My name is Phillip R. Kunz," which came from what I said when I was on a television game show, "To Tell The Truth," in New York City a few years ago. The panelists introduced themselves in this manner -- each of the three of us saying, "My name is Phillip R. Kunz."

As I think about my name, it is interesting to me that I never asked my parents, when they were



Phillip on the television show, "To Tell The Truth"

alive, why they named me Phillip. I do not know where the Phillip or the Ray came from. I know that my mother taught Sunday School for many years and would often tell about the New Testament characters, including Phillip. That could have been a source for my parents.

I was the tenth of thirteen children and my parents may have just about run out of names by the time they got to me.

Amended 4-2-65 (Be sure the information is complete and accurate) State File No. 246813
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
STATE OF IDAHO Local Reg. No. _____
Reg. Dist. No. 52

1. PLACE OF BIRTH		2. USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER (Where does mother live?)	
a. COUNTY <u>Bear Lake</u>		a. STATE <u>Idaho</u>	b. COUNTY <u>Bear Lake</u>
b. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) OR TOWN <u>Bern, Idaho</u>		c. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) OR TOWN <u>Bern</u>	
c. FULL NAME OF (If NOT in hospital or institution, give street address or location) HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION		d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location)	
3. CHILD'S NAME			
a. (First) <u>Phillip</u>	b. (Middle) <u>Ray</u>	c. (Last) <u>Kunz</u>	
4. SEX <u>Male</u>	5a. THIS BIRTH SINGLE ☒ TWIN _____ TRIPLET _____	5b. IF TWIN OR TRIPLET (This child born) 1st _____ 2nd _____ 3rd _____	6. DATE OF BIRTH (Month) (Day) (Year) <u>7 - 19 - 1936</u>
FATHER OF CHILD			
7. FULL NAME			
a. (First) <u>Parley</u>	b. (Middle) <u>Peter</u>	c. (Last) <u>Kunz</u>	
8. AGE (At time of this birth) <u>41</u> YEARS	9. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) (City or Town) <u>Bern, Idaho</u>	10. USUAL OCCUPATION <u>Farmer</u>	11. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY <u>Farm</u>
MOTHER OF CHILD			
12. FULL MAIDEN NAME			
a. (First) <u>Hilda</u>	b. (Middle) <u>Irene</u>	c. (Last) <u>Stoor</u>	
13. AGE (At time of this birth) <u>36</u> YEARS	14. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) (City or Town) <u>Gray's Lake, Idaho</u>	15. CHILDREN PREVIOUSLY BORN TO THIS MOTHER (Do NOT include this child)	
16. INFORMANT'S SIGNATURE OR NAME (Relationship)		a. How many OTHER children are now living? <u>9</u>	b. How many OTHER children were born alive but are now dead? <u>0</u>
		c. How many children were stillborn (born dead after 20 wks. pregnancy?) <u>0</u>	
I hereby certify that this child was born alive on the date stated above.		17. SIGNATURE <u>Geo. F. Ashley</u>	
		18. ATTENDANT AT BIRTH M.D. ☒ MIDWIFE _____ OTHER (Specify) _____	
19. ADDRESS <u>Montpelier, Idaho</u>		20. DATE SIGNED	
21. DATE RECD BY LOCAL REG. <u>Sept. 1, 1936</u>	22. REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE <u>H.H. King</u>	23. DATE ON WHICH GIVEN NAME ADDED BY _____ Registrar	

State of Idaho.)
County of Ada)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY That this is a certified copy of a certificate filed with the
Department of Environmental Protection and Health under Title 39, Idaho Code.

NOV 10 1972
Date Issued

Janet M. Wick
State Registrar of Vital Statistics

Phillip Ray Kunz Birth Certificate

My name has always given me some pride and I hope that I have done well with the name. The Kunz part of the name has also been special to me. I have thought well of the Kunz name and especially later in life as I learned more about my ancestors and the great contributions that they made.

When I write about the Kunz name I am also including all members of the family who have taken this additional name as they married into the family. I think of the Kunz family in the

broader scope. I call any person a family member if I can establish some sort of relationship. I know that many people do not think of “family” if cousins go beyond first or second. Not me. They are all my family if I can identify them.

In the latter part of the 1980's I compiled a book in which I tried to identify all of the descendants of my grandparents on the Kunz side of the family, who first joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Switzerland. This materialized in a book The Kunz Family: Johannes Kunz and Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, Their Ancestors and Descendants, the bulk of which identified those descendents by name and including some other information about them. I think the book has done much to help maintain the Kunz family identity. I hope that family members in the future will respect and love this part of their identity.

While my name is Phillip Ray Kunz, and does not list the Stoor name, which is the maiden name of my mother, Hilda Irene Stoor, the Stoor family, who came from Finland, is of equal significance to me as the Kunz family. In 2000 I complete a book of the Stoor family which was finally completed in the year my mother would have been one hundred years of age. It was my birthday present for her and while she had long gone from this earth, she may be aware of it. The title of this book is: Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback Stoor Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivers Marie Vinberg Isaksson Family, Ancestors and Descendants.

While my Stoor grandparents did not join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I know that they will embrace the gospel as they have heard of it following their death – my grandmother died in 1900 and my grandfather in 1926.

The *Ray* part of my name bears some mention. When I was in the Armed Forces from 1954 to 1956 I became aware of the fact that my name was listed as Phillip Rae Kunz on my birth certificate, but that somewhere in the early years I had written it as Ray. After my marriage I petitioned the court to change my official middle name to Ray inasmuch as that had become the name which I used. I thought that this usage ought to be consistent. Prior to my doing this, I spoke with parents about it and they concurred with my decision. Had they felt otherwise, I would not have pursued the name change.

Names ought to be significant. While I sometimes joke about names such as thinking a person named Pickle would do well to name a child Dill, Sweet, or Bread And Butter. Or, a person with the name of Rich might name children Exceedingly, or Very, or Not Very, or That's.

I know that the Book of Mormon presents a true principle when the Prophet Helaman said to his sons, Nephi and Lehi,

Behold, my sons, I desire that ye should remember to keep the commandments of God; and I would that ye should declare unto the people these words. Behold, I have given unto you the names of our first parents who came out of the land of Jerusalem; and this I have done that when you remember your names ye may remember them; and when ye remember them ye may remember their works; and when ye remember their works ye may know how that it is said, and also written, that they were good.

And now my sons, behold I would that ye should do that which is good, that it may be said of you, and also written, even as it has been said and written of them. Helaman 5:6-7.

It is pleasing to me that my wife, Joyce and I see such names in our immediate family as Truman, Kenneth, Jay, Johnathan, Parley, John, Matthew, Brigham, Coulson, Paul, Adam, Logan, Jameson, Clayton and Parker. These male names, as well as the girls in our family: Jenifer, Jody, Jana, Rachel, Mallory, Kristine, Heidi, Kate, Jane, Adelaide, Lucy, Alice and Ella have sound names that bear weight and hopefully will yield responsibility to those who are so named.

I am proud of our family, both immediate and extended. Sometimes I notice the articles in the newspapers and so on that mention someone who is part of our family and I find joy in seeing them so represented. The names in my wife's Sheffield and Beck families bring me the same joy as those in my own family for indeed, our marriage brings all of these families together into one great body.

The name has not always been straight forward. Often when I take photographs in to be developed and then go to pick them up I will say "Kunz," and then I speak out the letters in the name: K u n z. Nevertheless, the clerk often will begin to look under the "c" instead of the "k." Telemarketers butcher the name. Even family members sometimes wonder if it is pronounced "Koontz" "Kunz" and so on.

When I was a missionary in the Southern States in 1956 my companion and I were at the home of one of the members, a woman who had been married and divorced a number of times. A neighbor of the woman came to the member's home while we were there and this good woman was introducing us. She said something like, "This is Elder Smith from Utah and Elder uh Skunk from Idaho. No, Skunk is not right, but I know that it is some kind of little animal." We all had a good laugh about it at my expense.

I am thankful for the good name I have and the heritage it represents. I hope that I will always honor and uphold the tradition of my name. When I was young I was sometimes called Phil and sometimes Phillip. I did not notice that my parents used one or the other dependent upon whether I was acting good or bad.

In high school I was called "Flip" by a few of the boys.

Delmar Kunz, my father's first cousin and my Bishop for a time, use to call me by a rather interesting name. When he would see me he would say: "Philissy Phollisy Nickely John, Weaver Quaver English Knaver, Streakem Strikem Well I'll be bucked out." This was apparently a "counting out" rhyme that would have been used by children, which has many variations in various cultures, but must have been very familiar to Delmar in his youth.

As we were branding cattle one Spring when I was young, I was helping hold the calf with a rope on the back legs and the animal about got loose. My father was waiting to "doctor" the animal and he probably feared for my welfare as a small boy. He said, "Phil's kilt," which I assume

meant Phil is killed. Several of the boys then use to call me "Phil's Kilt." Arlo Kunz does to this day when he sees me.

On my mission in the Southern States some of the missionaries use to call me "Little Bunker," Berkeley L Bunker, being me Mission President. I always saw that as a supreme compliment to me, but perhaps not to him.

When I served as Mission President in the Southern States we met a couple of times each year with President James E. Faust, who was our contact in that area of the United States as an Apostle of the Lord. Upon returning home Joyce and I went to a reception at Brigham Young University in conjunction with the commencement exercise in which they were honoring three or four individuals. President Faust attended and upon seeing us he said to me, "Well, Philly, how are you?" I took that Philly as a real term of endearment and it meant a lot to me. I read afterwards that he often had nicknames for people he loved.

I never had any nicknames that I couldn't deal with. They were all ok in their place and time. According to the daily journal of Bishop Robert Schmid, my neighbor in Bern, Idaho, I was born a male, ten pound baby. Whether there was a scale or whether Bishop Schmid was estimating my weight based on his long experience of estimating hams which he cured and smoked for people in the Bear Lake Valley I don't know. This was another question that I did not ever bring up for my parents' verification.

Physical characteristics

I think that I grew up to be a fairly normal looking boy without features that neither offend nor are especially attractive. When I went into the military at age eighteen years I was five feet five inches and weighed 135 pounds. At that time because of the farm work I was in good shape and had pretty firm muscles. Now, in 2011 I have shrunk an inch or two and gained fifty pounds. In addition, my hair has pretty much changed color and is mostly gone.

As I progressed through the two rooms used for classes in Bern School District No. 13, I was always the smallest of the five students in his row. Each row represented the students for that grade, there being four grades within each room. The first grade teacher was Miss Titus. Other teachers were Stella Kunz, Rao Dunford, Mr. Donald Nate and Mrs. Nate substituted. I liked all of them. I was a good student, but never as bright as Dianne Steckler, the tallest student in my class and also the daughter of my cousin, Myrtle.

My height has always been problematic. I was the shortest of the five classmates in elementary school. The height did not bother me at that time except in photos of the school class it was very evident. By the time I went to Montpelier High School the height became more interesting. We sometimes had dances in the afternoon or on Friday or Saturday nights. I think that I was a bit self-conscious about my height as I danced with girls that were quite a bit taller than me. I tended to choose dates from the shorter girls in general.



Eighth Grade Class in Bern, Idaho: Phillip Kunz, Larry Alleman, Connie Schmid, Geraldine Kunz, Dianne Steckler, Donald E. Nate - Teacher



Phillip in Early School Days

I recall my first date with Joan Armatage when I was still only fourteen years old. [Of course I know that the recommendation to wait until age 16 is sound.] She was a bit taller than me and I had determined to kiss her goodnight at the end of the date. I recall deliberately planning to get her one step down from me on her front steps. We laugh now as we think of it but it seemed to work alright, but from then on I think that the dating height difference was not really relevant.

Nevertheless, after graduating from High School and serving in the military and on my mission I did purchase a pair of *elevator shoes*, which lifted me a bit taller. I did not wear them too often. I also had cowboy boots at various times, which may have been an attempt at least unconsciously to stand a little taller.

Perhaps I have overcompensated a little for my height by being outgoing or achieving in other areas. I have often joked about my height in talks in church or teaching classes at the university. When the microphone is raised for me as I begin to speak, it is just natural to say something about my height.

When my lovely missionary companion - my wife, Joyce - and I were speaking in the Denham Springs Stake Conference, while I was Mission President, the lights went out in the building and in the city in general, with the widespread power failure. A flashlight was obtained, which I held for my wife as she spoke. When I spoke I did not use the light, but spoke in the darkness. I said, "Many of you do not know me but I am about 6 feet 6 inches tall and have long black hair." Those who did know me got a good laugh out of it and the others probably wondered why they were laughing. Sometimes we still hear about that talk given many years ago.



Note the comb in my pocket. I was sent home one day to get my hair combed

When I was set apart for my mission to the Southern States in 1956 by Elder Antone R. Ivins, himself a rather short man, he said in the blessing something like, "Elder Kunz, no one on you mission will ever make light of you, nor of your message because of your height." I thought that those words were a bit unusual in a blessing, but they gave me some comfort. I can honestly say that the promise was fulfilled to the letter. I was never kidded about my height. Quite the opposite occurred. I was referred to as "Little Bunker" meaning that I had mannerisms like him, which I thought was very positive. Any mention of my height was always associated with good, positive comments and compliments. Truly the blessing was given under the inspiration from the Lord.

In recent years Congress has passed the American Disabilities Act. In my own value system I believe that it is important to assist people with disabilities in whatever manner is logical. However, there are some interpretations of the act that it extends to people such as alcoholics who can't help themselves and therefore have a disability. In this spirit of things I think that I ought to have some consideration under the American Disabilities Act. Inasmuch as I am not tall I have been "passed over" by such groups as the National Basketball Association. I have not been able to earn millions of dollars by being a good "slam dunker" and I think that the hoop should be lowered for me so that I can do a slam dunk. In other words, I have been discriminated against because of my height and so on.

I guess I have often overcompensated for my short stature and recent baldness. Blake Roney, who founded NuSkin, and is our neighbor said, "You get a lot of mileage out of your height and hair." Photos with tall people have never distressed me.



Photo with basketball player and Branch President in Istanbul, Turkey
appears that neither has most of the rest of the residents in the United States.

My weight has been rather constant from the early part of my life -- late teen age until about 35 years or so. Since that time I have been heavier and am now about 50 pounds overweight. During my time in the Army, for a while in Germany, we had little to do and would get a pint of ice cream from the PX every morning and sit in the radar trailer and eat. I got almost as heavy as I am now, but three weeks prior to coming home from Europe I stopped the ice cream and the weight dropped back to where it should have been. That does not happen anymore. Now, each pound is tough to get off and keep off. It may be even worse when I go from a push mower to a self propelled mower and do other things to reduce my physical exertion.

We currently live at 3040 Navajo Lane in Provo, Utah with a zip code of 84604. I never did catch on to that last part of the zip code and it

Addresses

For eighteen years I lived in Bern, Idaho. Just Bern, Idaho, with no zip code, no street address and no house number. The town was small and the Postmaster or Postmistress was always a relative who knew every person and every dog in the town. Later on when zip codes came into being, I use to write to my older brother, Paul, with the envelope just being addressed: *Paul 83220*. That got the letter to him. We use to laugh about it.

In the Army they always wanted street addresses but I had none so I would "invent" one sometimes to keep the "brass" off my case.

In the military I lived in Fort Ord, California, Fort Bliss, Texas, and



This was my home in Bern, Idaho, as it was most of the time when I lived there. After I went into the Army, an additional room was added on the front, not shown in this photo. Wiesbaden Air Base, Germany, with two or three short term, relocation sites. The Fort Bliss home was a hut used for prisoners of war during the Second World War.

On my mission I lived on Whiskey Road in Aiken, South Carolina and in various other apartments.

When I went to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah I lived in the "tree streets," which are east of the BYU Campus and named after several kinds of trees, like Apple, Ash and so on. My street was Briar Avenue. After marriage Joyce and I began our married life on 2nd East in Provo and then on 3rd East. We lived in Lyman, Wyoming and then in Provo again for the summer. We lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan in two different locations and then in Laramie, Wyoming. As we moved to Provo we moved to west Provo to a home with a big empty basement and then built our home on 3040 Navajo Lane, only after looking at many dozens of homes and finding none we could afford or liked. We will probably stay here forever, perhaps only because of the tremendous amount of energy it would take to pack and move somewhere else. We love our neighbors and it would be difficult for us to leave them.

We have lots purchased in "East Lawn Cemetery" in Provo so that may be our final address. I remember one time as we were moving from somewhere to somewhere else, my cousin John Kunz asked me where I considered my home. I asked him what he meant and he said, "Well, where do you want to be buried?" For him, that was the best definition of home.

We have always been at home wherever we lived. Joyce and I believed in making a home wherever we were. Many of our friends treated where they were as temporary and could not wait to move away to something more permanent. We have tried to be a *part of* and feel a *part of* our current "home."

Birthdays

My birthday was on Sunday, the 19th of July, 1936. I always thought that having been born on a Sunday should propel me to activity in the Church and commitment to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Early in my life someone said that I, as the tenth child of Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor, was the tithing child. I think that concept also has led me to do a bit better with my life than I might have otherwise done, although my life has been far from what I ought to have done and even further from perfect.

I do not remember ever having a birthday party while living at home. I know that some of my brothers and sisters did, however. I guess I really never thought of it at the time, but have since. I do not think that my parents disliked me nor did they think a little cake or presents from other children would spoil me, but my birthday occurred during the summer when we were always busy in the hay etc and so it was.

In Primary we used to give some pennies on our birthday for the Children's Hospital and that seemed important to me. Perhaps it was a time when we got some treat to eat in association with it, however. At Brigham Young University we always signed a card for faculty who had birthdays and the secretaries would provide a cake or some little treat for the person with the birthday. While I signed many cards, I did not get such a card until the summer when I retired. Perhaps the reason was that the summer was slow and not many of the faculty was around or that my name didn't get on the list or whatever. It was not a big thing, but interesting to think about. It may be that I just looked forever young and therefore people thought I did not have birthdays!!!

My place of birth was in my parents' home in Bern, Idaho, with some neighbor assisting as a midwife, as was the custom in those times. This was the home in which my father was also born and into which he brought his bride and began to establish their family. This was one of the homes of my Grandfather, John Kunz III and Grandmother, Elizabeth Boss Kunz, lived until she died when my father was only six years of age. He was then raised by Aunt Lou, the fourth wife of my grandfather, and who did not have children of her own. All thirteen of us were born in Bern except for Richard who was born in Montpelier, Idaho in the hospital. He was next to last and now I wonder why Arthur was born in Bern instead of in Montpelier. I assume that it may have been because that was where Mother was at the time.

I remember when Wanda Kunz was to give birth to Scott, her last born, the time was during a big snow storm in the winter and they took her to the hospital in Montpelier, 4 1/2 miles by team and sleigh. As it turned out, she was not ready to deliver so they got the blizzard filled road opened and sent her home for a few more days. No doubt I will write of the blizzards later on.

My eyes are blue, just like those of my parents and sisters and brothers. As I grew up I think I thought that blue eyes were the best, but it was not a big deal. When I married Joyce, with brown eyes, our children followed her lead and also had brown eyes. So, we had Joyce, Jay, Jenifer, Jody, Johnathan, and Jana all starting their name with "J" and all with brown eyes. One day one of the children said to my wife, "I feel sorry for Dad. He is the only one whose name does not begin with J, and the only one of us with blue eyes. I am so thankful for the blue eyes that have let me see so much of the beauty of the earth. I know that brown eyes would also have served me as well.

Being a Democrat

My parents were Republicans. I can remember my mother sometimes making a bit negative comments about Franklin D. Roosevelt. At election time I was aware that there were only a tiny few Democrats in Bern. I knew who they were but would not want to identify them here because they may not be completely dead.

The election conventions at the national level were especially interesting to me. I listened to the radio, as much as I could, to both of the conventions, seeing good and bad in both. Perhaps in those days the conclusions of the deliberations did not appear to be *set in stone*, as it appears to be these days, so there was drama and high interest.

In short, I was a Republican when I grew up and stayed so during the military and on my mission. Upon returning from my mission I went to Brigham Young University and we had various candidates come to campus which was of great interest to me. One of my missionary friends invited me to literally beat the drum during a march for the Democrats. I did so and found myself more in line with the thinking of the Democrats than the Republicans. I still found myself voting for some of both parties -- which I still do to this day.



Parade in Provo, Utah - Vote Kunz

Upon returning to Utah from Michigan and Wyoming the Democratic Party needed someone to run in the state legislative election against Lee Farnsworth, who was the Republican candidate. I found out later that he has also been a Democrat, but had switched so that he would have some possibility of being elected. The person who ran against him in the prior election only received about 25% of the vote, but he had not put out a good race.



Phillip in Campaign with Governor Scott Mathison

Today, in 2011, I feel very badly that our country has become so divided in the two political parties. It seems that there are no statesmen - only those looking to the next election.

I thought that I would give it a try and committed to myself that I would knock on every door in my district. I did run and put up signs all over, marched in the 4th of July parade with our old 1950 Chevy, which we had painted orange and white. Our children also marched and carried signs. I went to every home in my district two different times, once for the primary and once in the general election. I spoke to anyone I found at home and left campaign literature with them or at the door for those not at home. In the Primary I beat the other man, but in the final election I got about as many votes as the prior man got. I think the Republicans could run a brown dog and get the same votes. It was a good experience for me but I have since declined offers to fill the slot for the Democrats.

To this day the people in my ward make comments about my being a Democrat. There are only three or four of us in the ward neighborhood. I put a sign up on Don Snow's lawn, which he agreed to, although he was not a Democrat. His neighbor, my Bishop, Elmo Roundy went over and told him to remove it.

Don said he wouldn't because Phil was his friend. I think that the Bishop did not think about me but was only committed to his party in something of a blind manner.

At the same time, I had many friends and others who signed an ad in the newspaper for my candidacy. I am grateful for all of those who supported me then and since in so many things in my life.

Someone in the ward reported to another person that Phil Kunz was a Democrat to which the other person said, "He can't be because I saw him in the temple last week."

My sister Naomi also made a remark that she could not believe that I was a Democrat. It was like I had left the Church or something.

One of our Stake Presidents, Keith Hoopes, called Neal Lambert and Spencer Palmer to be his counselors. As they were beginning their meeting the Stake President said something about needing to organize to defeat another man in the community in an upcoming election. One of the counselors asked why and the President said, "Well you know that he is a Democrat." The counselors both smiled and said, "President, do you know that you have selected two men who are both Democrats?"

He had not known they were Democrats and couldn't believe what he had done.

So, I now end as more of a Democrat than a Republican, but vote for some of both. I am actually registered as an Independent. It was a bit comforting to learn that my Mission President, President Faust, Joyce's father, Kenneth Sheffield and grandfather, Heber John Sheffield, were all Democrats.

Blood

My blood type is O+. The most common blood is fine, but I do admit that at times when I was young I thought it would be neat to have a more uncommon blood type.

I gave blood in the military and some since, but during our university days Joyce and I both sold blood fairly often, but not as often as we could, to help make a living for our family.

I remember one time while we were at the University of Michigan I went to the University Hospital and sold blood. After leaving the room where they drew it, I got on the elevator to go down and felt very faint. I sat right down on the floor of the elevator so that I would not pass out. I remember thinking that I would have to pay the money back if they called a doctor. Sitting down made me feel better and I was soon on my way again with a pocket containing \$20.



SCOTT M. MATHESON
GOVERNOR

STATE OF UTAH
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
SALT LAKE CITY
84114

October 16, 1978

Phillip R. Kunz
3040 Navajo Lane
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Phil:

It was a pleasure meeting you during my recent visit to Utah County. I enjoyed the opportunity to briefly discuss some of the problems you face running for office and wish you the best of luck this November.

If I or my office can be of any assistance, please don't hesitate to call.

Sincerely,
A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Scott M. Matheson".
Governor

SMM:bsj

Letter from Governor Matheson

Health

I have been allergic to several things in my life, but today I have little problem with it. During the course of my life I have had regular shots to desensitize me to whatever was bad, once in Michigan for free and two different times in Provo, which my insurance and I paid for.

While on the farm we almost all had hay fever which seemed to come from a variety of things. The worst thing for me was cleaning the chicken coop. We didn't do it too often, but it was terrible. Today, OSHEA would probably make us wear masks or something. Our eyes would get red and our noses run and we would sneeze a lot.

We didn't really have any medicine for it, perhaps because we didn't go to the doctors for such minor things. Somehow Paul got the word about a kind of thing to smoke, which as I recall was called Asmador cigarettes. They did not contain tobacco, but were full of herb smelling stuff and smoking them brought some relief. I remember smoking them only during the chicken cleaning time, however, and they did bring some relief and a diminution of the symptoms of the hay fever.

I am White and happy to be so, however I must say that I do not see race or socioeconomic status as something that sets me apart in any manner. We are all children of the Lord and have obtained great and wonderful blessings.

My ancestors come from Switzerland on my father's side of the family and from Finland, the Swedish-speaking part - Vaasa, on my mother's side. I am proud of my heritage and look forward to meeting grandparents and grandparents before them back into the centuries. All of my grandparents had died prior to my birth. More of my ancestors will be given later on.

I was born on the 19th of July, 1936 and blessed in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as my parents were both members of the Church as well as my brothers and sisters and Joyce and her parents and brothers and sisters. Her family, on both sides had been in the Church for several generations, as had mine on the Kunz side. My mother was the first convert from her family.

Language

I speak only English. During my time in Germany in the military I did enroll in a correspondence course in German, but did not keep with it, but elected to take other courses. I took German and French at the University of Michigan as two languages were required. They required only that I passed a written preliminary examination in the language and then translated a passage selected by the examiner from a book in the language selected by me.

First came the French language. I got a box of vocabulary cards and worked on it by myself for a couple of weeks and then took the preliminary test, which I passed. I then had to go to the library and get a French book in my field. It got one in demography which read like English and passed it easily.

Then I tried the same route with German. I had to work harder on the vocabulary cards but I mastered a lot of them. I then took the written test and the lady in charge said I did not pass so I enrolled in her class, which I took for about four weeks. One day she came into class and asked me why I was taking the class inasmuch as I had passed the first time, so I withdrew and went my merry way.

After that I never read anything in French. I tried to read a little German but quickly got so involved in my sociology work that I just quit and today I can only understand a very few words and that is too bad. Both of our sons Jay and Johnathan speak German and I should too.

In addition, I should have learned Swedish so I would do better with the history of the Stoor family from Finland. I have bought a translation program that lets the computer find some words for me but I wish I had more language facility. I do know a little English, which I speak and write often so I will probably not lose it as well.

Holidays

As Christmas now approaches as it has done for many years for me, I remember different experiences with it. I remember having Christmas in the old church in Bern - before it was torn down to make room for the new one. I recall the pot belly stove in the center of the room and the benches on the perimeter. That memory is faint as I was a very young boy, but the memory is as true as it could be for a three-year-old.

We had community Christmas plays and programs, usually a school production with singing, acting on the Bible Christmas story, and other songs and events, usually as a outgrowth of the ability of the current school teachers and someone in the ward. I enjoyed being in the play - usually as a shepherd without much to say.

One year I was the Santa for the ward party. That was probably when I was in high school. I think my mother was to obtain the services of Santa and I am not sure what happened but in the end she asked me and I think most did not know it was me, except for Ramona Kunz (Johnson) who called my name and I looked her way. I was angry with myself for looking her way and thus confirming to her who I was. It was fun at any rate. Perhaps only in my mind was my identity hidden from the attendees.

Then I remember getting up on Christmas morning and seeing the tree and the presents around it. We had wonderful fun opening the gifts and then having a day with plenty of time to play the games we obtained, to color, and to read the books, and to enjoy a few pieces of candy to eat. I never did look forward to Christmas dinner as much as I might have because of the candy that undoubtedly diminished my appetite for more appropriate food.

Our Christmas dinner generally alternated between our home and Aunt Anna's - Mother's sister. We always called her Aunt Anna, but never called Orlando Uncle. He was as much an uncle as she was our aunt but that just was not what we did. Orlando Kunz was Father's first cousin and was our Bishop for a time. At a very young age I noticed that their children got more gifts from

Santa than did out family. We were a big family with thirteen children and relative speaking they were small with only three, but then one day it dawned on me that the reason for fewer presents rested in that fact.

The community always had a Christmas party with Santa coming and bringing a small brown sack, which contained an orange or apple and some nuts and hardtack candy some gum drops. I liked the gum drops best. There would also be a chocolate or two which I enjoyed very much as chocolates were scarce in my growing up years.

[Written in Belarus, as I thought about Christmas in Bern, Idaho] Holidays are somewhat different in Belarus than in America. This section was written while on a mission to the country of Belarus. While there, I have thought of what we did in Bern, Idaho. As I think about it now I ask myself, how did he know? Oh, I understand the “naughty or nice” thing. Even our parents knew which we had been. He must have easily known that kind of thing, in his mysterious way of finding out. Perhaps our parents told him about our behavior. Or, I wonder if the Bishop told him how we acted in Primary and Junior Sunday School. Anyway, if our parents knew that kind of stuff it must have easy for him to figure it out. But as far as the other goes, how did he know?

I’m thinking about it now. We prepared for the big Christmas program in Bern, Idaho. We had to wait soooo long. When the wheat was harvested it was not too soon to think about it. Then the frost came and then it was Halloween, when we got a sack of good stuff from the neighbors without having to hardly dress up at all. Norine gave the best stuff - usually a candy bar, but it took a long time to get to her house, but it was worth it. By then we already had some goodies in our sack so we could eat on the way as we walked.

After Halloween we had the longest wait for Thanksgiving to come. We ate a big dinner at home or at Anna and Orlando’s. It seemed like we traded off every other year. I always wondered why we did not have turkey. There was a lot of chicken, however, and plenty of other things. I know that one table would never hold all of us and the food too.

Then the longest wait was for Christmas. It took forever. And I still wonder about it: how did he know? We had a fine Christmas party at the church. There was the program, which always included the Christmas pageant, with Mary and Joseph and baby Jesus. Sometimes I was one of the three men with a staff and dressed in a night robe and some kind of cloth around my head. I don’t know where the robe came from because we didn’t wear that kind of stuff to bed. We would wait in the little area at the top of the stairs until Ramona or someone would tell us it was our turn to walk out on the stage.

Sometimes the program dragged on a little too long for my taste. I wanted to see Santa Claus. When the program was over we put the chairs around the sides of the chapel and sang some Christmas carols while we waited for him to come. He usually came when we were singing “Jingle Bells.” But how did he know? I remember sometimes he came out of the door leading to the basement where the big coal furnace was. I am not sure if he would have come in through the hole where the coal slid down the chute or if he came down the chimney proper. [Of course this was when we were in the new church. The old one had a big stove in the middle of the room and anyway I was too little to remember how he got in.]

Owen might know but he died. I'll bet Paul remembers. From there on up to Fern they would all remember. Oh, but Fern and Geniel died too so it would have to be one of the others to ask.

Then there were the other times when he would come in through the front door of the church. Maybe that was because he didn't have time to get up on the roof or something. In he came and he brought a big box with sacks in it. There were sacks of goodies for every one of us. The sacks had peanuts, hard tack, different color gum drops – I always especially liked the black one and the green one. We also got an orange or an apple too. What a treasure! But, how did he know?

Of all the places Santa went how did he know how many sacks to bring? They did the census even long before those days, but it was not available, at least in the library of Bern School District 13. He got the message about who was naughty or nice but how did he know how many of us there were? I suppose he knew about Dingle and Ovid and Bennington too and took the right amount of sacks there. Could he have had a class in demography or population studies? I wonder if the Bishop called him. Probably not because where would he get his phone number? When I lifted up the receiver and the woman said, "Number please" I knew George's number was J5 Schmid's was J4 and ours was J3, but I don't think Santa had a number.

I think about the number of sacks he needed to bring to this day and I still can't answer the question, "How did he know?" [end of what was written in Belarus]

On every other day of the year Papa would awaken and then would awaken us to go outside and help with the chores. Generally, he would already have a fire in the kitchen just beginning to crackle as he would go out to chore. He almost always would beat us outside, but not on Christmas morning. Somehow we would get ourselves up and sneak out as quietly as possible so that we could get the chores done before the rest of the family, including Papa, got up. In that way we could all go at Christmas at the same time.

Given that we were probably out late Christmas Eve, especially as we got older and could go to a dance, to Catholic Mass in Montpelier, or to a movie or something, that early rising was particularly notable. We would turn on the yard light to signal to the rest of Bern what we were the first ones up. Then, as I recall the facts of the matter, we use to leave the light off, until almost everything was done and then turn on the yard light just as we were completing the work. I thought that ought to really show the neighbors how prompt and what early risers we were. We most always beat every one and could go into the house to help awaken whoever was still in bed.

Inasmuch as we had cows to milk and then had to feed the cows, horses, pigs, chickens and sheep that was a pretty tall work order. On other days we would feed the cattle (beef) on each day, but not on Christmas. Then we fed them the day before and just had to open a gate or something to make instant feed for Christmas.

We must have bought the Christmas trees from local people. Two or three years we helped cut them and then tried to sell them to the families in Bern. We took them in the hayrack from house to house and had to unload them so they could be looked at each home. We should have had a

central place, but we thought by doing it in that manner would help make the sale. Some of the women were pretty picky with it, Norine Kunz being one. Paul was the main instigator in the tree project as I recall in the years I helped.

When I was young I was very impressed that Santa would come to our home on Christmas eve. Usually he was accompanied by one of the men in Bern. How could he take the time on such a busy night? Later on the fun was in guessing who the helper, dressed like Santa himself, could be. I think mostly we relied on the older children to tell us.

It has been our practice as a family to take a small gift to some families at Christmas and to sing a verse for them. One of these occasions in Provo, Utah was very significant for us and for the woman who we went to see. Afterward she wrote of it as follows:

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Music has always been a vital part of Christmas, before I was married and after marriage. I can't imagine Christmas without music. The Christmas of 1986 had been a very special one and the ward choir had presented a lovely program and my husband had been the narrator.

In 1987 after being out of town for six months – in special care for illness, my husband of 35 years died on December 21. After making necessary arrangements—I drove home alone from California on December 24th. It was hard to believe that Christmas was really here. Because of the serious nature of my husband's illness I was with him in the intensive care unit for a month, and I had hardly had time to even notice the Christmas decorations or hear the music that was all around me in the city, on the radio or T.V.

After 8 hours of tears and lonely driving I arrived at our home in Utah. I knew that the large house would be dark and cold, because I had left instructions to the children to stay at their homes on Christmas Eve with their own families and have Christmas with their children.

I opened the home up and began to turn on the lights—and was looking in rooms that were so full of the memories of my husband. I was standing in the hallway wondering just how I could go on and suddenly I heard carolers at my front door singing "Silent Night." What a beautiful sound and what a lovely surprise. The music was as a healing salve to my soul. I opened the door and listened with both sadness and joy for being reminded of the birth and life of Jesus Christ. In my own sorrow and selfishness, I had not even thought of the beautiful plan of Eternal life that our Savior was born, lived and was crucified for us.

After the caroling was over, I was given some homemade goodies and the carolers went out to my car and unpacked it for me and bought all the suitcases and boxes in to the house. They even put them in the right rooms.

After more tears and hugs, they left to go back to their own homes, but they left with me the true Christmas spirit and the courage to go on and face the days ahead. It was a Christmas I will never forget.” (Written by Gloria Strauss and presented to us (Joyce, Phillip, Jenifer, Jody, Johnathan and Jana Kunz) the next Christmas. What may be something small can certainly have a larger impact on another person’s life.

I remember Christmas, as a young missionary, when we spent the day together as a district in our mission, eating, playing ball outside and doing some thinking of the Master. On another Christmas there my companion and I visited an orphanage and sang some songs to the young people there.

My Parents

My mother, Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz, was born on the 8th of June, 1900. That, of course, was long before my own birth and therefore is known to me only second hand. I do remember her rather vividly beginning about 1939 or 1940. Since I was born in July of 1936 I was still rather young when my memory began to "kick in." Father, Parley Peter Kunz, was born on the 28th of October 1894, which was even earlier and further positioned from my own memory.

Mama, for that was the term I always used for her until I left home, and then I converted to calling her Mother. I am not sure that either term was significant to her. At least she never said so or led me believe it mattered. Some of the others in the family still call her, "Mama," although they are now much older than she was when I was born. Papa, now also called Father by me, would be in a similar situation. I know that he did not like to be called "Dad," feeling that it was too modern perhaps, or not showing enough respect. I don't think he was concerned with respect to himself, but respect to the position of father. That may have been an outgrowth of his own bringing up, but I, for one, would never have thought comfortable using the term to refer to him, knowing of his feeling for it.

Sometimes when one of my older brothers called him "Dad" I felt a little embarrassed because of the situation, but I do not fault the brother for it. I suppose we each find our comfort level in what we do and how we speak.

My parents were always on "my side," and looked out for me. I was the tenth of thirteen children and at some time in my adult years someone referred to me as "the tithing child." Prior to my birth, the family was already blessed with enough offspring to produce a large family. Fern was the first born, and then LaRue, Geniel, Carol and LaVaun. Note the plethora of girls for a farm family. Then came Dale, Naomi, Paul and Owen followed by me. Still we grew in number with Eva, Richard and Arthur. But I was the tenth. I had never heard "tithing child" used prior to that time and I don't think my parents had any special belief that I was to do something different from the other children in terms of religion or behavior. Even so, I must admit that I do not dislike the concept. Perhaps it helps me a little to think that I ought to try a little harder to amount to something. They did instill a feeling in me that I could and would be successful, but I expect they did that for others in our family as well.

Each spring I would help Father drive the cattle out on our "reserve right," which was obtained from the Federal Government. The reserve was all the way up Georgetown Canyon in Idaho and then onto the forest property. This was always a good time to talk with each other. I remember Paul working on this as well. Dale must have done it when I was younger, but I do not remember Owen, Richard or Arthur on the drive as I left for the Army soon after high school graduation. We would leave the Stock Yards in Montpelier and trail the cattle on highway 89. Often the tourists would stop and take pictures of us with our horses and cattle. The plates on their cars indicated that most of them were from California.

The first night would be spent with the cattle in the corral up the Georgetown Canyon a ways. From Georgetown up we would let the cattle graze at the side of the road so they would be full for the next day's drive, which would put them on the reserve.

The first five children being girls may have led others to discuss that fact with my parents. I remember one spring, perhaps even after my own marriage, when we were taking the cattle out on the range when Father sort of indirectly referred to that, although I think that I only caught the significance of it many years later. Father and I were on the horses driving the cattle and had just left the corral up Georgetown Canyon a ways. Father laughed and said he remembered when one of the old timers told him that if he wanted to get a male baby he had to life one testicle in intercourse so that the other testicle would be emptied first, as that would produce a male. I said, "Oh, that is interesting." As I now remember it, that was the end of the conversation. With the overwhelming start of females in his offspring, I guess many had commented and some apparently offered advice as well. He did not mention whether the advice was taken, nor did I ask. Now, with an older and balder head, I probably would. At that time the termination of the conversation, which ended as abruptly as it had began, was perhaps my own lack of ease in discussing it more, inasmuch as such things were not generally part of the subject matter discussed between parents and children.

Nevertheless, my parents were on my side. They made me feel so anyway. On occasions when Father would paddle me for some poor choice of behavior, Mother would intervene and say, "Now, Parley, that is enough." She used the same words to reduce others' punishment as well. I have heard it many times. Lest one draw the conclusion that Father would now be put in the "abuse" category, let me say that the thirteen children should receive thirteen times as much of the paddle as the family with only one child.

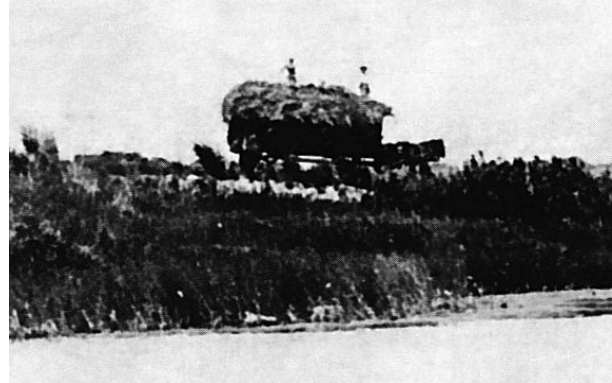
Now, that I have learned something of sociology, I might go on to say, however, that the group of children may have extended the need for the paddle beyond what the sum total of the thirteen would have been had they been raised in thirteen separate families. The mere size of the family might have taken on group properties which were above and beyond the sum total of the individuals.

Mother used her inheritance to pipe the water from the spring to the house. That was prior to my memory, however I do remember very clearly the times the pipe froze and the digging and work to thaw it out. The freezing under the house was always a problem and I think may be so still to this day.

On one very cold winter the pipe froze and was dug up at various points and then a welder was used to heat the pipe to thaw it. [We always used the term "unthaw," which was opposite to what we intended, but that is the way we learned it and so it was for me until about ten years ago when I learned otherwise. I just never thought about it prior to that time.] I think it was Lee Warr who



Putting up hay



Hauling hay before Bales became Popular

ran the welder, he having moved into the home South of Bern where Johnny Kunz and his wife lived, or it may have been the William J. home, just west of Johnny's home, when I was a little boy. The Warr's and another family, whose name has now escaped me moved into these old homes for a while. At one time or another I *baby sat* for each family. Mr. Warr was a mechanic in Montpelier and they had access to the welder I suppose.

The spring which supplied our water was over west north west of Able Kunz's home - about 200 - 300 yards from our home. There were several springs in Bern that people used for drinking and other purposes, but many of the homes got hand dug wells, which were not very deep. The first wells were dug by hand and then later on some of the newer ones were from pipes driven into the ground. The ground water runoff probably made the dug ones rather unsafe for drinking but it was the best they had. I suppose the danger from ground run-off was not too well understood early on.

We had a well just east of the house on the north side about $\frac{2}{3}$ s of the way to the corner of the fenced in part of the lawn. I remember several times then the earth settled and sunk in the well after we stopped using it.

The water was piped down near the barn, by the big tree, where it ran into a trough. This water was permitted to run all of the time so it did not freeze, other than when the main line froze. The ice would form on top of the trough and around it, especially in the overflow area on the north east side of the trough. The trough was used to water stock, get buckets of water to take to the chickens and pigs, and to cool the milk in the ten gallon cans that were used to ship it to the dairy. The milk cans were carried up to the road west of the house, next to the fence, where the milk carrier, with his truck, would pick it up and transport it to Paris, and later on to Cache Valley or wherever it was being sold. Sometimes we put the cans on the truck or in the sleigh, in the wintertime, or just carried the cans up, sometimes alone and sometimes two of us would carry the can up to the road. Sometimes water from the trough would be used for a water fight

among the young people. When I was courting Joyce I splashed some water on her from the trough and she reciprocated, after which she engaged quite a number of my nieces and nephews, and perhaps a younger sibling or two and put me in the trough. I didn't resist much and it provided a good time for the children and a good story for my wife to tell in the decades since.

We never had very much water pressure, but did get by. In 1954 I had a well drilled in the acre, just south of our home. I planted garden stuff there, but did not harvest it because I went into the military service. Others harvested what I had planted. Our house water then came from that well.

The Country Commissioners paid a bounty for magpie heads. They were supposed to be problem and it was desirable to get rid of them inasmuch as possible. I think the rate varied from year to year and was something like 7 to 15 cents apiece. We usually had to take them into Montpelier to get the money. The only place I can remember taking them was to the pool hall, next to the Kit Kat. Being in the pool hall was sort of looked down upon by most people because of the beer and cigarettes but it was necessary to go there to get the bounty for the heads.

We made traps out of chicken wire and a wooden frame and would catch the birds in the trap. Our homemade trap consisted of a wooden frame about five feet square. The sides were covered with chicken wire and the top also covered with chicken wire. The top was sloped down about a foot to 18 inches and small holes about 4 by 4 permitted the bird to go in but not get out. We would get entrails and other parts from pigs at Bishop Schmid's after the weekly slaughter, or use rabbits which we shot or trapped for the hides to make additional money, or other dead animals for the bait. We would be happy when there were two or three birds in the trap at a time when we rode the horse down to check the trap in the winter time or early Spring.

Since that time I have come to believe that magpies are one of the most beautiful birds and now I rejoice when one or two come into our yard in Provo. At times I have obtained rancid meat from the market and placed it in our back yard. It only takes a few minutes for the magpies to smell it and begin their feast and fight each other for the meat. It is interesting to watch them dance around and tug at the meat and pick at each other. Since being on our mission in Louisiana and Mississippi I have also come to love the red cardinals, and wonder if they might not be transported here to Utah where they might survive and thrive. This may be a task for another time before I leave this earth.

Mother

Hilda Irene Stoor was born in Henry, Caribou County, Idaho on the 8th of June 1900, the daughter of Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback Stoor and Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivers. Mother was left without her mother just four months later when her mother passed away. Her father later married Marie Vinberg Isaksson who became the new "mother."



Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz

Many more details are written in the book, The Stoor Family, written by me, and mentioned earlier in this history. Mother and Father, Parley Peter Kunz, were married in the Salt Lake Temple on the 23rd of May, 1919.

Hilda's parents were also great first-rate people. They emigrated from Finland, where several generations the family had lived in the Vaasa Region of western Finland. That area of the country was Swedish, both in language and culture. It remains so today.

Hilda's father, Johannes Emanuelsson (Sidback) Stoor (hereafter called John Stoor), was born in the village of Portom, Vaasa, Finland 1 February, 1863. He grew up, helping his father on the farm to provide a living for the family. When he was old enough, he served in the military under the authority of the Czar of Russia, who held power over the country at that time.

Like his father, John was a farmer, and perhaps worked in the timber as well as other work in order to provide for his family. Finland is a beautiful country with wonderful natural resources, but like many countries in those times, there were people who wanted to move on to other places to improve their conditions and make a better living for their family. This led to many citizens of the country immigrating to America and other countries.

Johanna Majasdotter Gasgivars, Hilda's mother, was born 2 August, 1862. She was also born in the village of Portom. Her mother was Maja Greta Johansdotter, who, according to the church records in the Portom church, was deaf. Johanna's father is not known on any record that could be found. The *Majasdotter* part of Johanna's name indicates no known father from the christening records. Before John married, his name was Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback. When he married Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivars in Portom, Vaasa, Finland, he moved into the Stoor family farm complex in nearby Sidback. His wife, Johanna, had already taken the farm name of Stoor, as was common in that time and place, and he took the name of Stoor as well.

John Stoor, as he was known in America, married Johanna, who was also from Portom. Most marriages, as in other countries, occurred between people living very near one another geographically. John and Johanna were married on the 14th of November, 1884 in Portom.

While they lived in Finland they had five children, John, Karl, twins Johanna and Maria and Mathias. Johanna died 13 March 1889, less than one year old, and Maria died 28 November 1888 when three months of age. They lived in the nearby village of Sidback (John's farm name) where their home was situated on a small farm. Part of their home still stands at Lillmossvagen, Sidback, Portom, Finland.

They lived in a farm area with beautiful fields and forests. The country had been overrun many times by Sweden and Russia and the people were not too well off. Many of the citizens from there began to immigrate to America, with the hope of a better life. In some way John made contact with people from the Soda Springs, Idaho area -- probably some from Finland, who had emigrated at an earlier time -- and he left his homeland to find work in Idaho, with the intention of sending for his family, when the money was sufficient for their transit.

Later on Johanna, who had remained behind with their little children, also applied for emigration and signed away their farm with her X on the transfer document. She, with her three living children, after what must have been a difficult journey, reunited with her husband and their father in Idaho. After she joined her husband in Idaho, three additional children, Roy, Emil and Hilda, the only girl in the family, were born. Hilda was the last of Johanna's family as she passed away 4 October 1900, when Hilda was only four months old.

Hilda's father, John Stoor, then married Marie Vinberg, who was also from Finland. She was born on the 3 May 1866 to Isak Jakobsson Vinberg and Margareta Andersson Soderman. After immigrating to Idaho she worked for John Stoor to help care for his small children, Hilda was one year of age when John and Marie were married 5 June, 1901.

With this second marriage came additional children: Anna, Elsie, Edla, Lillian and Vern. Hilda loved all of her brothers and sisters. There was a close relationship in all of the Stoor family until death eventually united them again in another place.

John Stoor and his family lived in the town of Henry, Idaho which was later covered with water with the construction of the reservoir, and they moved to Wayan. John obtained his own sheep and cattle and land by his hard work. He was an honest man and well respected by the people of the county. He was elected as a County Commissioner in Caribou County.

Following her marriage to Parley, life was wonderful for them but not always easy. Raising their thirteen children was not an easy task during the depression and in the following years, but the family never went without, as Parley and Hilda were both very resourceful. Parley was a good provider and much of the food came from the farm. Early on Hilda also helped with the work on the farm, but later on added her part by making clothing, quilting and putting up food.

Mother was a short woman, about four feet ten inches tall. She was a pretty woman in her youth and maintained her pleasant looks during her entire life. In spite of a major illness in the 1940's, resulting in having to go to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, where a good part of her stomach was removed. That illness made it essential for her to eat a bit more often and not very much for each meal. Sometimes she would indicate that she had overeaten and was a bit discomforted from it.

Mother was quick to smile and loved a little humor. She would sometimes play tricks on someone and enjoyed humor. While I was growing up I always called my mother "Mama." I think all of my brothers and sisters did the same. After leaving home for the last time I began to call her "Mother." This was the name I used during the remainder of her life.

I remember one Thanksgiving day after we had dinner over at Aunt Anna's I had gone home probably to start the chores or something. I needed to talk to Mother so I called on the phone. Aunt Anna answered the phone and I said, "Can I talk to Mama." She said, "What's her name"? I repeated that I wanted to speak with Mama. I know she knew who I was, but she pressed on with questions like "Which mama" and so on. I knew that my mother's name was Hilda, but I thought it improper to say it, however, I finally did. It was to me like her name was sacred and I was not to say it out loud.

I remember my mother always working, daily baking bread and preparing meals. She always had wonderful smells coming from the kitchen.

Wash day was not easy for her. She had the old washer with a wringer on it that required each piece of clothing be run through it. Sometimes I helped her by catching the clothes as it came through and putting in into the container to then be taken to the clothes line. The clothes line consisted of three lines that were each probably about thirty or forty feet long.

In the winter time we would shovel snow out from under the clothes lines so that the clothes could hang and also so that the person hanging the clothes could walk under the lines.

I remember going with Mother to pick huckleberries and often to Primary and Relief Society before I was very old.

Mother liked to peel her fruit and eat a snack. I assume that the snack eating grew out of her need for food which her surgery did not allow her to have enough of at one time.

She liked her children and was proud of each one. She did not like us to misbehave. She did not like the neighbors' dogs, but did feed a lot of stray cats that came around the back porch. She had to do a lot of things that she may not have liked, but never did express that. For example, she had to sew a lot of clothes with such a big family and made a lot of quilts, but I never heard her complain about such things.

She did not like Father to wear his work clothes too long. I have seen her grab a shirt that may have had a little tear in it and rip it right off him, laughing a bit about it. While Father protested, I think he did not mind it either. They got along well together.

Mother was kind to others. She often took a snack up stairs to the bedroom to someone who had been sent to bed without supper by Father for some misdeed or other. She was quick to take food to neighbors who were ill or when there was a death. She gave a lot of service of various kinds when and where needed. Such problems for others seemed to bring her a little quieter and probably more reflective about life and its problems.

Mother showed strong devotion to her family of orientation. Her brothers and sisters were special to her and she liked to visit them and to have them come to our home for a visit. She was especially close to her sister Anna. Mother was the last child of Grandpa Stoor's first wife and Aunt Anna was the first child of his second wife. After Mother was married she moved to Bern with Father. Anna came to Bern to teach school and then married Father's cousin, Orlando Kunz. They lived the rest of their lives within a couple of blocks of one another and did many things together.

Mother was also very devoted to her husband and to their children. This was demonstrated by her endless work, without complaint, to make their lives possible and easier.

Above all, she was devoted to the Lord and to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She "prepared" the lessons she taught in church ahead of time and was interested in doing a good

job. She often bore her testimony of the gospel and always called for family prayer, when Father was absent for some reason.

If there was misbehavior Mother would sometimes express disappointment and sometimes, although rarely, require us to go cut a switch from the lilac tree. She used the switch but I don't ever remember that she hit very hard. Mostly she just talked with us and hoped we would do better.

Mother was always humble, cheerful and hard working. She was a wonderful quilter, seamstress and cook. She was committed to the gospel and was untiring in her service to others. She was a first rate role model.

Mother taught in the Primary, Relief Society and Sunday School as well as in Mutual (MIA). She was clear in her teaching, followed the plan as set forth by the Church and did not waver in her goals.

Hilda graduated from High School, as it was generally normal in those days. She taught herself to play the organ, to sew and learned to can fruit. She read a great deal but mostly books about the Church or by authors who were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She also read some magazines, like *Health*, *The Improvement Era* and the *Relief Society Magazine*. She wrote the Bern news for the *News Examiner*, the newspaper in Montpelier that pretty much covered Bear Lake County.

Mother never worked out of the home after she was married, but did work in the home, raised thirteen children and helped with the chores early on , including milking.

Hilda died in her sleep. Paul went up that morning and found her in bed. It appeared that she had not moved around at all prior to her death.

Father had passed away earlier and Mother was very lonely, although she had children and grand-children around. She told Joyce and me of an experience she had one day, as she had felt especially lonesome. She was sitting in her chair and felt that Father had come and given her a blessing. She said she felt hands upon her head. Soon after that she joined him.

Father

When I was young all of the children called Parley Peter Kunz "Papa." After I left home and returned I began to call him Father. He did not like the term "Dad," and I think Owen was the only one who ever called him that and then only later in Owen's life. I think the girls all called him Papa to the end.



Parley Peter Kunz 1919

He was of the opinion that "Dad" was not a very respectful term, probably taught him by his own father or step-mother, as the term became more in use in society in general.

Parley Peter Kunz was born 28 October, 1894 in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho. His parents were John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss. Elizabeth died during the childbirth of her fifth child, when Parley was a small boy, not quite six years old. Parley lived in the same home in which he was born. He lived in that same home until his death 17 October 1983. He died in the hospital in Montpelier, Idaho a few days following a stroke. He was 88 years of age.

Parley was a farmer and rancher all of his life raising cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, milk cows and horses. When he was at the dairy in Williamsburg, Idaho, he was not far away from Wayan, where Hilda Stoor had moved with her family. When Parley was almost 25 years of age he married Hilda Irene Stoor, not quite nineteen years of age, May 23, 1919, in the Salt Lake Temple. They were married and happy to be together for sixty-three years before he died.



Parley Kunz and Hilda Stoor Kunz 1919: Their Marriage Day

Hilda Irene Stoor was born 8 June 1900, in Henry, Idaho, the daughter of John Stoor Sr. and Johanna Gastgivers. Hilda was the last child born to her mother, as Johanna passed away just a few months after Hilda's birth. Hilda was proud of her father, John Stoor Sr., her mother, Johanna, and her step-mother, Maria Vinberg Stoor, who raised her. As she was so young at the death of her mother she often wondered how life would have been with her own mother.

Nevertheless she loved her step mother. Hilda said: "Dr. Ellis Kackley told me that my mother was a beautiful woman and very kind. She died of typhoid fever and pneumonia. Soon after the death of my mother my father remarried as he had a family of small children to care for. He married Maria Vinberg and she was a lovely woman and the only mother I ever knew. She always worked hard and never complained. She was patient always with us children."

"Our parents taught us to always be honest and live clean lives. They gave us what was best for us. Their values were good and they wanted to pass those important values to their posterity.

Both Parley and Hilda had strong roots. An understanding of this helps to establish who they were and who we, their descendants, should be. The strength of these roots brings strength to all of us as family members.



Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz

Parley Peter Kunz's parents were both from Switzerland. His father was John Kunz III, the oldest son of John Kunz II and the grandson of John Kunz I, or Johannes Kunz, as he was called in Switzerland. These forbearers were dairy farmers and cheese makers from the high Alps of Switzerland. John I joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, along with his daughter, Rosina, who was healed from her illness by Ulrich Buehler, an Elder in the Church.

Their conversion to Mormonism upset their neighbors and friends, including his son, John II. This son then joined with others to dislodge the missionaries from Scwand, his father's home, but the authority of the father induced him to withdraw, along with the rest of the mob. John Kunz II was bitter about his father, John Kunz I, having joined that sect and was not averse to letting others know of his feelings.

Parley's father, John Kunz III, who was making cheese away from his father's farm, had married Magdalena Straubhaar from Niederstocken, was invited to listen to the Mission President, Karl G. Maeser, preach in his grandfather's home. He went with the intention of smoking the preacher out. He soon forgot about smoking his pipe, however, as the message of President Karl Gottfried Maeser struck an important chord for John III. He and his wife, Magdalena was subsequently

baptized in the nearby creek (Maeniggrundbach) which was just below his father's farm. They both became valiant members of the Church.

John II, perhaps feeling the sincerity of belief of his father, as well as the newly acquired belief of his son, was prevailed upon to listen to the gospel and was converted by Elder Willard Brigham Richards. He soon applied for immigration and brought the rest of his family to Zion in America, leaving his homeland forever in early July, 1870. He was called by Brigham Young to go to the Bear Lake Valley to make cheese. He first lived in Ovid, Idaho and then moved further north and founded the town of Bern.

John III also emigrated with his wife and children and his grandmother, Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, his grandfather, Johannes Kunz (John Kunz I), having already died in Switzerland. John III also moved to Bern, Idaho, raised his family there and was in the dairy business until his death. He had six wives: Magdalena Straubhaar, Sophia Straubhaar, Magdalena Linder, Louise Weibel, Margaret Lauener and Elizabeth Boss, daughter of Johannes and Marianna Gertsch Boss. With these wives he had twenty-five children. Parley was born to the sixth wife, Elizabeth Boss.

After the conversion and emigration of John Kunz III to Bern, Idaho, he was called to return to Switzerland on a mission. He accepted the call and was involved in the conversion of many people, including the young Elizabeth Boss, Johannes and Marianna Boss' daughter, who would later emigrate and become the wife of John Kunz III.

Elizabeth Boss was born 14 August 1867 to Johannes Boss and Marianna Gertsch, the sixth of their twelve children. She was raised in the village of Gundlischwand. Her father had been baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Henry Eyring on the 19th of December, 1875, but while serving as Mayor of the village of Gundlischwand, seemed to have kept that baptism quiet.

Elizabeth's mother died 22 August 1885, leaving her husband with the children, the youngest of which was Peter, six years old. Johannes subsequently married his wife's young niece, Margaritha Gertsch, and immigrated to Midway, Utah. With this second wife he had an additional nine children.

At the time Johannes Boss left Switzerland, with his second wife Margarita, three of his children, all boys, elected to stay in Switzerland. They had not joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and were not sympathetic with their father and the rest of the family having joined the Church and going to America. Their names were John as the eldest, Frederick and Christian.

Some years ago my wife and I were on a trip in Europe and went back through Switzerland on our way home. Paul Nielsen, my cousin, arranged for Joyce and me to go into the homes and meet descendents of all three of those sons who remained in Switzerland. We met Elise and Bertha Boss, who were the daughters of Frederick, Ernst, the grandson of Christian and a woman and her son Peter, and Peter's wife. Each of these people took us into their homes and treated us most royally.

It is interesting that we went to the home of Ernst, we found him bedridden as he had been ill for some time. He was 80 years old and the pretty much stayed in bed, but we had a fine visit with translator Paul Nielsen at the helm. At the end of our visit Ernst wanted to get out of bed and stand on his own feet to give us a hug and wish us farewell. He had heard the stories over the years and how the people who remained in Switzerland hated the Mormons and their family who immigrated to America. He recalls that letters which were sent to his father Christian were tossed into the fireplace, unopened and of course unread. He wanted to give us a proper goodbye and to let to the disruption between the two segments of the family end and the family ties be healed.

Following their marriage 19 December 1888, in the Logan Temple, Elizabeth and John Kunz III lived in Bern, Idaho and in Williamsburg, Idaho during some of the summers. They had six children: Agnes, Julia, Parley, Hazel, Lucy and the child who died in childbirth. Parley, was the only son, the third child. With the sixth child Elizabeth and her child, a daughter, both died in childbirth, on the 13th of May 1900. Parley was then only six years of age. He and his sisters were raised by their father's fourth wife, Louise Weibel.

Parley came from first-rate stock. His parents and grandparents were faithful to their religious commitments and made strong contributions to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, both in Switzerland and in America.

After Joyce and I were married we were in Kaysville for a visit. Joyce's mom had worked a little in a shop in Kaysville and one of the women who worked there, Sister Tingey, and I have forgotten her first name if I ever knew it, told me that she knew my father and believed him to be the most perfect man she had ever known.

Father was always willing to take the side of the underdog and did not speak negatively of others. When someone would say something bad about another person Father would always indicate that there were good qualities there as well. He always focused on the positive.

I don't remember Father ever teaching a class in Sunday School, Priesthood meeting etc. He did serve as Bishop and even after his release, he attended MIA almost always. I think he felt that he could support the leaders here and probably be helpful to his children who attended as well.

Father did give me some spankings, always with the statement that, "This is going to hurt me more than you." Now, as a father, and balding, I can say that I know how he felt.

Sometimes he would bare our bottom and use his hand for the spanking and sometimes a belt or a line from the harness. He did not beat us without mercy, but did make it hard enough that we felt it. I would usually begin to cry prior to the first lick, hoping that the number of spanks and their severity would be decreased. I am not sure that it worked.

As adults, my brothers and sisters talk about the spankings once in a while and I think we always thought we deserved what we got. Father completed the eighth grade but did not go to high school. That much education was not typical for boys in that time, although some did go on to school, of course.

Father served as a Trustee in Bern School District and always was supportive of education. Farming, Dairy, haying, raising cattle, sheep and other farm animals such as pigs and chickens



Bern School showing gym in the back, which is now torn down

was what my father did. This all dovetailed well with being able to provide work for the children, get the family through the depression and generate satisfaction for him.

I don't know of any special hobbies that my father had. He just worked, sometimes played outdoor games with the children, like running foot races and pulling the broom handle - to see who could keep the handle from slipping in his hand as it was pulled down.

Father did make whistles for us out of green willows sometimes. He also whittled tops out of thread spools into which he inserted a peg to spin on. A few years prior to his death I asked him if he would make one for each of my children. He did and also made many, many for others as well. It was a good project for him late in life in that it kept his hands limber and he got a lot of thanks for the tops he produced.

Father never went deer hunting with us, although he did walk up above Orlando's to help drag a deer down that Owen had shot when Owen and I were hunting with 22 rifles. He also did not fish with us but upon invitations to go he would generally tell us how he used to scoop fish out of the ditch out at the dairy when he was younger. His brother, George, did fish and hunt a lot, but he was a bit younger. He never did say why he would not go with us.

What I Learned From Death

The telephone rang and my sister Carol, was on the other end. Mama had died in her sleep. When she didn't pick up her mail, my brother Paul went to the house and found her. "She looked like she was peaceful," he said. Her patriarchal blessing promised her that death would be such.

Just a couple of weeks before that, my wife and children and I had spent some of Christmas vacation with her. As we had sat in the living room playing "Rook," she said that she was lonesome for Papa. "I really miss him," she said. Papa had a stroke fourteen months before and died within a few days and now she was lonesome. Lonesome in spite of their thirteen children, each with a spouse, and grandchildren and great-grandchildren numbered into many dozens. From all of these came presents, letters, telephone calls and visits, but none of this removed the longing for a sweetheart of sixty years.

The message received, I knelt down alone to pray. My eyes welled with tears as I thought of her good life and of their being together again - together forever. They were certainly that kind of people.

Their messages were clear when they were alive. "Remember," Mama would often say to whoever was visiting, "For what shall it profit to gain the whole world and lose one's own soul?" Or, "Memories are so we can smell roses in December." Papa always had something he had just read. "Sit down," he would say, and "just read this paragraph." They read a lot of books. With so many family members, their gifts included almost every book published in Salt Lake City.

All thirteen of us gathered from our homes in the nearby states to plan the funeral, to mourn, to laugh and pray, and to accept of the food offerings from the wonderful neighbors. When the funeral was over and the people were gone, we remained to work through those things they left behind. But that is another lesson!

We each had a part to do. Paul and I moved through several boxes of old bills and canceled checks. Suddenly in those checks I saw a great message. I saw a message as profound as any I have ever heard. We saw checks from that convert mother and 4th generation Mormon father made to every missionary who ever left the Bern ward, and many others as well. Not only had they given checks when the missionary left, but often several more were sent during the course of the mission.

While richly blessed with offspring, our parents were not very wealthy. Perhaps each of us thirteen drained away what might have otherwise left them wealthy. Then the scripture about "gaining the whole world" came back to me. I thought of those who had wanted to be wealthy so that they could bless others with gifts of money, to donate to worthy causes, and to pay lots of tithing. They would do those things when they "got rich."

Those checks taught me that one doesn't need much money to do any of those things. Papa and Mama paid tithing, budget, missionary contributions, heart fund, disabled veterans, and to every type of fund one can think of. They gave cash to young people to "start missionary funds." When temple going became difficult for them, they sent a check to the Logan Temple to be used at the discretion of those who presided there. Every month they mailed that check, and it was considerable, considering their means.

Suddenly messages from the Book of Mormon became real to me. One can give if truly converted. Being rich is not a prerequisite. Lack of large amounts of money did not stop the giving for Papa and Mama. Much of what they got went to those who they thought would benefit from it.

Now they have gone. Gone to that place where they can bless the lives of others in so many other ways, but no longer with their meager, carefully managed funds. No, that is not really true. What of the funds which kept the missionaries whose converts are in turn serving their own missions? What of the funds to support temple work so that those who have waited so long and now perhaps are associating with Mama and Papa can have their work done for them? What of the checks given in drives for cancer, and hearts and for whatever kind of disease? Will these disease ridden also benefit from Mama and Papa's contributions?

With all of their teaching in this life, perhaps the greatest message for me was in Mama's and Papa' death - as Paul and I rummaged through boxes of canceled checks.

My Sisters and Brothers:

There is a lot of information about my brothers and sisters and their children in the book, Kunz, Phillip Ray and Joyce Sheffield Kunz, Parley Peter Kunz Hilda Irene Stoor and Family, 2010.

Fern is my oldest sister. I do not remember her living at home as I think she had already gone to college in Pocatello, Idaho, where she met and married Richard Irvin Galloway. Owen and I went up to Pocatello and stayed with them for a while and then came home on the train. They lived in Utah for a time and then moved to Bern, where Irvin worked for Union Pacific Railroad and farmed. I worked for him on various occasions, milking cows, haying and working in the fields. He passed away while Joyce and I were on our mission in Louisiana.



Fern Kunz Galloway

Fern worked hard all her life, as she raised a large family and helped to support them. Her children learned to work and have done well for themselves. She was an inspiration to us all with her work in genealogy and family history. She was always pleasant and I enjoyed being around her. She has raised a good family and has brought blessings by her hands to many of her family, friends and neighbors.

As she lay on her death bed I gave her a blessing and we had a fine conversation together. We talked of life and of death and of the greatness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I asked her to come back and see me, if she had the opportunity. She died soon after that, but to this date she has not appeared. Perhaps she has not had the opportunity or I may not have given such an opportunity to her.



Fern and Irvin Family: Richard, Robert, Arline, Rodney, Ronald, Ralph, Karla, Richard Irvine, Fern, Elizabeth

LaRue was the next child and I do remember her living at home. With Eugene Smith she had two children and when I was in the fourth grade our teacher took two or three of us to a movie. As we got near the movie theatre I became aware of something very wrong. We then learned that Eugene had been killed in a tragic accident as a rotten telephone pole fell with him.

LaRue married Vern Mayfield some time later. I spent a couple of weeks with him in Williamsburg as he was taking care of cattle out there. I enjoyed those days very much, although a horse got away and William Hunter gave us a ride to get it. We both rode the horse back many miles so that the inside of our legs were raw. As we got somewhat nearer to the dairy, where we were staying we stopped at the Stocking Ranch and



LaRue Kunz Spencer

Mrs. Stocking gave us something to eat and loaned us a saddle for the rest of the ride. I slept soundly that night.

Later, as we put up hay on Uncle Abel's place, Vern fell or was knocked off the haystack and broke his neck and died within a couple of days. I was at the rear of the stack and saw him fall. This was another tragedy for LaRue in such a short time.

She then married Eugene Smith and was again happy. He developed sleeping sickness and died while I was on my first mission. I wet my pillow thinking of LaRue and what she had been through.

She married Jay Spencer, just shortly before Joyce and I got married. They celebrated their fifth Wedding Anniversary just over a year ago. LaRue is strong and a good model of how to face problems in life. She has written a fine history of herself by hand, which she was good enough to let me have a copy. I treasure it highly.



LaRue and Jay Spencer Family: Kenny, Jay, Robert, Barbara, LaRue, Judy

LaRue worked for the Government for a number of years, both in Montpelier, Idaho and in Ogden, Utah. She has always been kind to me and to my family, as other brothers and sisters. When we went to her home she always wanted to give us some lunch.

I stayed with her on a number of occasions prior to my marriage to Joyce Sheffield.

LaRue is a wonderful, firm person whose example will have to stand for the ages. Often I have used her life in various talks which I have given.

Geniel then became the third child. She married Glen Smith from Georgetown, Idaho. They also have a wonderful family. Geniel was rather soft spoken and always kind. For a time they lived in Nounen, where I worked for Glen on the farm part of one summer. They also lived down on Bear River in what they called "Green Acres." Geniel worked for Kings store in Montpelier, Idaho. She was always friendly and kind to her customers and to me.

When it came time for her to retire she found that they did not have any payment program for the clerks, much to her disappointment. I remember that she send me a box or homemade cookies while I was in the Army and also on my mission to the Southern States. She died way too young, but had many bad days with illness prior to that. She left a fine posterity.



Geniel Kunz Smith and Glen Smith

Geniel was tender and helpful. She always made me feel that she was happy to see me and that she was happy to be a part of our family. She loved the gospel and was determined to have her family learn to love it and be committed as well.

Her health was not always good, but she persevered and did not complain about things that pertained to her.



Geniel Kunz Smith and Glen Smith
wonderful example to all senior couples.

While they lived in Fish Haven, early on, they had a little road side stand to sell fast foods. Joyce and I use to buy popcorn a hundred pounds at a time through Carol, while we were going to school. I fingered that if we had vitamins and popcorn we would live alright. Carol was and is always on the go and a can do person. She pitches right in and gets things done.

While they were a bit younger they regularly went to Logan, Utah to perform Temple service. After some years they moved to North Logan so that they could be closer to the Temple and not have to fight the snow in the winters.

Carol and Donovan have a strong commitment to



Smith Family at time of Geniel's Death: Darrel,
Ralph, Glen, DeLone, Joyce

Carol was next in line. I remember that she had two boyfriends and didn't quite make up her mind which one was proper for her. Father told her to not go with either of them for a period of time and that would help to show which was correct for her. Donovan Howell lasted out the time and together they raised a large, fine family in Fish Haven, Idaho. After the children were gone they filled several missions together and were a



Carol Kunz Howell



Carol and Donovan Howell Family: Mary, Donovan, Jim, Susan, Janet, Kenneth, David, Carol

the gospel of Jesus Christ. This commitment appears not only in their sincere testimonies, but in their daily behavior. Truly, they serve others.

LaVaun was born following Carol. She use to help me with some of my math problems while I started High School. She married LaVarr Hansen from Garden City, Utah. When Larry was born I was on the side of the road by what we use to call the “little hill” before it was cut down for the road east of Bern. They came by me full speed and I think did not even wave.

When I was Bishop I had the opportunity to perform the marriage for LaRena and Lee Folkman. Later they were sealed in the temple. Their third child was LaMont – all in all a fine family.



LaVarr and LaVaun Hansen



LaVaun Kunz Hansen

LaVaun and LaVarr have done well to raise their children, who have testimonies like their parents and who, in turn, desire their own children to do well.

LaVaun worked for some time at the Internal Revenue Service in Ogden, Utah. Her service did not preclude my being audited by said IRS. It was a *pro forma* audit and raised no concern, however.

Visits to LaVaun and LaVarr's home were always special visits. They made their visitors comfortable and well fed with LaVaun's divinity candy and other goodies of that nature. I stayed with them for a while during the summer when I was courting Joyce. I remember that they had an old car, which I took for a party up Weber Canyon one night during said courtship. Now their children and children's children can and do experience the same warmth and hospitality found in the Hansen Home in Riverdale, Utah

In the winter of 2008 LaVarr was ill and Joyce and I decided to go to see him in the care center in Ogden. He was talking and we had a good visit while his family had gone to lunch. He died shortly thereafter. Now LaVaun has the role of so many women, being alone but with some posterity close by.



LaMont, LaRena, Larry front: LaVarr, LaVaun Hansen

Dale was the first son for my parents and the 6th child. He went away to Moscow, Idaho to college when I was still fairly young. I remember that when Rudolph Bienz and Father took him and Darrel Bienz up to the University they went over a high pass, which Father always talked about, as it must have pretty scary and impressive. Dale then served a mission in the Swiss Austrian Mission, joined the Army, married Rose Marie Steinbrecher from Berlin, Germany, came back to Bear Lake County where he fell down an elevator shaft and broke his back, returned to the Military service and through it all they had three children.

Dale has served in Bishoprics and on High Councils and so on. He is a good brother and I have always looked up to him. When they moved back into this area they lived with us for a short time until they found a house in Orem. Dale and Rosie also filled two missions together, one in Belgium and one to the Temple in what was East Germany. Rosie passed away while Joyce and I were on our mission to Belarus.



Dale John Kunz



Dale, Monica, Rose Marie and
Karen Kunz



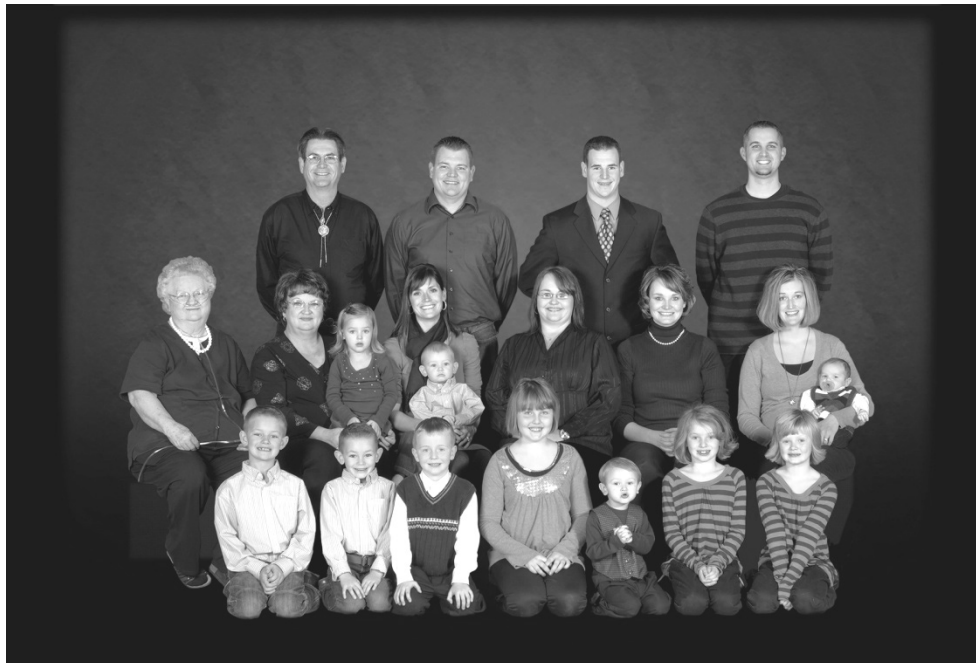
Monica, Dale and Kevin Kunz

Naomi was the seventh child. She made angel food cake during the Second World War when things like sugar were rationed, and we loved it, although it diminished the family supply of sugar and some other ingredients. All of the brothers and sisters were happy for the cake, however.

She married Fayon Pugmire and they had a fine large family. Later on they divorced and Naomi married LaVan Hunsaker from Honeyville, Utah. After their divorce Naomi went on a mission to England where she invited the Queen to visit their mission project of preparing English records for genealogy work. The invitation was filled by one of the Queen's Emissaries. After being home for a while, she filled another fine mission to California.



Naomi Kunz



Naomi Kunz with part of her Great Family

Naomi has really demonstrated that what other people said could not be done really could be done, and She has often done it!

I am proud of her and that she has strength in the Church, and a love for the Lord and the importance of Temple Service.

Paul was the second son and I am sure was well received to help on the farm, especially by the girls who had a lot of the work in the early years. Paul married Marlene Stephens from Montpelier and they also have a large and wonderful family.



He served as Ward Clerk for a long time and held other responsibilities. He was an avid hunter and fisherman, which I always admired as I was not so good at either.

Paul was very hard working and creative in such a manner as to make things more efficient. He worked for a time on the railroad, welding on a pipeline and was the farm and rancher during most of his life.

Several years ago he had a severe stroke and has never recovered. His good wife has attended to his constant needs, which have been many.

I worked with Paul on the farm and for Paul on his farm, after Father retired and Paul purchased the farm. I found him great to work with. He could look at a bolt and nut on a piece of machinery twenty yards away and tell me what size wrench to bring to him.



He invented a number of things that made work easier and more efficient. He and Marlene are proud of their family by which many missions have been served around the world. If recent suffering yields blessings, they will obtain many here and in the hereafter.

Paul and Marlene Stevens Kunz Family: Kelly, Shirley, Kim, Kurt, Pauline, Karl, Kenneth and Paul and Marlene Seated

Owen was just older than me. He did not get too interested in school work, but had a heart of gold and we did many things together. We sometimes wrestled and perhaps even fought a little, but we got along together most of the time and did a lot of things together. Much of our fighting was good natured wrestling with one another. We played and worked together.

Owen married Ruby Krusell and they had two daughters. Ruby and Owen divorced and he married Jan Shott. He served in the Army for a time. He worked in various places and was a handy fellow.



Owen Lee Kunz



Robin, Julie and Owen Kunz



Robin, Owen and Julie Kunz

Eva Mae Kunz was born just after me. She was smart and pretty and well liked. Somewhere along the line Richard, the next child was promoted into her class and they completed high school together, which was probably fun at times and at other times may have been a bit exasperating.

She tells of a time when she and Richard were both in the same Seminary class when the teacher was reading a scripture in which it mentioned "circumcision." While Richard had been around farm animals for years and witnessed castration, he did not know what circumcision entailed, so he asked his question in a very loud voice. Eva was not amused, nor did the teacher want to take class time to give any explanation.



Owen and Jan Kunz

Eva married Leonard Johnson and they had four children together.



Eva Kunz



Eva, Jackie, Leonard, Scott and Janis Johnson

After the death of Leonard, Eva married Garylee Berry, and they have had a wonderful marriage. They served a mission in their home area, doing much good for those in need. The Church and the teachings brought through it are significant and important to her and her family.

She has worked for, and pretty much ran the County Fair in Lewiston, Idaho. Eva is a good person and has brought much joy into the lives of her family and those who have had the great opportunity of knowing her.

Richard is the 12th child of Parley and Hilda. He had polio early on and one leg is a bit shorter than the other. He has compensated for that, in my opinion, by being very creative with humor. Since his leg was shorter he stuck his hand in a pulley as we were pulling hay up into the barn. This required the removal of some parts of the fingers. He also survived that well.



Eva and Garylee Berry

Richard is always cheerful and has a good story to tell. Some of his stories have been told by him in prior times, but we always like to hear them again since he gets into them so well with speech and actions. He has been blessed with short legs like some of the rest of the family, so we especially like to see him cross his legs.

When he was attending Utah State University he achieved great success in being the checkers champion. We don't play checkers with him now, but we do like to play games when we get together for one occasion or another.



Richard Kunz - As he is the shortest, he gets the largest Photo



Richard, Beulah, David, Suzanne and Michelle

and his wife Rosie. He and his wife worked for the Air Force as civilians and he now works some in a mortuary, which he says he always wanted to do. It is my wish that none of us go there too soon.



Suzanne, David, Michelle, Richard and Beulah

Richard married Beulah Roberts and they have four children, one boy died in childbirth and David in a car accident soon after his mission. They are survivors, however. Richard filled a mission to Switzerland and he and his wife served in the temple in Freiberg Germany with my brother, Dale,



Arthur and Linda Kunz

Arthur came last. He is a good man and would give you the shirt off his back. Early in life he had a lot of exema but seems to have outgrown that.

As a little boy he always wanted cowboy boots. When the folks would come home from shopping he would say, "No boots today." In high school he was shot behind an ear by an assistant coach at Montpelier High School, and has suffered some hearing loss from that. In those days our society was not so caught up in law suits of all kinds, or Arthur would probably have received a good settlement. As I remember it, the coach did go to Bern and offer an apology to our parents, but that never brought back the hearing loss.



Arthur Kunz

He married Sharon Pugmire and that marriage later ended in divorce. He is now married to Linda Elmer. His children and grandchildren bring them much joy. They live in Chubuck, near Pocatello, Idaho. Arthur worked for the railroad for many years, but now works for himself as one who can build almost anything.

Arthur was only eleven years old when I left for the military so I did not see him for a while. He quickly began to work on the farm and was skilled with the tractor and farm equipment.

He does not wear his religion on his sleeve but it is deep inside him and expresses itself in the service of others. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ... ye have done it unto me."



Linda and Arthur

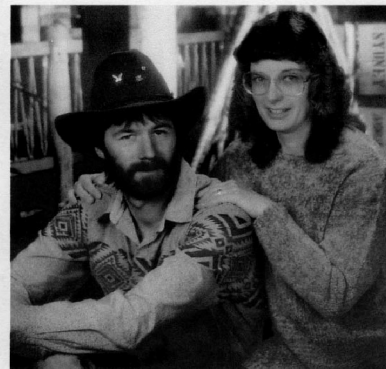


Arthur Kunz



Crystal Dawn Silvers is the daughter of Mitch and Sue Silvers and Dan and Kathy Mooney. She is the oldest grand- daughter of Arthur and Linda Kunz and Sharyn and Scott Francesconi. Crystal lives in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho where she teaches the Advanced Learning Program students at Ramsey Elementary. She is also taking evening classes in hopes of obtaining her Master's Degree later this year. She is in the process of buying her first home, also in Coeur d'Alene, and looks forward to decorating and working in the beautiful yard. Crystal, her boyfriend Joe, and their dog Sly enjoy golfing, swimming in Lake Coeur d'Alene, and spending time with friends.

Kathy Mooney is the oldest daughter of Arthur Kunz and Sharyn Francesconi. Kathy is currently living in Worley, Idaho, a small town south of Coeur d'Alene, where she works as District Clerk for Worley Fire District. Her husband, Dan, works for Worley Highway District and is also a volunteer Officer/Firefighter-EMT with Worley Fire District. We are in the process of developing our property south of Coeur d'Alene in hopes of having our home finished early next year. Our spare time consists of working on our property and riding our Harley's as much as possible.





Kathy, Arthur, Wayne Kunz



Lora Kunz Coffman

Phillip Growing Up

Frost On The Tongue

I had a unique memory of winter, but perhaps not different from many persons in rural America. That memory was of a time when I lost part of my tongue. No one cut it off! No one bit it! I just ripped off a piece of skin just as generations before me probably did. I was not masochistic. But I was driven like a night fly to the light - or to the fire, which was always more fatal.

The older kids either told us not to do it, nor did they dare us to do it lest we be chicken. Not remembering now which was the motivating power for me, I only remember that I put the tip of my tongue on the steel gate by the road. It stuck. It was really attached. I pulled a little and right away I knew I was in trouble. The skin started to rip then it tore away as I pulled my head back. For several days I wished I had not done it.

I tried it once more later on in that same year. I reasoned that the first time I was probably just scared and in too much a hurry to remove it, thus causing the rip. Most likely if I were to be patient the frost would just melt and the tongue would drop free and return to the warm comfort of the inside of the bottom teeth. That is what I thought. I was wrong again.

Then the next year the scientist in me began to bud again. I saw the frost and knew what I had to do. Perhaps my tongue would not stick if I were to push a little saliva out around it. That would have two important functions. First of all everything out there would be warmed. Secondly, there might be some lubrication as well. Wrong again!

I think that thousands of young people will still have to go through the same experience as I did. One has to admit that there is something pretty magic about how that frost and skin meets, weds, and defies separation. It appears that most marriages aren't made of such stuff.

Aunt Myrtle's Cat

A truism of life is that we can admit to things counted negative by society - if sufficient time has passed that we would no longer be counted liable for the action. Enough time has now passed that I can discuss what happened to Aunt Myrtle's cat. Looking back through 60 years or so, I can also feel sorrow for the act. Now I would even apologize to Aunt Myrtle, if she were still alive.

Her cat should have stayed home! It came westward a town block from where it was fed and loved, or at least tolerated. It came to our place. Paul and Owen helped. They should have known better since they were older than me. I can't remember who suggested the deed, but from this long vantage point I suppose we caught it with the intention of doing it no good.

We took it to the "junk room," which has served as the milk separator room, a place to repair harnesses, and the storage for various types of medications for animals. Medications were stored in little cans and in dark brown bottles, and there was plenty of "Clover Salve" for the milk cows, when they got sore and kicked when we tried to milk them. I suppose that the old shed served other purposes before my memory and probably even long before my birth.

Once in the junk room we decided to tie up the cat. Tie it up with what? We had to use whatever was available. We checked around and came up with a fencing staple which was used to staple the wire to a fence post. It's a "U" shaped object that would fit nicely over the tail.

Part of the floor in the junk room consisted of railroad ties placed in a row, side by side. I suppose one of us held the cat, another supervised, and the third placed the tail flat on the tie and proceeded to secure the tail firmly with the staple straddling the nervous tail. Now I cannot remember which of us did which task. We nailed the tail firmly onto the tie. The one who held the cat carefully began to let the cat go to determine whether the staple would hold. It didn't! The cat's tail started to pull out from the staple. No problem! We gave another lick with the hammer on the staple. More movement, more hammering.

Then, all at once the cat jumped through the open window on the south side of the junk room, where a window had been. Isinglass had also filled the hole, but now only a rough board crossed the open hole. My guess is that the cat ran home in record time. There on the tie lay the tail, no longer twitching. We hid it somewhere and went about our business.

Later on Aunt Myrtle confronted me about the nasty business. I don't know what the other two did, but I didn't tell the truth. It was my opinion that I would get a liken or perhaps have my good reputation injured in the eyes of Aunt Myrtle, so I lied. Paul and Owen must have done the same as I did or we would have been "called on the carpet" for sure. When resurrection day comes it is my firm hope that the cat will get its tail again. If the repentance process works properly we may even meet that cat without feelings of guilt. I hope Aunt Myrtle forgets about it too. I have recently confessed my part of the unfortunate experience to Dianne, who was probably the real owner of the cat, as Aunt Myrtle's daughter. Now that I think of it, perhaps calling Aunt Myrtle *Aunt*, when she is a cousin and the Aunt part of her is rendered as some kind of respect, may subtract some of the negative feeling she may still harbor. I will not know about all of this for a while -- perhaps when my obituary appears it will all be clarified. I am sorry that I was part of the operation.

Killing Pigs at Bishop Schmid's

A farm town is a haven for cats. They reproduced well in our town. We butchered pigs down at Bishop Robert Schmid's that provided plenty of food for the cats. People brought their pigs from all over Bear Lake County, and on a given day (usually a Saturday) men and boys would gather to help Bishop Schmid and his boys butcher the hogs. Someone would shoot the pigs carefully



Bishop Robert Schmid's barnyard where we killed pigs. Parley's barn on the left. In center of the photo is our lambing shed and behind that, our home.

between the eyes with a 22 rifle. They would aim at a make believe cross made by drawing a line from the ear to the opposite eye and from the other ear to the opposite eye, and shooting at the intersection.

The pig would drop almost at once, but once in a while the pig would run a bit and then move its feet while quickly bleeding to death. This was usually a time when several pigs would be shot. The remaining pigs didn't react in any special manner as their first pig relative was dispatched. I do not know whether one pig did not like the other pig and was happy to see him *get his*, or whether the small pig brain just did not register danger. They say some pig parts are like human parts, but perhaps the brain is not one of these special parts that are interchangeable.

We then lifted the pigs up and put the pigs into a vat of hot water which had been heated with firewood in a 55 gallon drum. Once they were scalded it was easy to scrap their hair (some would call this bristles) off. Once that was done, we hung them up by the hind legs and removed the entrails. Sometimes we saved the bladder and filled it with water for a water fight or blew it full of air for a kind of cheap balloon. The latter most likely happened when we were really young and dumb.

The pigs stayed hanging in the shed until Bishop Schmid (or Uncle Rob as we sometimes called him - sometimes we just called him "Schmid," which our father did not like and told us so) cut them up and put the pieces in brine and/or smoked the meat. The small pieces he ground into sausage. He did this in the building by his house. In the cellar of the building he had the

barrows with brine. The cutting up of the meat and grinding was done on the ground level and the smoking in a small house nearby. It was wonderful to smell the smells of the smoking meat, the brine and the smell when Bp. Schmid cut off a little chunk for a *sample*.

The entrails extracted from the pigs attracted magpies by the dozens and, of course, the cats. Some of the cats were exterminated. We also fried birds eggs and sometimes birds. I think because we got a bounty for magpie heads we had less respect for the critters than we should have had. Now I feed the birds sometimes and enjoy watching them in our back yard.

Fast Offering

In the Mormon Church the young men become Deacons at the age of 12. Among the other duties given to them in the Church was the task of collecting the fast offerings from the ward members. We as Deacons were each given some brown envelopes closed with a string and two small round tabs which kept the flap secured and the sacred contents from falling out.

Each of us had a route, which sometimes included going all of the way to lower Bern. Most often we rode a horse down there, but in really bad weather we sometimes were hauled in a car by one of the older brothers or sisters or even a parent once in a while. This duty was never taken lightly, but we were properly taught to know that the Lord's money was sacred. At times I saw people put a few coins into the envelop or even a green back or two or a check properly made out with an indelible pencil so that no one could alter the amount and skip the country with it.

I never remember any complaint of anyone stealing the contents of an envelope. I would never have thought of even opening the envelope. The contents belonged to the Lord as it was the equivalent of the cost of two meals - two meals properly fasted and value given for the feeding of the poor. To have taken that offering would have offended God and left some poor widow woman to starve. No, one could not take any of the fast offering. It was better to take eggs from our own family coop and trade them for candy and other essentials. In the summer, of course, we had access to the gardens of good gardeners like Aunt Marie, who kindly offered me to pull a carrot or two and get some fresh peas, but we sometimes got a taste of produce from the gardens that were sort of hidden like Alleman's garden in Sheep Corral. That particular garden was quite a ways out north so we only went there on horses.

I loved growing up on the farm. I can still feel many of the feelings I had there, the smells, I smelled, the joys and sorrows with the birth of a calf and the new born chicks and the death of pet lamb or dog.

When I was young we had a ewe that died and left a bum lamb. Father and Mother permitted me to bring it into the kitchen and place it on a towel on the oven door in the kitchen stove. We kept it alive with a spoon and warm milk and then with a bottle and nipple. When I gave it the bottle it

would sort of bump the nipple and seemed to really enjoy the milk. The lamb lived to maturity and then we sold it and I bought a calf and raised it. Eventually, I had several head of cattle.

One year I groomed a calf until it was older and then showed it at the Country Fair. That was a good experience for me.

We would also have to help a calf learn to drink out of a bucket by dipping a hand in a bucket of milk and then letting the calf suck on my fingers. The fingers were then put down in the bucket with the calf still sucking and they learned to drink without the hand in the milk. When we did this with colostrum milk, the milk was rather sticky and stayed on the hand as I would put the mitten on again. Such was part of the life on the farm.

Smells

Today as I was writing some material for email to family and friends I thought of the smells in some of the places we have been. I then started to think about smells that are pretty vivid in my mind – vivid enough that as I think of them I can once again “smell” the smell. Some of these are wonderful and some pretty bad. I am going to try and write of some of these as they come to my mind. Perhaps on another day my thoughts would conjure up different smells.

I have no desire to “put down” any person or any place or people. These are just my experiences with smell and others may differ with their description if they could “smell” my “smells.” Each person may think differently of smells just as each person may remember or not remember smells as part of what is stored in their brain’s memory.

Columbus, Georgia: At a time when I served there I remember the smell of the flower **blossoms** in the spring – blossoms new to me because they did not grow in Bern, Idaho. Not only blossoms of sweet smells but beautiful blossoms which reminded me of beauty and purity.

Utah: A small rural town where we went for a wedding reception was the site for a vivid smell. As we went into the building where the reception was held there was a very strong odor of cattle. I have been around cattle all of my young life and I did not think of the cattle’s odor. On that night, however, the smell of **manure** was strong and not a pleasant addition to the event of the evening. It was a putrid smell.

Minsk, Belarus: We went into a boarding house for invalids and pensioners where the smell of bedridden and **incontinent boarders** was overwhelming. The air was heavy and I had a hard time breathing. In my thoughts of my own distress at the time I then thought of the individuals there and how they had come to bear the burden of the air because of necessity. The boarders had no choice, and perhaps the care givers did not have choice either.

Bern, Idaho and wherever my wife, Joyce S. Kunz, resides and has the time and yeast to make **bread**: The smell of the fresh bread baking and newly baked is easy for me to recreate in my

mind. That smell often occurred in my childhood and youth as my mother baked bread – not always with the best stove and oven conditions. It was a pure pleasure to cut a slice and eat it alone, or with a little butter and/or jam. My great fortune has been to have married a wife who bakes like my mother. For what more could one ask?

Wiesbaden Air Base, Germany: Just on the side of the airbase, where I was stationed in an anti-aircraft battalion attached to the air base were the wonderful German farmers, attempting to make a living for their families. Part of that attempt included the “**honey wagons**” which contained the collections and ageing of lots of ingredients hostile to the nose. As the collection was used to fertilize the plants in the field a bit of it got into the airstream and did not soon drop back to the earth but moved across the fence, laced with sharp, cutting barbs, without difficulty or permission.

Montpelier, Idaho when I was a small boy: My father took me into “town” to buy me a new pair of **shoes**. As the clerk came with the box and opened it and took out the shoes I could smell the new leather and the thought of the new shoes must have enhanced the smell because I can still smell its sweetness. My thoughts today are that the smell of the shoes was modified in the weeks and months that followed. Part of that modification came from walking in rural fields and animal carrels and part from whatever happens to mankind as they walk and walk and walk.

Bern, Idaho: We milked cows by hand and as I milked my head would sometimes rest against the flank of the **cow**. The combination of the smell of the cow’s flank and the new milk coming from the bucket below was not unpleasant to me.

Minsk, Belarus: The air currents move in some mysterious manner so that the air is filled with the smell of the **bakeries** where a lot of good things are baked. Some times that smell travels for over a mile or so. I have never seen so many different kinds of breads and baked goods and the process fills the air at times so one wants to stop walking and just smell.

Everywhere: The smell of **baby powder** as it is sprinkled from a container onto a small baby about to get a new diaper is a satisfying odor.

Between the Outlet and the Bear River in Idaho: In the early days we use to cut the wild **hay**, after flooding the area with water backed up from the dam we used in the Outlet, near where Larry Buhler and I were baptized by Larry’s father, Howard Buhler. The new mown hay by the cabin near the Rich Place was pungent and good.

Paul’s workshop in Bern: As one entered the south slope to go into the workshop I was always met with smell of **oil and grease**, some of it spilled and saturated into the wood of the floor, work benches and walls. The tools, collections of odds and ends and everything had the smell with origin in oil products.

Redpine - North of Bern: When I was little the men were **shearing sheep** by the roadside in Redpine. The wool was placed into large, long sacks and tromped down. I helped (at least as a small boy I thought I was helping) pick up the scattered pieces from the ground and from the

fence (tags) and place them on the pile to be put into the sacks. The wool had a distinctive smell - sort of a combination of wool and the natural grease from the sheep.

Bern, Idaho in Parley Kunz's chicken coop: We had just obtained little chicks in the mail from the Bern Post Office, first in my experience run by Barlows' and then by "Aunt" Myrtle. The **chicks** were placed in the coop on new sawdust and the heaters kept them warm until they could do okay by themselves. The smell came from the heaters and also the new chicks, both good smells for me. I remember, as a little boy, the sounds of the chicks and how soft they felt as we would hold them.

Boy Scout Jamboree

After graduation from the Eighth grade in the Paris Tabernacle, I went on the 50th Boy Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania in 1950. This was a very fine opportunity for which I had saved what money I could, was given addition financial help from the folks and even some from others like Orlando and Brother Einzinger in Montpelier. The cost of the trip was \$150 for transportation and \$150 for registration and costs with the Boy Scouts of America.

I am indebted to Alan Jensen, who also attended the Jamboree and who supplied me with his notes. Some of them I have use along with my own words, but did not give him credit for his part in quotation marks. Thank you, Alan, and please do not sue me. You may use my part at your will. The Jamboree contingent left Montpelier on a special train on Wednesday, June 21 at 12:45 a.m



TWELVE SCOUTS FROM the Bear Lake area who will make the jamboree trip to Valley Forge June 30 are shown above. They are, first row, left to right, Leonard Matthews, Phillip Kunz, Mickey Stephens and Bill Beagles; second row, Larry Rasmussen, Keith McClellan, Douglas Arnell and Leonard Mouritsen, and third row, Paul Jensen, Ronald Tanner, Robert Ipsen and Glen W. Clark.

Troop from Montpelier Area who went to the 50th National Boy Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

Thursday we went on to Chicago where we saw the Brookfield Zoo, The Planetarium, and the Natural History Museum. The next day we visited the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan, as well as the steel plant. We were given a box lunch by Ford and each box contained a small model Ford automobile, which I had for many years and then gave it to my son. I always thought it would be good to have such a car and lo and behold, I got one while on my mission, some eight years later. We then took in Greenfield Village and Museum, and went to a professional baseball game between the New York Yankees and the Detroit Tigers. On Saturday we went to Niagara Falls in the morning and then to Palmyra to see the Hill Cumorah and the Sacred Grove. Three of our group were not Mormons: Billy Beagles, Alan Jensen and Keith McClelland. Keith did not want to see the Mormon sites and stayed on the train. Both of the other two later joined the Church. This was a wonderful experience for me to be where Joseph Smith was and where the plates for the translation of The Book of Mormon were received.

Sunday, the 25th of June we went to New York City and spent three days there. We took the Circle Line Cruise around Manhattan Island. The Statue of Liberty was especially impressive to me, as it turned out to be again later as I left from New York and returned there while in the United States Army. On Monday we visited Radio City Music Hall and watched the Rockettes and then spent the rest of the day at Coney Island. On Tuesday we visited the Empire State Building and then left for Valley Forge, arriving there late that evening. Our equipment was not there yet so we spread canvas on the ground and slept under the stars.

The Jamboree encampment at Valley Forge lasted one week during which we had the



Valley Forge Boy Scout Encampment

opportunity to visit troops from many states and to exchange patches and other items with them. We took turns cooking the meals, so this first evening was my turn to cook, two of us were assigned to cook each day. The food was supplied at local distribution points each day. I suppose the cooking wasn't the best, but nobody complained very much. I cooked on Sunday when we had chicken to cook.

On Friday we took a tour to Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell,

Independence Hall, and the Betsy Ross home. We were wearing the official Jamboree scout uniform which included shorts and long stockings instead of long pants. As we were marching

through Philadelphia, an old lady stopped our Scoutmaster and told him to take these boys home and see to it that they were fully dressed.



Phillip Kunz cooking chicken, which must please the cows

Saturday morning we took a hike around the park and saw the various monuments to George Washington and his troops. Sunday we had church services for all. We attended the service for the Latter-day Saints. I found out after I was married that Kenneth H. Sheffield was in charge of the sacrament for the large group. He turned out to be my father-in-law. Had he introduced himself to me or me to him my courtship some nine years later, would have been easier. Monday we noticed the American patrol was circling the campground, and found out that the Korean War had broken out. We thought the planes were up there to protect us, but later found they were only

taking aerial photos of the campgrounds.

Tuesday was the 4th of July, and we had a Pageant of the West in the Arena. President Eisenhower spoke and then there was a large fireworks display.

Wednesday was our last full day in camp, and we visited the Hawaiian troops and traded trinkets. This was also my second cooking day.

Thursday we tore up camp, had a

farewell program at the arena, and watched the Yo-Yo contest. The winner won a new bicycle, and some of those kids were really unbelievable in what they could do with a yo-yo. That evening we boarded a train to again continue our journey.

Friday July 7 we arrived in Washington DC and had a full day. First was a bus tour of the city, then we visited the Washington Monument, riding the elevator up and walking down. We also visited the Lincoln Memorial, the Capitol Building, the Supreme Court, White House, Bureau of



Our Scout Patrol at Valley Forge

Printing and Engraving, and then visited Mount Vernon. **[Years later when our family was visiting Mount Vernon we went to the tomb of George Washington. As a veteran I was privileged to take the special wreath into the tomb and salute the first President of the United States. I felt that to be a real privilege to be singled out for that special honor.]** While in Washington D. C. I called Foster Kunz, who was the Bishop of the Washington D. C. Ward. He came to the train station to see me. That was a special thing for me.

Saturday, July 8 we visited Richmond, Virginia, Charleston, Virginia , and Jacksonville, Florida. Here we swam in the Atlantic Ocean, and visited the old Spanish Fort at St. Augustine. On July 9 we went to Atlanta, Ga. and visited the Civil War Diorama, had a Watermelon Bust and a big dinner at the YMCA. Guess what was served for dessert, more watermelon. When we got back to the train, everyone was lined up for the restrooms, but they wouldn't open them until the train pulled out. **[Years later, as I served a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Southern States, I again had the opportunity to visit the Diorama several times and to go to the very hall where we were served water melon by the Church.]**

Monday we visited Biloxi, Mississippi, and swam in the Gulf of Mexico. Among the swimmers were a group of dolphins, and they seemed to enjoy the people as much as we enjoyed them. We also visited an air base there. Then we traveled to New Orleans, and were supposed to go on a tour. But some of us were about toured out, so we wandered around town, and went into a movie. Tuesday, July 11, was spent riding a train which went through the Grand Canyon during the night, so we couldn't see anything, and we arrived in Salt Lake City at 8:00 am Thursday morning. From there we went to Pocatello, arriving at 4:00 PM, where those of us from the south had to wait for Old #18 to take us back home to Montpelier. It was wonderful to see my folks again and to express how thankful I was for the great opportunity which had been afforded me as a young lad.



"Our Car"

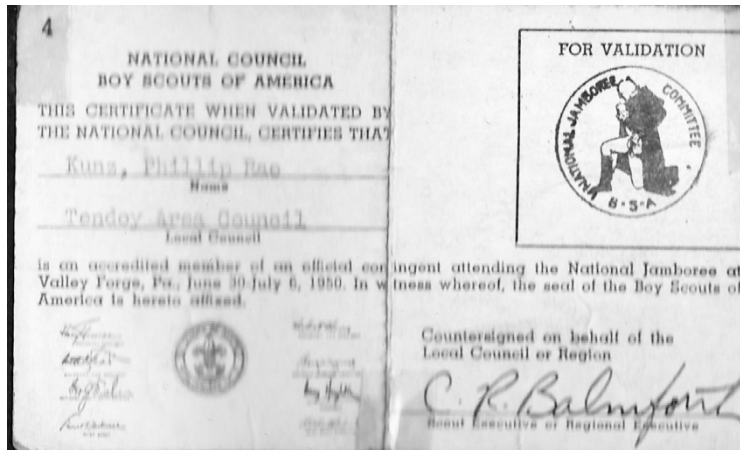
This is the car on which we took the entire trip to the Jamboree

guess. I have always felt a little tough that I did not get the Eagle, but such is life. Our sons and sons-in-law all got that award and all of the grandsons have or are on track to receive it.

I did a lot of scouting, mostly on my own, but never did obtain the Eagle rank. Leland Kunz gave me a lot of help, however, but we never really had any troop activity in Bern. I had many merit badges, was a Life Scout, but did not get lifesaving and swimming merit badges until after I was married. I was teaching Seminary in Lyman, Wyoming and we would take the boys to Rock Springs to swim. There I passed all of the requirements for swimming and life saving merit badges. At that time I completed all of the requirements for the Eagle Award, but of course I was too old to get the Eagle award. Had I been a little younger or earlier when they let men in their twenties get the Eagle I would have received it. I did the work for it but not on time I

Attendance Certificate for the 50th

National Boy Scout Jamboree.

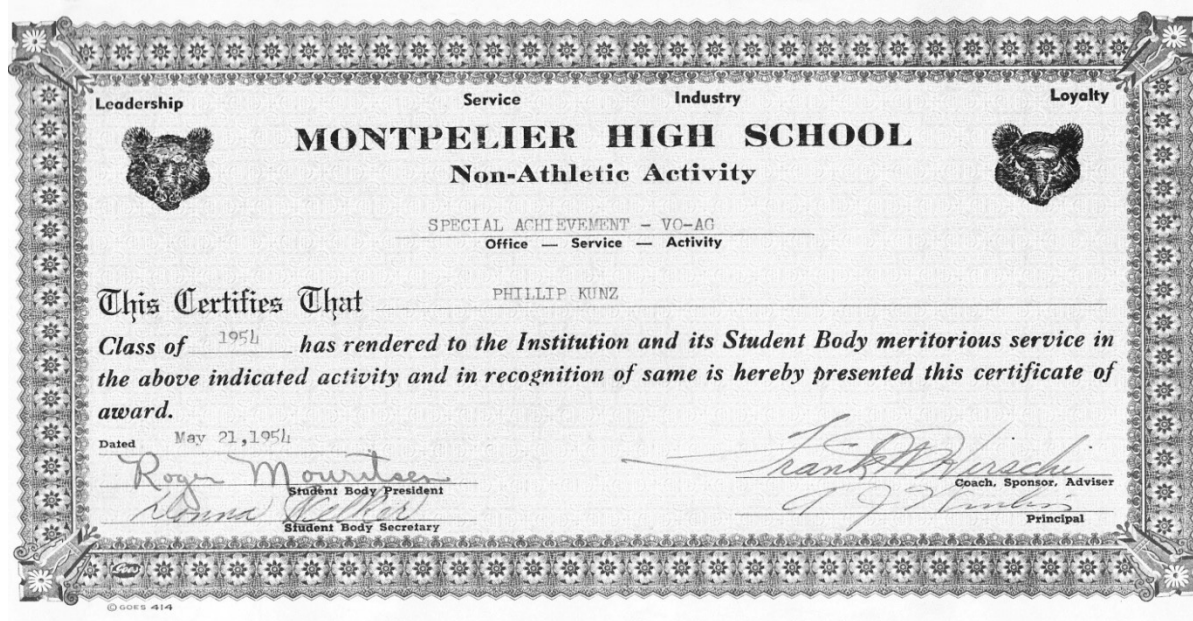


High School

I attended high school in Montpelier, Idaho. This was the Montpelier High School. There was another high school in Paris and sometime after I graduated the two were combined into one and is now the Bear Lake High school. Since then the building itself has been given to the lower grades and a new high school built in Montpelier.

When I first went to high school I knew several fellows from Montpelier and some of the other small towns inasmuch as we had gone to the National Boy Scout Jamboree together in 1950 in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. I soon became acquainted with more of the other students there and thought myself to be rather well liked and I got along fine.

In my freshman and sophomore year I got in with some of the students who were a year older than me. I participated in mock legislative sessions, mock United Nations activity and so on. I think the fellowship with the older kids gave me more self assurance. Jack Ream, who was a year ahead of me, and I participated in debate and debated the value of the United Nations.



Montpelier High School

Montpelier, Idaho

This Certifies that **Phillip Ray Kunz**
has completed the Course of Study prescribed for
Graduation from the Montpelier High School and is entitled
to this Diploma

In Witness Whereof we have affixed our signatures and seal
this twenty-first day of May, Nineteen hundred fifty-four

Walter E. Clark
PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

A. B. Nielsen
CLERK OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

A. J. Hunter
HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Lloyd A. Drury
SUPERINTENDENT

High School Graduation

CARL RAYMOND GRAY

VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE

Scholarship

AWARDED BY

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

TO

Phillip R. Kunz

Bear Lake COUNTY, STATE OF Idaho . YEAR 1955

In recognition of outstanding achievement in project work,
scholastic standing, community activities and leadership.

Joe W. Jarvis
Supervisor Agricultural Development



A. E. Stearns
President

I ran for Student Body President at the end of the Junior year and was defeated by two or three votes by Roger Mouritsen. He is a fine man and I respect him a great deal. I then ran for an office in the Senior Class and was elected to that. High school was a wonderful time for me. I had great classmates, wonderful dates with the young ladies, and really super teachers.

I did not really participate in any athletic programs for two reasons. It was necessary for me to do chores both before and after school. The second reason has to do with my size. I was in good shape for the shape I was in, however. I had strong muscles, but a rather small body size. Some extracurricular activities fit my schedule, however. I became involved in the Future Farmers of America and held Montpelier Chapter, Southeastern Idaho District, and Idaho State offices. I also was involved in the parliamentary procedure, judging, and speaking contests.

CLASS OF 1954	
Richard Schmid - President	
Phillip Kunz - Vice-President	
Sonja Nate - Secretary	
CLASS ADVISERS	
Louise Adams	
A. M. Rich	
Class Motto - Today We Follow, Tomorrow We Lead	
Class Colors - Blue and Silver	
Class Flower - Gardenia	
NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY	
Class of 1954	
Melba Crane	Roger Mouritsen
Renee Dimick	Richard Schmid
Karen Guyon	Alice Ann Smith
Allen Jensen	Merlyn Sorenson
Carolyn Jensen	Dianne Steckler
Class of 1955	
Martha Adams	Dee Ann Clark
Julie Ann Bartschi	Joe Erramouspe

Graduation Program



Montpelier High School

I won the Speech Contest for Montpelier Chapter, then the Southeastern Idaho District speaking contest, and then went on to the state contest in which I gave a talk on the possibility of increasing the food supply for the world.

Montpelier Youth Wins FFA District Speaking Contest

Special to The Tribune

PRESTON, IDA. — Chosen to represent Southeast Idaho district at the Idaho State public speaking contest for Future Farmers of America is Phillip Kunz, Montpelier FFA chapter, who won the district FFA contest here Wednesday night.

Lyle Henderson, west side entrant, was given second place in the contest from among seven contestants. Both winners are seniors at high schools and are outstanding members of both chapter and district FFA organizations. Young Kunz is district president and Henderson is vice president. The winning talk was entitled "Where Do We Go From Here," and second place talk, "The Dairy Muddle."

Talks given by other FFA

contestants included "Reforestation by Seeds" by Wayne Budge, Fielding High School; "Drainage," by Larry Don Howell, Malad; "Neat as a Pin and Pretty as a Picture" by Bryce Bennett, Grace; "Changing Agriculture," by Jay Mack Holbrook, North Gem, and "The Farmers' Changing World," by Bud Keller, Preston.

Dr. Donald R. Theophilus, dean of agriculture at University of Idaho, was present at the contest and was asked to assist in selecting the winners.

Franklin County Farm Bureau, sponsor of the contest, was represented by Daniel Roberts, who introduced the speakers and Mrs. Selma Fellows, president of Associated Women, who gave the welcoming address.

Where Do We Go From Here:

My talk given in the three speech contests mentioned above.

"In the past, the American people have been the best fed people in the world. Each year, every American uses the output of 7.4 acres of land to fulfill his needs. It is not so in other countries! Some of our world neighbors are fortunate to have the fruits of one quarter of an acre. This great advantage for Americans is one of the main reasons that the inhabitants of this land have advanced so far. Too often, in the past, America hunger has been the hinge which one man to surrender their liberties for a meal or for dwindling security. It is well known fact that in the Korean War the Communists used the only real weapon they had against the common man to get him to fight — a

News of the Speaking Contest for FFA

bowl of rice — something to eat. A starved man will do almost anything for a meal. In ancient times Esau sold his birthright for a meal perhaps, someday, in the example of an abundant America, all the world will realize that their very existence lies with the soil and the care that is given to it.

The story of man, in his rise from savagery, in the history of the struggle to wrest his food from the soil. When each man can only raise enough for himself, all efforts must go toward the production of food. From this we can see that the yardstick of human progress lies with the ability of the farmer to produce more than enough food for himself.

In colonial times, farmers made up 85% of the United States population; today they account for only 15% by far the worst percentage in the world. By comparison, 60% of the population of Russia is today engaged in farming, suggesting the thin edge that separates subsistence and starvation in that country.

Nature is usually generous provider, but in meeting the complex needs of man, she is often rebellious. Despite great advances in agriculture, the great same plagues that gripped the world in Bible times are gripping us today just as in those ancient times, today we have insects, floods, famine, sterile ground, weeds and drought. Our population is growing rapidly, but not so the land that feeds us. In order to subsist on the present standard, we must push the limits. The most important of stubborn facts confronting the farmer today are: the acreage of the world which his crops grow a surprisingly small; and the prospect of adding to it are substantially remote.

The 2 1/2 billion acres now growing the world's food represent but 2% of the Earth's surface one of the other 98%? It is covered with water, rocks, mountains, ice, snow and other conditions make for the

cultivation impossible. Much of the 2% that is farmed is eroded, overworked, and wasted. Add to these facts at this time this tiny but vital patch of land must feed an ever-increasing population – 2,400,000,000 at present and growing at the rate of approximately 18,000,000 the year, and one begins to understand the enormity of the job must be done. There are tragic overtones. In the last 20 years, the world's food production has edged up a scant 5%. The population, however, jumped at least 25%. A different picture prevails in the United States where in the same period, the population increased 18% of its food production rocketed 50% consequently we have our surpluses. But we, as a nation, cannot be misled for it certainly is not a world situation. Bear in mind that the world's food production rose only 5% as our population jumped 75%. One does not need to read very far in the daily paper for read of the thousands were starving; especially the Russian satellite countries and even in East Berlin. But where do we go from here? Will our agriculture always provide a surplus, or will a bushel of wheat someday be equal to a bushel of gold? Is our agriculture indestructible, or will our population ever over balance our land and its resources question unlike the situation of 50 years ago, there is no new and fertile land to break to the plow; little new cropland has been added to our farmland since 1920. Yet there is a booming rise in our population. By 1975 - a single generation away - it is estimated that 16 million new hearty appetites will demand satisfaction. Will we have surpluses then? Will our standard of living be as high as it is today? Unless something is done quickly, the United States will have to undergo what amounts to a revolution in its eating habits before 1975.

I admit that heroic and costly conservation, reclamation, and irrigation projects can add some acreage, disregarding any further erosion of topsoil. But this will increase our land only to the area the small states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. You know as well as I know that this can't be the entire solution, so, where do we go from here? The solution lies not only continued progress to conservation and reclamation of our land, but in achieving better results in food crops and animal products from the land we now have and farm. How can we do this? It must be done by the use of science, yes, even chemicals, immunization of plants and animals, development of new breeds, and preservation of food in packages.

Insects are ravenously costly, they destroy more than \$4 billion worth of crops each year. Most of these insects are very hardy, in fact, man is not eradicated one single species from the earth. Now through the efforts of chemicals scientists we have many new insecticides. In just two states – Montana and Wyoming – chemical control of insects recently saved enough pasture to produce an additional 11,000,000 pounds of beef. Consider this! Here's just one phase of just one branch of agriculture look a much meet with saved. In this method of advanced production can be employed universally.

Immunization against animal and plant diseases through the use of radioactive materials in new chemicals can add to this nation in the years to come as much is produced in the states of Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, or 25% of the nation's farm output. Think of it. 25% of the nation's farm output, through the use of radioactive materials and chemicals. It is estimated that in the future, new breeds like the Charbray and the Santa Gratudis, because of their ability to gain weight fast because of their disease resistance, can add 15% more meat to the American dinner tables.

Packaging and preservation are vital areas of existence of spoilage between the farmer and the kitchen which destroys 20% of the food move. Today one new field in this line is atomic radiation of food. Atomically irradiated foods, sealed and passing bags and placed on open shelf, stayed fresh one year after without refrigeration. Spoilage elimination would gain equivalence of 81,000,000 acres of cropland or that of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

If we look into the past, our future will appear insurmountable,. As future generations of farmers we must realize that the future belongs to those who prepare for it. We don't want a reoccurrence of the past once great agricultural civilizations such as Mesopotamia and Egypt to happen to us here in the United States. Yes, the future does belong to those who prepare for it! We are preparing for with the scientists beakers, syringes, Geiger counters, and crucibles.

With continuing advancements of our scientific knowledge, placed at the disposal of civilizations, and teamed with a progressive and industrious people – such as a Future Farmers of America – lies man's greatest hope for progressive, well-fed future generation."



FUTURE FARMER OFFICERS

Newly elected state officers of the Future Farmers of America who were chosen at the state convention last week end in Idaho Falls are shown with their adviser, left, William Kerr, Boise. Officers, left to right, front row, John Cannon, Blackfoot, secretary; Sherm Snow, Moscow, president; Clair Bosen, Preston, vice president and Tommy Williams, Twin Falls, treasurer; back row, Stuart Nechitt, Weiser, reporter and Phillip Kunz, ...

State Future Farmer Officers, including Phillip Kunz

Carlos Rigby, my cousin, and I were the first State Farmers from Montpelier and I was able to go to the National Convention in Kansas City. Jerry Miles also went.

Jerry Miles and I left for Kansas City the 11th of October at 7:30 p.m. We rode on the train along with approximately 200 other boys from Idaho and Oregon. We had two cars reserved on the train just for the FFA. We went through Wyoming and part of Colorado that night. Sunday we arrived at Denver and stopped there for 30 minutes. We then traveled on through Colorado and Kansas and arrived at Kansas City, Missouri at 11:00 p.m. We hailed a taxi and rode the 6 1/2 miles to the Brookside Hotel where we stayed throughout the trip.



Identification for FFA

Monday morning we went to the auditorium by street car, registered and received a FFA pin and some written material. That evening we went to the public speaking contest, which was won by Bruce Ayers, from Stuart , Virginia. His topic was "The Green Revolution."

We went to the plant where they make Lee pants. It was amazing how fast they worked. We also went through the Chevrolet Plant. We saw the assembly line, which was interesting. We were fed at the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

We left Kansas City at 11:00 p.m. and went to Omaha for what was called Omaha Day. We went to the Stock Yards and Boys Town. We arrived in Montpelier at 10:00 p.m. Saturday. Both of us spoke at Rotary the next Wednesday.

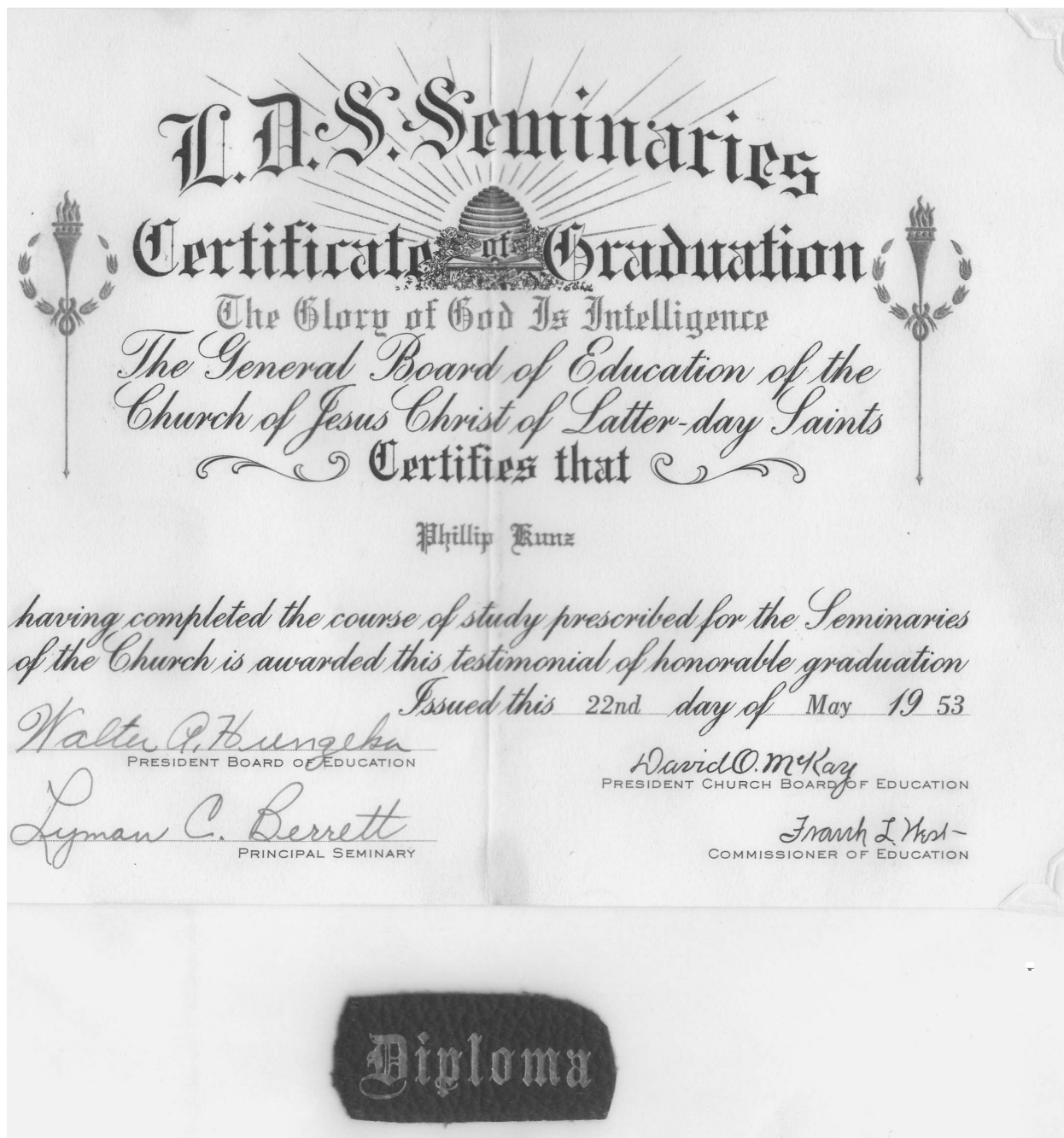
In high school I studied hard enough to have an A- or B+ grade average, got a couple of scholarships and later on got into college, but I did not work as hard as I could have and not as hard as I probably should have.

Seminary



Montpelier Stake Tabernacle where we had Seminary Part of the Time

During the first three years of high school I attended Seminary, which was a released time program that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints worked out with the school system so the students could leave the high school for an hour during the day, go the building where seminary was held and receive some religious instruction. I graduated from seminary. At that time it was the practice to only go three years. I enjoyed seminary and especially recall the speakers (like returned missionaries) invited to speak to us. We had a record player and heard a lot of "seated one day by the organ..." or whatever the name was. We would also sing hymns sometimes and that was fun. My teachers were Lyman Barrett and Milford Cottrell and Brother Walter Clark, who filled in at times for a while. We met in the old tabernacle for a while and also then in the new seminary building when it was constructed.



Seminary Graduation Certificate

Teachers in Seminary were Lyman Berrett and Milford Cottrell.

I left the seminary building across the street in the tabernacle a few times - through the window. One day I quite accidentally tipped over a can of duplicator fluid on the teacher's desk, making a lot of his papers purple. He called me a kind of bad name. I did not do it intentionally, but was fooling around his desk bothering him I suppose. He forgave me quickly enough. It certainly made a mess!

At the seminary graduation in the tabernacle, where both high school and seminary graduations were held, I sang in a double quartet, which was a rather amazing thing for me with so little music training. I had taken a few lessons on the saxophone, which Paul had had before me. Wesley Baker was the instructor and I learned a little from him. I use to stand out on the back porch and play a little in the night. I got so I could play "Silent Night" and a few other tunes without too many sharps and flats in them. I doubt that I impressed any neighbors and probably not the animals either for that matter. I was never in the band or any of that sort of thing, however. I think I was not as interested as I should have been. Recently, as an older fellow, I thought I could pick up a sax and play pretty good -- about where I left off. One of our grandsons got a sax and I was going to show him that I could play it. It must not have been a good sax because the music did not get out of it. I had a hard time even making a sound.

I had a lot of dates in high school. We had a dance or party almost every week or so, either a seminary or school dance or one in the community. I dated most every girl in my class and some from the younger classes, but I was careful to not date any that were too tall. I considered them to be too tall if they were a couple of inches taller than me. Needless to say, that cut a lot out of the range in which I could date.

We also had dances during the day in school on some occasions and generally we danced with everyone on round dances or exchange dances and so on. I was always happy when the number ended if I didn't end up with a girl that was too tall.

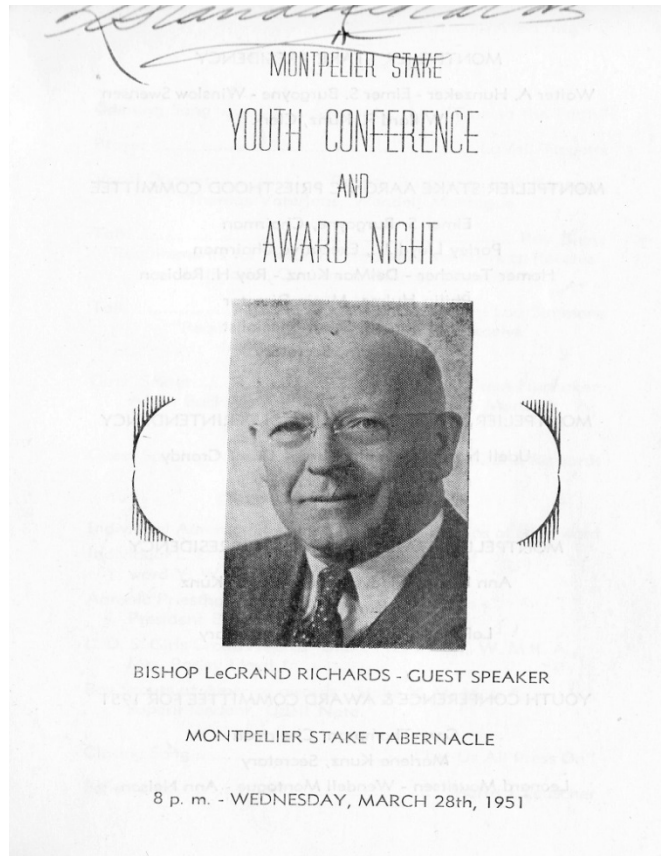
High School and Seminary were very important to me. I do remember a lot of information from seminary from study of the Old Testament and the New Testament and from Church History. Those pieces of information have helped me while in the military, on my missions and since in public speaking. All of that assisted in strengthening my testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In reality, I can never remember any time from my earliest memory of not having a testimony of the gospel. I have always believed and my additional learning and experiences have added to that testimony, but have not replaced it.

The years in high school were growing years for me. I loved my teachers and felt that the high school was in good hands under the administration of A. J. Winters. I learned a lot from A. M. (Kay) Rich in history and government, from Barbara Jacobson and Louise Adams in English, Christine Michaelson in type, Frank Hirschi in Vocational Agriculture, Wesley Baker in music and Lorenzo Swenson in shop and Belvina Johnson in Study Hall.

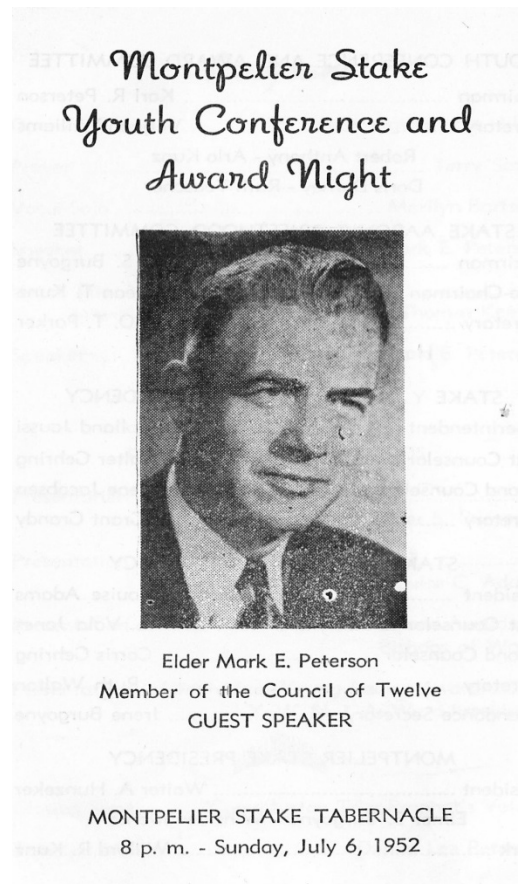
I graduated from Montpelier High School May 21, 1954. At that time Richard Schmid was the Class President and I was the class Vice President. Our Advisers were Louise Adams and A. M. Rich. Our Motto was, "Today We Follow, Tomorrow We Lead." Our colors were Blue and

Silver and the class flower was Gardenia. Sixty-eight of us graduated and Dianne Steckler gave the Valedictory Address.

We had Youth Conferences of various kinds and the Church was a significant part of my life, as it was for the other youth in our Stake.



Elder LeGrande Richards at our Youth Conference



Elder Mark E. Peterson at Award Night

We had many Apostles come to Montpelier for Stake Conferences, Youth Conferences and so on. In those days we sometimes had two come for the same conference, and often brought some of the MIA, Welfare or Sunday School people from the General Boards with them.



Miss Titus Classes in Little Room - Grades 1 to 4: *Back Row:* Wayne Kunz, Arlo Kunz, Ray Bienz, Charles Kunz, Bruce Kunz, Gary Buhler *Middle Row:* Geraldine Kunz, Virginia Kunz, Dianne Steckler, Shirley Alleman, Miss Titus, Harriet Kunz, Marlene Kunz, Connie Schmid *Front Row:* Owen Kunz, Darrel Hansen, Phillip Kunz, Larry Alleman, Ivins Schmid

We played marbles on the south side of the school and stuffed mattresses in the Gym, during the Second World War. Only the two south rooms of the school were used during my time -- the southeast room was for the first four grades, one row for each year, and the southwest room was from grades 4 thru 8, again with one row for each year.

Military

Following graduation from Montpelier I was planning to go to the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan. They had awarded me a scholarship to study agronomy and I began to look for some additional work to make my way through school. That was not to be, however. During that time my Bishop, DelMar Kunz, spoke with me and advised me to go into the military as the Korean War had still not been settled and it was assumed that I would eventually have to be drafted in the military. I went to the draft board office in Paris Idaho, after speaking with my parents and praying about what I should do and they volunteered for the draft.

I had to pass a physical examination and we went by bus from Montpelier to Boise to take the

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Ticket from Boise to San Francisco

examination which I passed. Rao Lindsay was in the group and we have remained friends ever since, although he was somewhat older than me. A number of us were at the station in Boise and were accepted for the military, We were put on a plane and flown to San Francisco, California. At the airport there we were met by military people who put us on the bus and we drove to Fort Ord, California, which was a big induction boot camp.

We were marched to the barbershop where we were given military haircuts. That is, all of our hair was cut off and then we went to one of the warehouses where we were issued clothing and equipment. I was assigned to Dog Company in Battalion B. I found that basic training was very interesting but at the same time difficult. People from all areas of the civilian life came together, many of them being physically unfit, overweight and not use to taking orders. The push-ups, running *double time*, regular physical training and other exercises soon put us in pretty good shape. I was in good shape already as I had done a lot of farm work. At the same time we were taught that we had to obey orders from those who were in command. We were yelled at, cursed, and generally made to feel like we were idiots. Any infractions or deviations from the orders were dealt with by more double time running, push-ups and other such activity.

We often had to march, often double-time, with rifle and full pack. All of that helped get everyone in shape. They put the tallest people at the front of the ranks and the shortest in the back. The front people therefore determine how long the step would be which meant the people in the back like me had to take long steps. That was not very comfortable and also resulted in our heads bobbing up and down. The sergeant in charge would criticize us for bobbing up and down not realizing that we had little to do with that. It also caused me to have some shin splints on my legs which were not comfortable.

I didn't like to go do KP washing pots and pans etc. so I learned how to "bug out." After the first week I volunteered to drive a truck which was a quarter ton truck with an automatic transmission. I had never driven a vehicle with an automatic transmission and in fact I had never even seen one, but I told them I could do it and I learned very quickly. That permitted me to drive instead of marching over the sandy fields and hills and I did not have to carry all of my pack and rifle and so on. I was happy to be the truck driver. When there was something to haul other soldiers were assigned to load and unload as well.

DETACHMENT #5, 6400 SU
RECRUITING MAIN ST
JOINT USA-USAF PERSONNEL PROC
SIXTH ARMY RECRUITING D
217 N. Capitol Blvd., Boi

SPECIAL ORDERS
NUMBER 161 E X T R A C

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to Reception Sta, 6023 SU, Ft Ord, Cali
12 Aug 54 for processing & asgmt. TO w
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BEASLEY, MONTE D	US28 653 930
BRUNSON, MELVIN R	US56 212 615
COX, KENNETH D	US56 212 616
HOWELL, BOYD "H"	US56 212 617
KEEFER, KEITH B	US56 212 620
KEEFER, KENNETH H	US56 212 622
KUNZ, PHILLIP R	US56 212 618
WEAVER, DON M	US56 212 621

BY ORDER OF CAPTAIN SMITH:

OFFICIAL:
William S. Le Vant
WILLIAM S LE VANT
Captain, AGC
Assistant Adjutant

DISTRIBUTION:
CG 6th Army.....3
CO Ft Ord, Calif.....10
State SS.....5
Ea Local Bd.....(5).....15
Ea EM.....(2).....18
Files.....20



WI Phillip in Basic Training
Captain, AGC
Assistant Adjutant



Military Vehicle at Wiesbaden, Germany

During this period of time we had the LDS chaplain come and speak to the LDS servicemen who were there for a special meeting. He told us that the director of the prison stockade in California told him that some of the prisoners were members of the LDS Church. But, said he, they are the best prisoners there. One weekend some of us went to Monterey, California for church one Sunday I found that to be very nice to meet there with the people with a regular ward.

At the end of basic training at Fort Ord, we were given a short leave and I returned home for a week or two. My next assignment was in Fort Bliss Texas. I remember Robert H. Kunz telling me that it would be a lot warmer down there in Texas and I probably wouldn't even need to wear a coat. At Fort Bliss we lived in small shacks which had been prisoner of war huts during the Second World War. Some of the ground was covered with small rocks in amongst these living quarters and latrine was about 50 yards away. One night I found myself feeling very sick and started to go to the latrine and found the line was already probably 100 people long. I suppose we had food poisoning. Needless to say, it was not a very pleasant evening.

At Fort Bliss we trained on a 40 mm half tracks and quad machine gun outfits. We had additional opportunities to live on the desert and shoot targets so while out on the desert and bivouac the big canvas leister bag, which held the water for drinking, froze one night and that says something about how cold it got. I thought of what Robert Kunz had told me before I left Bern, Idaho from my first leave.



Prisoner of War huts where we stayed

Certificate of Ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood

This Certifies that

PHILLIP KUNZ

Of the BERN Ward in MONTPELIER Stake

Was Ordained A ^N ELDER

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

DECEMBER 19, 19 54 By EDWARD V. TURLEY, SR.

A HIGH PRIEST In Said Church
State Office in Priesthood

Donald S. Sorenson

President ELDERS SIXTH Quorum

Attest *Martini Linsay*
Quorum Secretary

Melchizedek Priesthood Certificate issued in Bern Ward, but ordained in El Paso,
Texas Ward

loud for fear that he would give us some sort of punishment. It was obvious he didn't know much about the subject he was trying to teach us.

During the time when I was at Fort Bliss I attended church in El Paso, received the Melchizedek Priesthood and was ordained an Elder. I was able to spend some off time to work on the Stake Farm picking cotton. One Sunday after church we went out with a family for dinner and we ate dinner and after dinner the man said they always took a nap after dinner. "Your bedroom is over there." So we had a nap and then went back to church for Sacrament Meeting.

One of the interesting things that happened there was that we sat in a bleacher while they were training us about the half track with the 40 mm guns. The instructor was telling us about the features of the half track and indicated that it had a 500 horse power Cadillac engine and was telling to some of the other nomenclature of the machine when a new lieutenant came out and told the Sergeant to sit down as he wanted to instruct us. The Sergeant sat down and the lieutenant began by telling us of the nomenclature. The first thing he did was to put his hand on the transmission and said that that the 500 horse power Cadillac engine. It was obvious that he didn't know what he was talking about and we all kind of snickered but didn't dare laugh out

HEADQUARTERS
ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY AND GUIDED MISSILE CENTER
Fort Bliss, Texas

AKBAAC 370.5 (12-1)

4 December 1954

SUBJECT: Movement Orders

TO: Commanding Officer
Carrier Company Number 15, 4999th SU
Fort Bliss, Texas

1. References: a. DA Message 564083, 12 November 1954.
b. DA Message 564979, 17 November 1954.
c. Message, AKAAG-PCE 11-0909, Headquarters Fourth Army, 15 November 1954.
d. Letter, AKAMR 320.2, Headquarters Fourth Army, 9 April 1954, subject: "Strength Accountability of Carrier Companies."
e. General Orders Number 135, this headquarters, dated 29 November 1954.
2. Pursuant to authority contained in above reference, Carrier Company Number 15, 4999th SU, will move on or about 22 December 1954, from Fort Bliss, Texas, to the 34th AAA Brigade, USAREUR, through Overseas Replacement Station, 1264th SU, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Unit will depart this station only upon instructions by this headquarters.
3. This is a PERMANENT change of station.
4. Movement Data: a. Unit will move at assigned strength in accordance with reference 1c, above, and SR 600-150-10, as changed.
b. Mailing address will be APO 166, New York.
c. Movement will be by common and/or military carrier.
5. Equipment: No organizational equipment will be taken.
6. Reports: a. Information necessary for compliance with paragraphs 10g, h, i, SR 600-150-10, as changed, will be furnished the Post Transportation Officer not later than 72 hours prior to departure.
b. Initial Morning Report will be that of date of both organization and movement and will be forwarded by air mail special delivery or other

Orders from Fort Bliss, Texas to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey

After finishing the time at Fort Bliss, Texas we were put on an airplane and flown to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. There we were processed and sent to Germany. At Camp Kilmer we were

given additional clothing, instruction, and waited for our time of departure. One Saturday I had time off so I went into New York City and attended an opera matinee in the afternoon and additional opera that night. I had never been to an opera, but had spent some Saturday afternoons as I grew up listening to operas on the radio. Both operas were wonderful and I enjoyed myself alone.

TREES

Joyce Kilmer wrote that he would never see a poem as lovely as a tree. As an eighteen year old I was stationed a few days at Camp Kilmer, which was used heavily during the Second World War for troops to embark and disembark to and from Bremerhaven, Germany. For a while, after the war, the camp was closed and then reopened during the time of the Korean War. As I served in the U.S. Army during the last part of the time that was assigned to the Korean War, albeit in Germany, I went to Fort Ord in California, Fort Bliss in Texas and then to Camp Kilmer to go to Bremerhaven and then to Wiesbaden Air Base, where I was part of an anti-aircraft unit assigned to the Wiesbaden Air Base.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer lived in New Jersey and was probably best known for his poem, in which he celebrated the beauty of trees. I saw his trees and I can also conjure up images of trees in my mind that are also lovely.

I think of the plum trees at Aunt Anna and Orlando's home in Bern. As a boy we use to wait for the time when those trees would bear their delicious fruit. As we played in those early days we arranged some of that play to be in their yard. This brings me to a question: Why did we say Aunt Anna but did not say Uncle Orlando, but just Orlando? Why did we say Aunt Amy but not Uncle Alvin – neither of whom were our aunt or uncle, however. Or Aunt Myrtle, who was an older cousin. Uncle Rob and Aunt Nellie were always Uncle and Aunt, unless we sometimes forgot and just called Uncle Rob "Schmid." Also we said Aunt Marie, but only sometimes Uncle Heber and so on.

Aunt Marie had wonderful small trees to lie under when the peas and carrots came on in her garden. Parley and Hilda's trees were fine and large and good for climbing in. The large trunks would also hide small bodies in a game of hide and seek. Down by their water trough was a willow tree that produced shade for the animals, soaked up a lot of extra water that left the water trough when it was full after the animals had their drinks and the ten gallon milk cans were taken out, and was the source of whistle wood, when Papa would from time to time carve a whistle for us.

Back of Edith and Reed's trees was the small creek and the soap stone, which provided us with entertainment. There were other trees in Bern, many not so large, but still part of the landscape in my mind. Then there were the trees in the canyon where the huckleberries grew. Those trees shaded the little plants just right. We climbed over the fallen trees and around the small ones just beginning to grow to find those little purple berries that were so much harder to put in the bucket than in the mouth.

Joyce's Kaysville trees were black walnut and horse chestnuts. The former provided an exquisite taste and the latter nut for throwing for Beck and toys for Joyce.

The trees of Louisiana send large branches meandering near the ground and provided beautiful material for the photographers or a place to sit and rest for a mission president and his bride. These trees have adequate amounts of moss for decoration. In times of hurricane some of the large trees in the cemeteries

tipped over and their big roots were thrust up through the soil bringing coffins and the remains of the long dead to the surface where I suppose the dead were disappointed that the morning of the first resurrection had not yet begun.

Oh, but Belarusian trees! Here I see forest after forest of trees. Pine trees, birch trees and others trees, whose names I do not know. In places the limbs of the trees on both sides of the road reach toward one another to provide a canopy overhead. In other places the trees stand tall and straight like soldiers at attention and guard the roads with their traffics of trucks loaded with sugar beets, potatoes, straw and other such things going to the factories or to the market or to the storage pits.

In the distant the pine trees huddle together and offer a beautiful patch of green. In another scene the birch trees do their own huddling and are pleasant to see. Sometimes the pine and birch trees mingle with each other and seem to have a dancing party of some type. The birch trees are interspersed with white and dark, but the dark seems to be more pronounced in the wintertime.

High in the trees are the birds' nests, now abandoned by birds gone south. Those birds will be saddened that they left so early because the end of the year has come and no snow has fallen. They could have stayed on for a while, but how did they know?

Through the forests are little roads which take the men and women who work in the forest and trim out the dead wood and cut away the parts that ought to be cut away. Through the forest are small pathways for the berry pickers and the mushroom gatherers. This fruit of the forest provide for the winter food and for tasty meals anytime. The red berries can be placed in a bottle to make compote, a fine drink or if left too long, a bomb to explode its stickiness all over the kitchen.

Minsk is filled with horse chestnut trees, which we love in blossom and out of blossom. In the in-between these trees have cast their nuts, on some of which I have painted appropriate faces, which sit on my desk white against brown.

The trees and the crops intermingle to a vast array of splendor to decorate the country of Belarus. These same trees are piled high in the summer to be burned in the winter to heat the old people, children and invalids in the boarding houses in the far flung places where natural gas has not piped its way. The trees are carved by the carvers and turned by the turners for the artists and tourists to buy. These trees overlook the burial grounds of thousands upon thousands beginning with the Tsars and continuing until recent times.

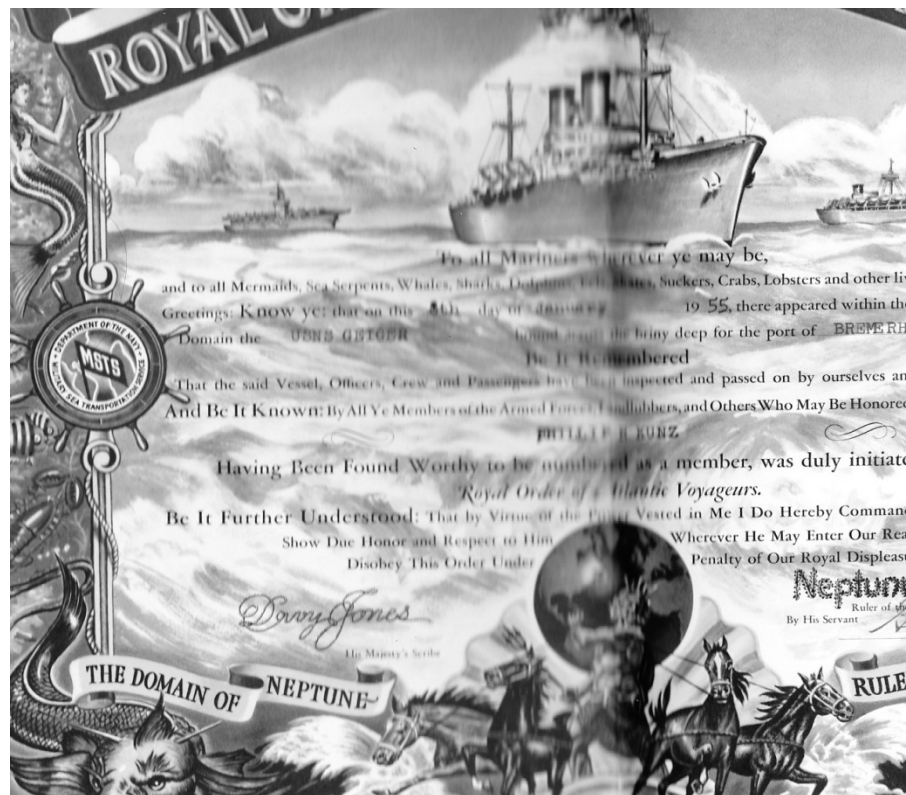
All of these trees, planted by God, are more lovely than a poem.

We got on the transport ship, the ship "USNS Geiger," several hundred of us, to cross over to Bremerhaven, Germany. That early January crossing was not pleasant. The waves were high and washed over the deck many times. We were supposed to be scraping the deck for new paint, but it was so cold we tried to keep out of the wind and water as we were practically freezing to death. When we first began the voyage the ship was moving from side to side and many got sick. Then out a bit further on the ship would rise several feet and then sink down in front at the bow and many more got sick from the pitching of the ship. This brought terrible smells in the ship. The eating quarters were metal tables with a little ridge around them which prevented the dishes from falling off the table, but things would slide back and forth. The food wasn't bad but because of the bad smells in was not to pleasant to eat either.

We arrived in Bremerhaven during the night and the next morning as we disembarked from the ship we found huge pieces of ice floating down the river and a lot of snow and wind and bitter cold. We were placed on a train which took us up into the interior of Germany from which we were going to be assigned to our various outfits. I was assigned to the Wiesbaden air base in Wiesbaden Germany this was on the anti-aircraft early surveillance radar outfit attached to the airbase. I was in the 63rd Battalion in Headquarters Company. My assignment was that of a radar repairman. We had a little radar called Topsy Dog which was an early warning radar set. That is, the radar could detect aircraft at a far distance. The radar set had many vacuum tubes and I was smart enough to know how to change those but inasmuch as I never had any training class on the radar I felt very uncomfortable were we to enter a wartime situation, and I could not have been relied on to keep that radar set running. Nevertheless, I was it, but later on the opportunity opened up for a new company clerk.

I quickly volunteered for that position, which turned out to be good for me inasmuch as I learned how to type much faster, and with more accuracy, particularly typing the terrible, time consuming Morning Reports. These reports had to be typed every morning and sent "up the line." They included changes in the company personnel, like promotions, those on leave etc. and all of this was highly abbreviated. Errors were corrected by "starting over" and it was a technical time-consuming report.

Prior to becoming the court typist I had to go with the company out in the field for the various types of field problems, and I didn't like those very much. We would go out in the middle the night and set up tents and camps. The camouflage nets had to be pulled up over the trucks and other vehicles. All of that took place in the dark and it was hard and not pleasant to say the least.



A document the ship gave us to show that we crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the USNS Geiger

s/ Harvey H Whitehill

HEADQUARTERS 34TH AAA BRIGADE
APO 166 US ARMY

SPECIAL ORDERS
NUMBER 8

10 January 1955

E X T R A C T

7. Having been asgd to this hq, per 1st Ind, Hq Bremer-
haven Port of Embarkation, APO 69, dtd 5 Jan 55, 4999 SU
Carrier Co #15, consisting of the fol named EM, are further
asgd to 63d AAA Gun Bn, APO 633, US Army, Weisbaden, Germany.
No dependents in US Army, Europe. Personnel are Cau, with
term of service 24 months, and ETS 8-56 unless otherwise indi-
cated. EDCSA 12 January 1955. PCS. AUTH: Ltr Hq Seventh
Army, subject: "Infantry Replacements", file AG 220.3 ASEAG-
PC, and Ltr Hq Seventh Army, subject: "Artillery Replacements",
dtd 16 June 1954.

<u>RANK</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>SN</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>TERM OF</u> <u>SERVICE</u>	<u>ETS</u>	<u>RACE</u>
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PVT-2	PHILLIP R KUNZ	US56212618				
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BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL McCONNELL:

HARVEY H. WHITEHILL
Captain Artillery
Assistant Adjutant

OFFICIAL

s/ Harvey H Whitehill
t/ HARVEY H. WHITEHILL
Captain Artillery
Assistant Adjutant

A TRUE EXTRACT COPY

Edson A Liasse
EDSON A LIASSE
CWO, USA
Assistant Adjutant

Assignment to 63rd AAA Gun Battalion

When I became clerk I got to escape some of those things, but meanwhile we we would go out and set up the outfit and after a couple of hours we took all of down and moved another five or six miles and set up again. On one occasion we went all the way up to the Baltic Sea and shot at large banners pulled by a radio controlled plane. That was safer so that we would not accidentally shoot people down.

We also had to qualify with the small arms once a year. We would go out to the field and fire at targets. Each person had to qualify or return again another day to practice. On one occasion, many of the people in the company or Battalion didn't qualify. The Battalion Commander didn't want to go out again so he came and got me and told me to qualify everyone. I was supposed to make "marksmen" or "sharpshooters" out of everybody who couldn't hit the target. I followed orders. I always hope that one of those sharpshooters wasn't the one called upon to protect me in case of war. Actually, we were in war. This was prior to the end of the Korean War so I am a Veteran of that war and also part of the occupation troops in Germany.

I remember another time when I had to follow orders when it was not pleasant for me. In Basic Training we were out on a march at night. The company stopped and were to deploy to our various guard posts. The Sergeant wanted to demonstrate the danger of various situations so he had three or four of us set off from the rest by fifty yards or so. One was to light a cigarette to show how easy that was to be seen, another was to cough to show how sound would travel. When it came my turn I did just as the Sergeant ordered: He said, "Example four." Nothing was to happen. Again he said, "Example four." Still nothing happened. Then, after he said, "Example four," for the third time and in a very loud, upset voice, I was to say, "Damn it Serge, I can't piss any louder." It brought a big laugh from the troops.

During my stay in Wiesbaden I had a lot of opportunities. There was a Branch they are composed of half military and have the Germans I was called on to write the what Branch newsletter half of which was done in German and half in English. The half that was in German was written by someone else and give them to me I would then type it as given on understanding always what I was typing. We met in a in the upper floor of the house which we had to go to a little early and sweep up the rear bottles and cleaned it up a little bit for church services. I suppose we had about 50 or 60 people who attended half American and half term.



Phillip with machine gun



Radar truck and trailer



Topsy Dog Radar



Full field gear

We had some special Christmas parties dances and socials and so on was well as the church services and that helped her to get away from the base. Jerry Nielsen and I were often invited to the home of Ross and Mary Jo Wight for dinner they had the baby boy, Mike, and we would play with the baby and eight and enjoyed their company we were invited there a lot and you work on her second part of the family later on I believe we went with them and in their automobile listens before the baby was born down through Switzerland and Italy and Spain and Portugal up through France had a wonderful time several day vacation Ross always drove and Jerry and I would sit in the back how we camped out in tents and everything seemed to be greatly disagree had an enjoyable time took her sleeping bags and saw a lot of country. They are still good friends and I keep in touch with the Ross and Mary Jo but I have only seen Jerry Nelson once since the left the Army and that was at Brighton when we went up and to stay at the Bairds' cabin one night.

During my stay in Germany they had a special LDS serviceman's retreat to purchase garden Germany. Elder Spencer Kimball was going to attend and be the speaker there was a provision in the military that you could apply for leave to attend religious retreats I went to the chaplain went to the first of the company command commander and he said I couldn't go I went over to see the



LDS

SERVICEMEN'S CONFERENCE

Berchtesgaden
"THE BEST IN BAVARIA"

21 - 25
APRIL
1955

15 MILES

A UNITED STATES ARMY
LEAVE AND REST CENTER



Servicemen's Conference in Berchtesgaden

many of the young people who were brought in from the dance is to set an enjoyable time.

While I was up to Wiesbaden the Temple was built in Bern and they were ready to have a Temple dedication so I got a ticket to go to the dedication I took a little leave time and was able to go down to the dedication which I enjoyed very much it was a new experience for me and the

chaplain turned out to be a Mormon and he said around don't worry about this inaugural goal don't cause any problem or make waves. I really want to go so I crossed the hall to the Catholic Chaplain and told my company commander didn't want me to go but I'd like to go and he started to swear to God over the telephone he says who's your company commander had the kind cooling-off period of employment: I'm just my commander get me in trouble at any rate he can't talk to the commander and I went to the retreat had a great time down purchase garden as we listened to the meeting this was an elder Kimball prior to the time that he had his voice operated on so he spoke with a different voice. We also went through the salt mine at a dance down there

one which I always price particularly because part of my ancestors came from Switzerland so it had special meaning for me.

Irv Hill (Irving Hill) and I were the company clerks. He was the main clerk and I was also the clerk that typed all of the *morning reports*. Those reports listed all leaves, changes in rank and so on. I also upgraded the *special orders* and *general orders*. These orders were issued by the military in Washington D.C. and if they changed a word or sentence, that had to be incorporated in the hard copy in our unit in Germany. Irv and I worked but we also sometimes had a good time together. We often would miss early morning inspections and other such activities. We would do not always do the things that the other people in the military did because we could learn to *bug out*.

On one occasion after I came from the mess hall, where we ate, I brought a couple of bad pancakes and tacked them up on the battalion bulletin board, where somebody had little caption "joke of the week" where a cartoon or something would be placed there for passersby to look at. The board was across the hall by the mailroom. Well, I placed the pancakes on the board and then went into the mail room. Pretty soon the Battalion Commander came down the hall and saw the pancakes, glanced at them, walked on and then turned around and walked back to the board, touched the pancakes and told someone to go get the Company Captain, who had an office downstairs and who was also in charge of the Mess Hall.

The Captain came up and the Battalion Commander asked him what the meaning of the pancakes was. "I don't know who put them there but I will find out and court martial him, Sir." Remember that I was hearing all of the conversation from across the hall. Well, the Captain got chewed out for not having good food and that was the end of all of that.

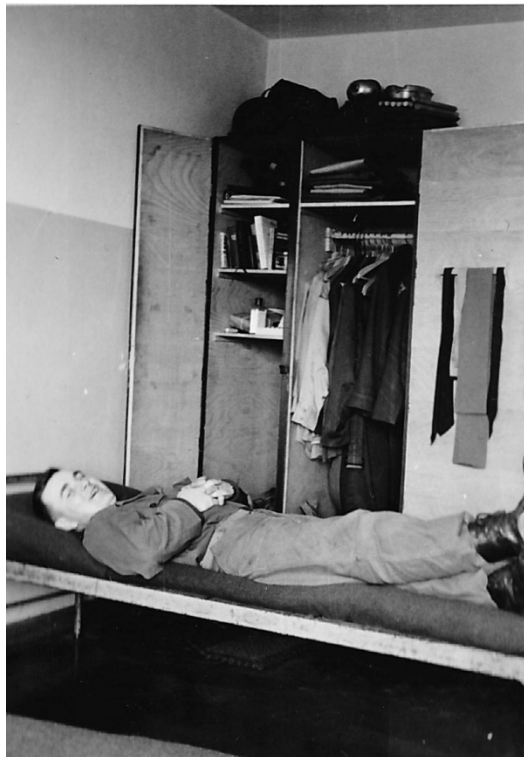
On another occasion Irv Hill and I took a cookie pan and put some marbles and taped it to the bottom of our company commanders chair. His name was Manning L. Quattlebaum. The first Sergeant's name was Harlan R. Suckstorff Jr. I had to type those names on the Morning Report every day so I know their names very well. Anyway we put the marbles on the bottom of Quattlebaum's chair and when he came in he sat in the chair he heard a new noise. He said, "Son," **[he called everyone Son]** "Come in here. Can hear anything?" Of course by then he holding real still and there was nothing making any noise. "No Sir," I said, "I can't hear anything." He then called Irv Hill in and asked the same thing. Irv couldn't hear anything either. It took him a day or two to find the marbles. "Son," he asked, "Who would do such a thing to me?" Neither Irv nor I could guess who might have done such a thing

We had a private from Philadelphia in our company and he was the driver of the 2 1/2 ton truck and he called everybody "Sgt." It did not matter what rank the person was. That Private was working on his truck one day and had the hood up. Captain Quattlebaum came by and said, "Son, how is your truck doing?" "Well, Serge, the motor is missing." "Son, how could anything as big as a motor be missing?" We had a good laugh about that. Sometimes there was a little midnight requisitioning going on and the Captain thought the engine had been stolen. On another occasion I heard him say to this private: "Son, I don't want you to call me Serge anymore. You see these

railroad tracks on my shoulder? That means I'm a Captain and you need to respect me." So Private Quinn said, "Okay, Serge." Quattlebaum just walked away, shaking his head.

On another occasion I took the cardboard roll from a roll of toilet paper and stuffed some cotton in the ends seven put a little piece of the rope in one end so it looked like a big firecracker. I placed it on Quattlebaum's desk in the early morning and when he came in to work and saw it, he got on the phone called the Bomb Demolition Squad from the other end of the Air Base. Then came the fire trucks and the Demolition Squad with their lights blinking and the sirens going full blast. They came in and found the joke and they were not very friendly toward the captain. I feel badly about that for him but not badly enough to indicate who might have done it. I did help Captain Quattlebaum with some of his personal things as when he was getting the divorce. I typed up his papers offered him some help with whatever I could and was quiet about it as he asked me to keep all of it confidential.

While I was in Germany, I had some problem with my legs developing shin splints. I went to the doctor and he suggested I cut a little bit of the top of my boots off to give me legs better circulation. Subsequently I cut a little more than half of the top of the boots off and had my boots displayed for an upcoming inspection. The Battalion Commander [Hurst was his name] came through our room to inspect us. He passed my boots and did a double take and then did a turnaround and came back looked at the boots and wanted to know whose boots they were. I said, "They are my boots, Sir." "Well, why are they cut off?" Without thinking, I said, "I had to cut them off so I could bend my knees." I don't think he saw any humor in that. He just looked and walked away.



My home away from home

In our section within the company we had the two rooms with the four beds in each room and everybody drank quite heavily. I didn't drink, nor go with them when they were out for the night. They would go out rather frequently at night and drink a lot of beer and come home soused. One night I heard them coming down the street and I could tell they were drunk and one of them said, We've got to hurry. I have to go to the latrine." And then he said, "Oh, no hurry now; it's too late. It's just gone down my boot." I was happy to not be a part of that kind of activity.

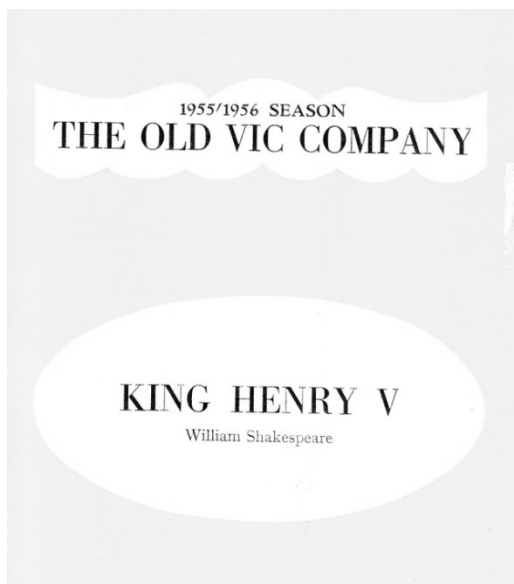
Anyway, they came in to the room where I was about asleep and said. "Let's get Kunz to drink some beer," So they all decided that was a good idea but I told them I was not interested but they decided they would

offer me money if I would drink beer with them. They each came up a certain amount of money but I told them I still was not interested. At that point they decided they were going to make me drink some and then I thought they probably were going to try and make me drink. At that

moment the sergeant, who was with them, and as drunk as the rest, grabbed the bayonet off the bottom of the bed and stood between me and them and said, "Kunz is the only one decent here in the group and I'm not going to let you do that. I'll run you through if you try it." They all went to bed and that was the end of that. No one ever brought it up again

By the end of my tour in Germany I heard that some of the troops were flying home. I really looked forward to that but to it didn't happen. When my time came they put us on another ship and we went back across to New York City. The ocean was not so rough on this crossing as it had been going over. Anyway, I volunteered to be the CQ [**Charge of Quarters**] so I would stay up at night and listen for any information or problems and then sleep during the day while the rest of the guys were out cleaning rust off the ship. We again went to Camp Kilmer and then were sent to Colorado and from Colorado Fort Carson was mustered out and returned home. I was given an Honorable Discharge from the Armed Forces of the United States of America on the 31st day of July 1962.

It was spring and I was happy to get home to help with the farm, do chores and other work during the summer. At an earlier time when I left to forgo her to return home for the short leave before going for was Texas i.e. had hitchhiked along with other soldiers back to Salt Lake and we got a ride from Salt Lake up Montpelier. It happened to be a Sunday the stake was having stake conference. We came down the sidewalk towards the tabernacle and I could see my mother coming up the sidewalk. She didn't know I was coming she kind of looked at me and then looked away, looked at me again and then could see it was me. It was a surprise and we were all happy for me to be home again.

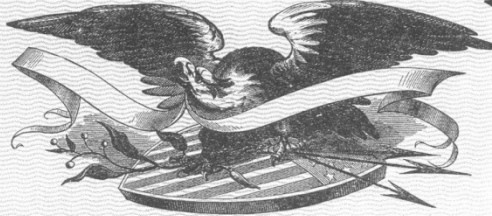


Vienna Russian Headquarters - no photos

Play Jerry Nelson and I saw in London while on leave

AMERICAN LEGION

Certificate of Nomination



THIS CERTIFIES THAT

Phillip Kunz

UPON MEETING THE STRICT REQUIREMENTS

SET FORTH BY THE

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

SHALL THEREBY BE ACCEPTED FOR OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP

IN THE AMERICAN LEGION

IN GRATITUDE FOR YOUR SUPPORT IN PROTECTING AMERICA'S
FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY, YOUR NAME, UPON ACTIVATION OF YOUR
MEMBERSHIP, WILL BE INSCRIBED ON THE AMERICAN LEGION
SPECIAL MEMBER ROLLS.

NATIONAL ADJUTANT'S SIGNATURE OF NOMINATION



Mission to the Southern States

After returning home I was called on a mission to the Southern States Mission, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We traveled from Salt Lake by train to Atlanta, where we were met by the Mission President, Berkeley L Bunker and his wife and Assistants. This mission was very successful for me and we saw a lot of fruit from our labors. Many people were baptized under our hands and blessings come to me still from that mission. I am so thankful for the opportunity I had in Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama with those wonderful people. I had many wonderful companions and met many wonderful members and non-members alike.

Some fragments from my journal when serving as a missionary in the Southern States from 1956 to 1958: Here are a few of the entries. [Following my service in the U.S. Army I met Patricia Pugmire. I did not give her a ring prior to going on this mission, but our intentions were for that to happen. Thus, the missionary journal fragments presented here give no indication of that, but the original journals often refer to her. Following my return from the mission I started school at Brigham Young University. At that time I did not want to continue the relationship with her and thus it ended prior to the beginning of the Fall Quarter of school. I dated many young women during the fall and winter and the next spring met and fell in love with my eternal companion: Joyce Sheffield from Kaysville, Utah. She is the love of my life and my constant companion.]

29 August 1956. At 2:30 I was set apart as a missionary by Elder Anton R. Ivins of the Council of the Twelve. In the blessing I was promised many wonderful blessings while in the service of the Lord.

Sleeping on a coach is not too comfortable; hence I awoke every twenty minutes or so.....I still weigh only one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Let me beat on wood.

Tonight we had a very interesting experience while on the train. A Jewish man asked us who we were, and there it started. Before long we had quite a crowd. In our end of the car we had several discussions. No one was baptized, but it served as a very good experience for us green missionaries. I think that some of my early experiences in the Military and in High School helped me present the gospel during those discussions.

1 September 1956. Arrived in Atlanta at 9:30 a.m. At the station where we were greeted by President and Sister Bunker and several of the elders. We went to the chapel. They were holding a district conference so we hit it just right.

Each of us missionaries were interviewed by President Bunker after the meeting and then we went to the mission home for lunch.

3 September 1956. These past few days have been filled with emotion and wonder. The very atmosphere has been edged with fascination and even more with love. This morning I found out where I am to be laboring soon. I have been assigned to the West South Carolina District. I feel

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

July 17, 1956

Elder Phillip R. Kunz
Bern, Idaho

Dear Elder Kunz:

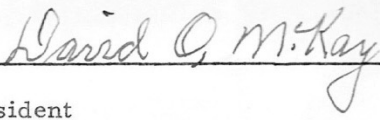
You are hereby called to be a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Southern States Mission. Your presiding officers have recommended you as one worthy to represent the Church of our Lord as a Minister of the Gospel.

It will be your duty to live righteously, to keep the commandments of the Lord, to honor the holy Priesthood which you bear, to increase your testimony of the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, to be an exemplar in your life of all the Christian virtues, and so to conduct yourself as a devoted servant of the Lord that you may be an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We repose in you our confidence and extend to you our prayers that the Lord will help you thus to meet your responsibilities.

The Lord will reward the goodness of your life, and greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you serve Him humbly and prayerfully in this labor of love among His children.

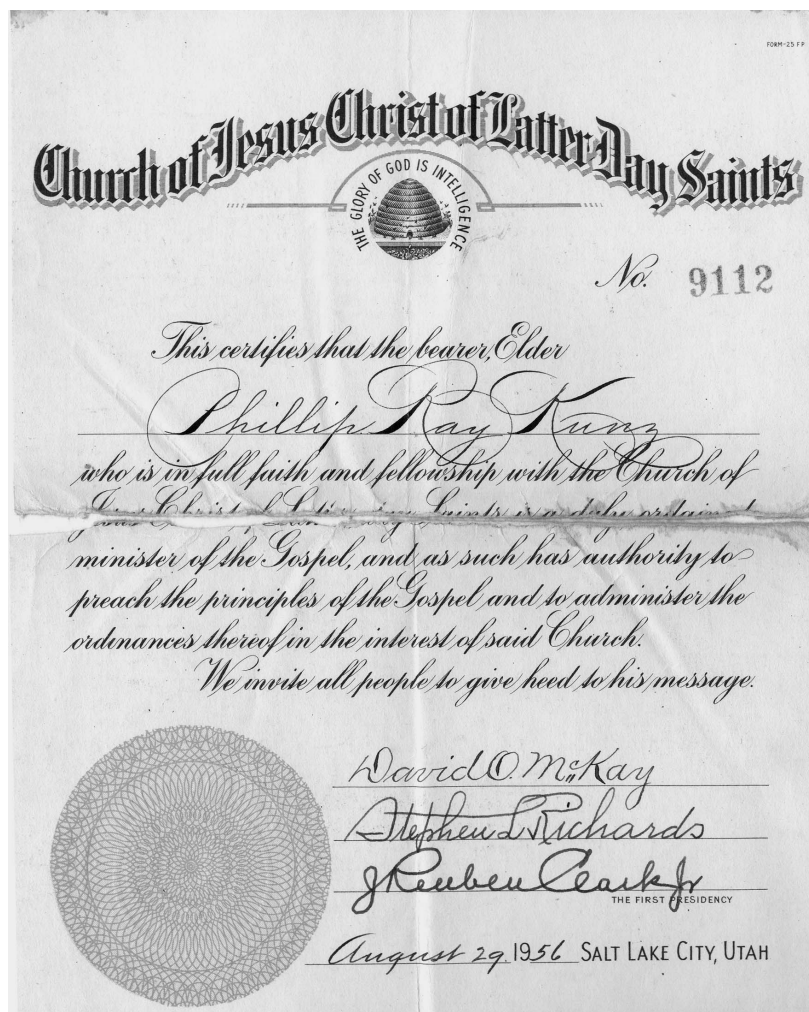
We ask that you please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by your presiding officer in the ward or branch where you live.

Sincerely your brother,



President

Mission Call from President McKay



sure that this assignment was made under inspiration and for a special purpose. Although I have a lot of time to study while waiting, I feel like a horse on the bit.

4 Sept 1956. I feel somewhat beneath many of the missionaries. During my life, however, read the complete Bible at least twice, the New Testament four times, The Book of Mormon three times, from cover to cover, The Doctrine and Covenants five times. Many other times I have read large portions of all of the Standard Works.

5 Sept 1956. At last, my first assignment. I am in the city of Aiken, South Carolina and laboring with Elder [Lyle] Cole....We live on Whiskey Road.

6 Sept 1956. My first real day

of tracting. A glorious experience because it was so enlightening. Now I know a bit about missionary work. It is quite interesting to see the vast difference in each contact.

The day was without hostile event except for two or three young Catholic boys who were quite bold and in the pangs and expression of youth, told us that they didn't believe. I presume – a normal occurrence.

7 September 1956. The heat here in the south is quite harsh. After walking and tracting for half a day or so one's clothing is very damp. My garments stick to the body, my shirt to my garments, and my saddle to my shirt. The coat, we have to wear, just tops off everything, and serves as a faith tester.

This morning I gave my first lesson. With the help of the Lord I was able to remember the essential parts of the lesson.

10 September 1956. A woman was very curious to know what was in The Book of Mormon; however because of some books she had read in the library, concerning Joseph Smith, she didn't dare investigate.

It is fairly amazing the way different people react to our teachings as well as to ourselves, when we walk up and down the streets and go from door to door. How strange that people find it hard to believe that God could reveal himself to men in our day when we, as men, have developed such things as the telephone and television.

13 September 1956. It smells like soup again. Elder Cole is preparing lunch for us. We trade preparing the meal and washing the dishes every other day.

15 September 1956. Holbrook's had two little gals, Jennene and Jill. They had about three or four hundred marbles between them so I shall always remember them since I was once for marbles myself.

16 September 1956. I awoke at 5:30 a sick man. Somewhere, somehow, I have been poisoned.

18 September 1956. Oh, time, with what reason have you changed known truth? For which purpose did you turn solid friends into bitter foes? There was when a dog was man's best friend. He even sparked the very heart within me. My soul was saddened as I lay my "friends" away. Rain has flown from these stayed eyes on various times. Hark! The tender hath blasted to harsh; the love to rotted flesh. A once quick heart has been solidified. Do these beasts do me right? As I proceed forth on the course of my labors can I entreat and welcome the over displayed affections of some dog? Can I tolerate one of these "best friends" as he lands in my lap, on my clean suit, after having barked and howled all during my lesson, to gain entrance into the house after literally bathing in great ponds of mud? Let the lover entwine as one of these strange noses smells forth and back on fresh pressed pants. Oh to shake the oft extended front foot of some over weight boxer or collie. May the sun never set the day before my "dog loving friends" come to bid me greeting. May the youth be educated to the fact that humans should have a baby and raise children – NOT DOGS!!!

I wish I had one convert for every "dog kiss" I have had to tolerate. It has been said that the ideals of a good minister do not include placing a "number 7" on a dog, even though he places "all 4" on your – and dirty ones at that! Well my Bible says that it is better to give than to receive so "Woe be unto the next dog that before me comes. I am going to give him "number 7" before he gives me "all 4."

23 September 1956. President Berkley L Bunker stresses the nearness of the second coming. Now is the time to repent. There is only one Prince of Peace. Today there are 20,000 people watching football in California. How much better are we here in this rented hall.

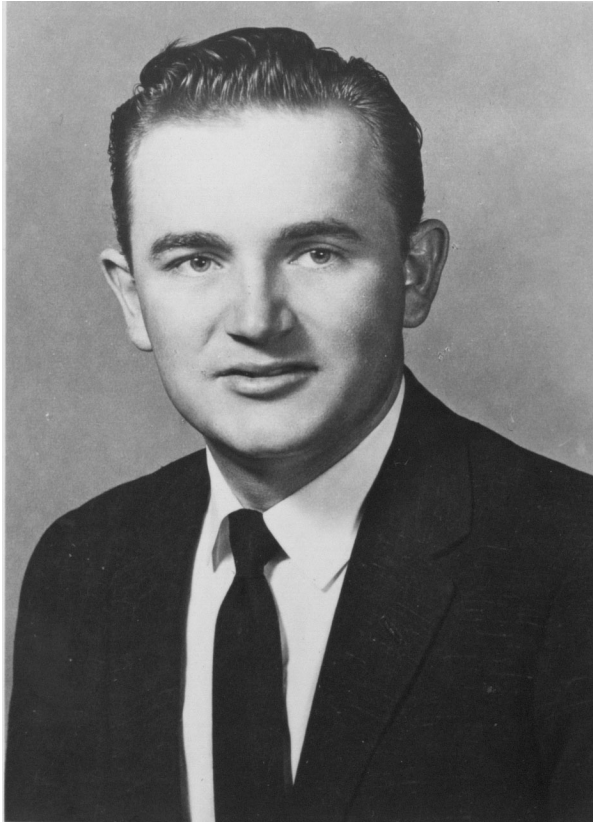
28 September 1956. We contacted Mr. Foreman, the son of Mr. Foreman who was the officer in the Baptist Church. He questioned our beliefs etc. from the other side of the screen door. "Do you 'know' what you are teaching is true?" he asked. "Do you see that sun up there in the sky?" I

asked him. “Just as surely as there is a sun there I testify to you that the words which we have borne to you are true.” Of course he didn’t accept our message. If it is possible, I believe he is even narrower minded than his father.

29 September 1956. My second address: 2707 Vaucluse Road Apt # 4, Aiken, South Carolina. Home!!!!

2 October 1956. So—I was giving the Godhead lesson:

“Mrs. --, all men have bodies don’t they?” “Yes they do.”



Phillip on Mission in Southern States

“Have you ever seen a person without a body, Mrs. --?”

“No, ha ha.”

“Now, Mrs. --, we know that the soft part of our body is flesh; what gives you your shape, Mrs.--?”

I had in mind “bones” but she blushed.

15 October 1956. This afternoon we called back on Mr. Harrison. Several days ago we presented him with a copy of The Book of Mormon. Since that time he has read twenty-two chapters. I was amazed! Several years ago he lost his second wife. He told us how he would now spend a lot of time sitting on his porch thinking about it.

“As I sit on the porch I think of my wife out there in the grave. Life gets hard! I am free to leave the porch and go to bed or for a drive or anything I want. As I sat on the porch a few days ago I looked at a flower that my wife planted. It has now also died but while it was there it stayed out, like the trees, in bad weather as well as good. Guess I should be able to do as well as a flower.”

16 November 1956. We were at a conference attended by President and Sister Bunker and Elder LeGrande Richards, the Quorum of the Twelve. The Spirit of testimony and prophecy existed throughout the entire meeting...After Elder Richards spoke for a while he stopped for a few moments and was very still. Then he said:

“You may look forward to the time when there will be temples and missionaries in every land and nation of the world.”

As these words were spoken I beheld the feeling as if in the presence of the Lord. Elder Richards shook in every bone and limb of his body. He spoke in the name of the Lord. My testimony has

truly been made stronger! I thank my Father in Heaven for the knowledge of the gospel which I have. It is worth more than life itself.

10 December 1956. Elder Wynn Christensen (my companion) and myself, analyzing ourselves and our teaching methods, have come to the conclusion that we do not bear strong enough testimony. We have something that these people have not! We have something that they need. We have to tell them about it.

21 December 1956. Tonight we went to the Christmas party. Elder Smith was Santa Claus. He did pretty good too... We were having a relay race in which each of us had to carry an orange between our knees for a short distance, while fanning our face with a paper plate and with another paper plate on our head. So old Kunz pulls through. Not wanting to lose (drop) the orange, I put too much pressure on it and it burst open, soaking my pants with orange juice. It was my gray suit so it really showed up. **[I then had to dye the suit black, but it bled on my other clothes so I ended up having to throw it away.]**

Report on Aiken:

I labored in Aiken, S.C. from 5 September 1956 to 17 December of this same year. During this time I made 962 first visits, 461 second visits, 354 third visits and 424 fourth or more visits. We held 520 cottage meetings, sold 109 copies of The Book of Mormon, spent 778 active proselytizing hours, studied for 416 hours and visited members for 89 hours, gave away 20 other books, distributed 663 tracts, 796 pamphlets, spent 38 hours in Branch meetings, spent 21 hours in record books, 15 hours in travel, gave 113 Godhead lessons; 137 The Book of Mormon lessons, 17 apostasy lessons, 13 fourth or more discussions, and 10 extra lessons. Paid \$78.35 for food, 129.63 for rent, 117.31 for misc. or a total of \$325.29. Made a total of 2,201 calls on people.

5 January 1957, Tonight we held a baptism for Brother Yancey and his daughter, Janice Temple. They were people that I met and worked with in Aiken. Janice asked me to baptize her. What a thrill! Brother Yancey owned the cleaners establishment in Aiken, South Carolina.

[Augusta, South Carolina and North Augusta, South Carolina my companions were Elders Wynn Christensen and Rayburn Jack, followed by Elder Don Smith. These two cities are just across the river from each other]

30 January 1957. Sister White is a good example of what the gospel can do for a person: When twelve, she married a thirty-two year old drunk. He beat her around for some twenty years before she found out that she could get rid of him. She couldn't read nor write because her father had put her to work in a cotton mill when she was seven. Having got rid of her first husband,, she met this Mormon fellow, "Bro. Yarn" and accepted the gospel, learning to read and write in the process. Now she is Relief Society President and doing a great job.



President Berkeley L. Bunker, Loretta Bunker, Sister Lucile Bunker, Ann Bunker

February 1957. Tonight Elder Don Smith baptized Sister Ella Samuel Oglesby and I confirmed her. We met her for the first time on the 10th of January – 24 days from first contact to the water!!! How blessed we were.

Saturday we were here in the new apartment and I said to Elder Smith, “The time will come when people will come up these stairs to hear the gospel. Coincidence? Not ten minutes later the man down the hall, Mr. Buffington, came up the stairs and into our room. It wasn’t but a few minutes until we had given him a Godhead lesson. He was very much interested and quite concerned about his tobacco etc.

Now I will give a few of the items I wrote in Vol. 2 of my missionary journals in the Southern States:

Companions included in this volume:

West South Carolina:

Don A. Smith

Lloyd Neal Sargent

Ferral L. Swink

McRae Justensen
Georgia:
Clair R. Hopkins
Merlan Ellis
Phillip Edmund Cardon
Harry A. Crosby

28 February 1957. Stopped by Posey's for a minute or two. Stephen's birthday is on the twenty-ninth of Feb. leap year. They had given him a couple of small chicks and talked him into feeding them laying mash. Then when he wasn't looking, one of the neighbors slipped eggs in their pen. He fell for it "hook, line, and sinker." The eggs were almost as large as the chicks. Each time he got an egg he would take it to Brother Posey and ask him to hold it up to a strong light and see if there was a baby in it "cause maybe they laid a baby."

[Tonight, the 24th of March, 2008 I looked up the phone number for Stephen Posey and called him in South Carolina and read my Journal to him and then called sister Posey, who is now 91 years of age. I had a good talk with each of them. Steve has served as a mission president and is now an Area Authority Seventy.]

7 March 1957. We talked to Sister Whitlock **[her husband being in the hospital]** and Pat, her daughter for a while and I could sense something very much wrong. Sister Whitlock had a very "good face" but she looked underfed. Pat was frail and looked very sad. I asked for a drink of water so that I could look around in her kitchen. She didn't have any food except for a little bit of rice. I asked her if she had enough to eat a little later on and she said, "Yes, we are getting one meal a day!" One meal for a sick nine-year-old girl! One meal for a woman taking care of her husband, often staying up all night to sew or iron to make the rent payment! My eyes filled. I took a ten dollar bill out of my pocket and gave her, saying that my folks sent too much this month. I know that the Lord will provide for me. She didn't want to take it but she needed it so badly. Elder Smith also dug in his pocket. He doesn't get enough money as it is but he shared.

11 March 1957. When I was set apart for my mission I was promised that people would not lack respect for my position because of my age. I just talked to a fifty-five year old man; he was asking me for advice! He mentioned the fact that he knew I was young but would still appreciate my advice. What a calling I have.

18 March 1957. Elder Briggs and I went to Homer's tonight. My how humble Elder Briggs is. **[Elder Briggs left the mission early and went home to die soon afterward of cancer. He was an outstanding missionary.]** We set a date for baptism for her again. 30 March.

19 March 1957. Elder Briggs and met with Brother Taylor and Sister Proveaux today – setting dates for baptism with both of them. Elder Smith and Allen met with Denbys and set a date with them also.

[At that point in my mission I started to be more effective and to have many baptisms for which the Lord truly blessed me and the people we baptized]

30 March 1957. Looked most of the day for an apartment. Tonight we had a baptism. Bro Homer baptized his wife and Bro. Murphy baptized Bro Calamas.

6 April 1957. Elder Smith preached James Radford Phillips' funeral in Edgefield, Georgia. I was able to open with prayer and also dedicate the grave.
Tonight we baptized Brother and Sister Denby into the Kingdom.



Elder Lyle Cole, my First Companion

7 May 1957. President Bunker called Sister Mill's niece in from her field of labor and said he felt impressed to release her. During that nine days she met her husband and was married shortly afterwards in the Idaho Falls Temple. He was a Hansen from Idaho.

13 May 1957. One man was telling us how his father stopped smoking: He had sent his daughter after a package of cigarettes for him. As she returned, with a full pack, he was sitting before the fireplace. He took the pack, said, "I have been a damn fool," and with that he hurled the cigarettes into the fireplace, never to light another.

22 May 1957. The night before last I had a very unusual dream. Many of the people that I know from the South were gathered around and the Prophet Joseph Smith was reading off each reward. Bro White and I were sent to plow, which made me feel that we would be forever shut out of God's presence. How badly I felt! I remember that I went to the Prophet and asked him to pray about it and see if some mistake had been made, which he did. The answer was "no" After awaking from the dream I determined to try and live better. Oh, the torment that I felt in that dream!!!

31 May 1957. Gave Patricia Whitlock the first two lessons and set a date for her baptism.

June, 1957 I wrote a nine page letter to my mother, wishing her a happy birthday, in which I had a paragraph about each family member.

3 June 1957. Mr. Orr had done quite a lot of traveling as a young man. He had stopped by Salt Lake City for three hours on one occasion. Another time he was in Chicago for an hour stopover of trains. As he was waiting an old man approached him and asked if he had a minute to spare. Indicating that he did, the old man asked Mr. Orr the question, "In all of your travels, what city has impressed you most and why?" Mr. Orr replied, "Salt Lake City, because I never met a stranger there." Then the old man said, "That is strange, for I asked two doctors here in the city the same question and they gave me the same answer you did.

He also told us another very interesting incident. Years ago he was in a barber shop getting a haircut. The shop was run by two Holiness preachers. Mr. Orr saw a copy of The Book of

Mormon and then knowing little of the Mormons, asked the preachers if he could take the book and read it. One of them said, “No, a Mormon Elder left it here and I won’t read it and I won’t let anyone else.” A few days later the shop burned to the ground. Mr. Orr said, “I could have taken the book and it would not have burned.”

17 June 1957. Today my dear friend, Elder Don A. Smith, left for home. He has been an inspiration for me. His smile and efforts to bring forth humor never cease to amaze me.

20 June 1957. If I am not mistaken today is Paul’s birthday. My, what power he does possess! He always has so much ambition and so many creative ideas In that respect he reminds me very much of my mother. Some day his ambition will pay off greatly and many look up to him. The Lord bless him and the sweet wife at his side. Together they have brought choice spirits into the world. I am proud to say that I am his brother.

22 June 1957. Today I saw more in the rural south of what I had pictured the south to be – outhouses, girls working in the field, sandy fields and bare feet, even in Church ...

30 June 1957. Friday evening I dreamed that I had been transferred and my records weren’t up to date so I got up Saturday early and completed them. Saturday afternoon Elder Burns came and told me that I was to be transferred. We left Saturday to my regret for I have learned to love the Augustans... now I am laboring with Elder McKay Justensen in Winnsboro, South Carolina.

[We had some good contacts in Winnsboro and I thought we would have success, but I was then transferred, much to the surprise of everyone, but the transfer proved to be wonderful for my mission work]

4 July 1957. President Bunker called and told me to pack and go to Columbus, Ga. At the bus station an old colored preacher asked us to go into the waiting room with him, [which in those days were still segregated] where he told his friends how we preach for free – like in the old days.

9 July 1957. We **[Elder Clair Hopkins, a new missionary and I]** had a wonderful lesson with Mrs. Louise Shores. Her husband is a member and she is just waiting to get pushed into the water. This was our first “three-in-one” lesson and we set a date with her for the 27th of July. **[We use to give a Godhead lesson one day, an apostasy later on and then the restoration after that. At this time the mission began to use the “three-in-one” in which we combined all three into one lesson and set a baptism date at the same time. Many of the missionaries thought that it would not work, but our first one worked and from then on many worked for my companions and me during the rest of the mission.]**



Elder Scott Parker



Elder Clair Hopkins

I wish I had photos of all of my companions. They were all good missionaries and I enjoyed working with them.

We were having baptisms almost every week in Columbus and one day we were walking along when we saw Sister Pauline Gore. She said, “Well, who are you going to baptize this week?” My reply, “We don’t know, we haven’t met them yet.”]

12 July 1957. Received a wonderful letter from Sister Taylor. She has repented and is once more going to church – taking Bro. Taylor with her. She informs me that he is to be baptized on the 27th day of July. Surely the Lord blessed me as I wrote to her, exhorting her to repent. **[We had a baptism day set for Br. Taylor and he got cold feet and she joined the Holiness Church so I wrote to her and said some strong things to her, as I had been transferred away from them.]**

24 July 1957. Sister Louise Shores is being belittled by her family for concerning herself with the Mormons but she seems to be strong. **[She and her husband, Billy, both stayed strong and many years later come to our home in Provo on their way to the MTC as they were going to their mission as a senior couple. They stayed the night with us and we rejoiced with them.]**

29 July 1957. Last night I dreamed a dream. I was, by evidence of a circumstantial nature, put to death by the most horrible of all means. The evidence was entirely worthless and the charged absurd. I was stoned, hazed, shot at, bombed, and at last subdued by a mob of people unwilling to listen to my own testimony nor wait for that of others. I wonder if that was the feeling that the

prophets experienced? **[At this time in my mission success was evident; perhaps the dream was in reaction to that success.]**

9 August 1957. We went to the jail to visit. We were sent with the ‘contained’ to a small room – where we were locked up with him. We instructed the jailor to let us out in ten minutes, but he forgot; consequently we were locked up for some forty-five minutes!

21 August 1957. What a thrill to hear someone like Sister Medley say, “I have read and taught from the Bible all my life but I learn every time you young men come into my home. When I come in I want my son to baptize me.” Her son just joined the church while in the service. The Lord bless her. She is one of Rev. Davis’ main stays in his church. As Bro. John Gore said Sunday evening, “The Baptist Minister is complaining because the Mormons are confusing his members because they are baptizing them. It is the minister that is confused.

7 September 1957. We called President Bunker tonight about a car but he was not in the office. Oh what we could do with a car! The hours that are lost waiting for a bus...

[Later on I did speak with President Bunker and he said that there was no car for us, as only traveling leaders were given cars. I asked him if I could buy one. He said that he would speak with the General Authorities about it. Sometime later he said they had given permission for that to occur. I suppose I was the first missionary permitted to buy a car. We had great success with the car. After being transferred to Atlanta the Church gave permission for members to donate money for cars and then began to program where they bought all cars for missionary use. When I served as Mission President thirty-three years later, we had 59 cars in our mission]

19 September 1957. Elder Clair Hopkins got a telegram tonight transferring him to Miami, Florida. My new companion is: Elder Merlan Owen Ellis from Route No 1, Lorenzo, Idaho.

Sunday 20 and 21, 1957. I had the opportunity of conducting Sunday School this morning.. There were about 50 present – the rest had gone to conference in Atlanta. We met with Bishops **[their last name]** this afternoon and called them to repentance. It must have worked fairly well because when we left we took all the tobacco in the house with us. There we go down the highway with a big red can of Prince Albert under one arm and the Bible under the other. It was a wonderful meeting. [By taking their tobacco away I learned a good principle – from then on I asked people for their tobacco when we told them about the Word of Wisdom. That helped them quit more easily. I came home from my mission with a big cardboard box of tobacco in the trunk of my car]

22 September 1957. What a day! We went to see the Newcombs today. She still desires baptism but her husband is balking. We interviewed and set dates Friday for five people.

Friday: We baptized three souls into the Kingdom tonight: William J. Davis, Carrilou Bishop and Martha Elisabeth Bishop. Bro. Davis was baptized in a different situation: Elder Parker and I were down in the water and Bro Thorpe and Elder Oakey handed him down to us over the edge of the font. **[He was badly crippled and bedridden. We had to baptize him in a chair.]** He

was confirmed a member of the Church by Elder Parker. Sis. Bishop confirmed by Elder Ellis and Martha by Elder Oakey.

4 October 1957. How blessed we are here in Columbus! In the first 11 months of my mission my companion and I baptized 10 souls; the past 3 months we have baptized 14.

Monday: We went to Atlanta for conference. The meetings were certainly inspirational and of benefit to me. I asked President Bunker to give me a blessing for my health. He gave me a wonderful blessing in which he promised me greater health, more joy, and other things of a very sacred nature. As he spoke it was as if he were talking across the table with the Lord. My, how it thrilled me.

When we were at Jones” there was an accident down the road in which one Negro got his head cut off. The white people acted just like nothing out of the ordinary happened.

28 October 1957. Spent the afternoon at Bishops chopping wood. We had to buy a new ax to do it with. I worked up a good blister on my hand.

6 November 1957. **[Conference in Moultrie, Georgia]** President and sister Bunker and Elder Harold B. Lee of the Twelve came. We were each introduced to Elder Lee by President Bunker. We then had a testimony meeting in which we were each permitted to express ourselves. There were about 26 Elders present. President Bunker spoke to us for a few minutes and the Elder Harold B. Lee spoke, advising us in many things and giving us counsel. The time was then opened for questions and answers. That was a marvelous occasion: an Apostle of the Lord answering our personal and doctrinal questions.

[Each of us were interviewed by Elder Lee the next day. He asked me where I was from and I replied “Montpelier, Idaho.” As I had learned in the military that no person had heard of Bern. His reply was, “Oh, is that right? Do you know the Kunz people in Bern like Parley, Able and Orlando?” Since that time I say I am from Bern, Idaho.]

In parting he said: “Great responsibilities shall be yours when you go home, Elder Kunz.”

10 November 1957. Before meeting, we went down into one of the small classrooms to offer prayer – at the time we both had sore throats. After the prayer I felt that all would be alright...I was almost to the point of leaving the speaker’s stand and going to get some water but I didn’t. When I stood up I forgot my throat it as clear during my remarks and then afterward became sore a gain. It seemed like the Lord put ideas into my mind and I just thrilled to bring them out. Certainly our prayers were answered.

11 November 1957. We tried out a car from Bro. Gore’s Used Car lot, but it was not sufficient for my needs. The sign on his business read: "John Gore: The Walking Man's Friend." **[Later on I bought a car – a 50 Chevy – from Bro. Gore. I drove this car during my mission, had a wreck in which the passenger side door was caved in, used the car at home for a long time and then gave it to my brother, Owen. The piston came through the side wall of the engine, but he drove it that way for quite a while afterward.]**

26 November 1957. Received notice of a transfer. I am to be transferred to Atlanta with Elder Crosby. I think I am going to enjoy the assignment.

Friday: Upon packing my belongings into my car we went to pick up my new companion: Elder Harry Arthur Crosby 6646 Lindsey Ave. Rivera, California. He just got out of the tub when we got there so Elder Cardon and I went to tell the orphans goodbye. I gave them a copy of A Marvelous Work and A Wonder. I had really grown attached to them.

29 November 1957. We arrived in Atlanta at 5:00 a.m. – taking the place of Elders Niederhouser and Jensen. We spent the evening playing ball with some of the elders that happened to be in the mission home. There seems to be a bit of mix-up as to the state of our transfer so we are not entirely settled as yet.

Saturday: Our new home: 651 Bonner St. Decatur, Georgia.....I worked quite extensively on the records—they were a mess.

Monday: All day my nose ran from my cold so about 5:00 I got in bed to rest prior to our going out for our evening appointments. Before we went out I went into the bedroom alone and prayed that during the course of our two discussions my work would not be impaired by my cold. Although at neither place did we have an organized lesson we did discuss the gospel and I was almost completely free from all cold effects. I am grateful for the blessings of the Lord.

Friday: We pulled into a service station and had quite an experience. As we went in I was playing my mouth organ. After the Negro had replaced my spark plug, he asked me if I would play a tune on the mouth organ for him. I tried to slide it off but he begged and his eyes were like a small child's asking for bread, so I played "Come, Come Ye Saints." He expressed gratitude to have heard it.

9 December 1957. I went to traffic court and was sentenced to go to driver's school for one night next week.

Wednesday: Moved from Bonner Street to 621 Kennesaw Avenue in Atlanta. It is the old home of President Callis, who was mission president many years ago.

12 December 1959. Tonight Sister Mary Ward, a sister missionary who is assigned in the mission home, called and told me that my cousin was over there and that I could come over and see him. I told her that I was a foot and that I would like Elder Groberg to come and get me. She said she would ask President Bunker and send him right over to our apartment. About ten seconds after I had hung up President Bunker called me. He said, "Elder Kunz, if you have no meetings tonight you can come over for a while." I replied that I was a foot and that was the answer he was waiting for. He said, "Elder Kunz, you have been a foot ever since you came out here! My car is not for taxi service! You get a bus!" So I did. John and Carolyn Kunz and I had a good visit together. I learned a good lesson that night from the President.

Friday – after the 20th. Elder Parker came by to show us his wife. She is a beautiful woman. I have certainly enjoyed working with Elder Parker. He will go a long way.

[Elder Scott Parker was married when came on his mission, although a young man. He went home, went to school for hospital administration and became the head of Intermountain Health system after the Church divested itself of the hospitals. He was very successful in his work there. Later on he was called as a Mission President.]

22 December 1957. As we went into the West home we saw a very beautiful little girl – eleven years old. She was a sister to the two children that Wests are taking care of, but staying in the welfare home. As I listened to pathetic story almost I was overcome. Their father, a Mormon, but a severe alcoholic, their mom in the state institution. This poor little Teresa, as a tender child, knowing the horrors of broken home, of terrible arguments between father and mother; of hell on earth was bearing through it! Even so, through it all, she bears a sweet smile, twinkling bright eyes – you just can't help but love her.

7 January 1958. At 6:35 a.m. Elder Harry Crosby and I left for Macon, Ga. For the elders' district conference. It was a wonderful conference never have I felt the Spirit of the Lord so richly at a conference here in the mission. As President interviewed me he stated that I would someday be a Bishop and have positions of responsibility.

Some six months ago Elder Clair Hopkins and I were given the opportunity to go into Columbus. For a long time the city was just barren. It opened up. A month ago Elder Crosby and I were permitted to come into Atlanta, Georgia. Now it has opened up. The Lord is blessing us here and the city is opening for the first time in years.

At the end of the conference, President Bunker invited us to kneel and he offered a prayer in which he prayed for each missionary treating their unique circumstances. As he got to me he asked the Lord to bless us in Atlanta, the Queen City of the South, but which was not producing converts. His prayer was so sincere and spiritual I actually opened my eyes for a moment fully expecting to see the Lord in attendance. I shall never forget it.

[Our work in Atlanta was wonderful. When we got there we found one strong ward and a weak ward down by the airport, which at that time we could drive completely around in about ten minutes it was so small. In addition there was a Branch in Marietta, not too far from Atlanta. We were the only proselyting missionaries in the area, just two of us. Later on two more came to join us. While there we had dozens of baptisms. Our success came from the Lord, but in part because we developed a system. We got the ward lists from each ward and contacted every family, even those who we were told by leaders to not visit as they did not like the Church anymore. We reactivate and baptized and taught and got the names and addresses of their family members and in all of this had great success.] This ends Vol. 2 of my journals.

Companions listed at the start of Vol. 3 of my journals:

Harry A. Crosby

Owen W. Cahoon

Ferrel Swink
Kaye Anderson
Garry Smith
Richard Wayne Rees
Kenneth "Mel" Ward

27 Jan 1958. Meeting with Bailey family was a thrill this morning. They accepted the gospel so well. Sister Bailey cooked some quail that Bro. Bailey had shot in South Georgia; they were certainly delicious.

Tuesday. We had a beautiful meeting with Bill Wilson's family. Just Bro and Sis Wilson and Joyce were there tonight, however. Sister Wilson and Joyce will be baptized soon. They are good humble people. [Bill was already a member]

Wednesday, Visited the Chew family. "Well, you can baptize four of us into the Church, my wife will come in a little later," brother Chew said. The children are Carolyn, Ronnie and Jerry.

We gave Sister Thompson the plan of salvation discussion this afternoon. She is a professional religionist I suppose. She reads all we give her but just lacks the humility to pray. **[Sister Jody Thompson traveled a lot with her husband and always sought out the missionaries if they saw them and spoke with them. After her husband passed away she came to Provo to be with us for a few days. Knowing how much she thought of the Marvelous Work and A Wonder, I called Elder LeGrande Richards office and asked his secretary if he would have a minute to shake her hand. The secretary said she would check with him. She came back and said he did not have a minute, but if we had half an hour to come by. We went to his office and for 45 minutes he preached to her and then said to me, "Bishop Kunz, will you now baptize Sister Thompson?" I said I would be happy to do that but she still resisted. Sometime later on she asked Joyce and I to do their temple work for them and then soon died. We did do the temple work for her and her husband and their parents.]**

6 February 1958. Elder Ward and I spent the forenoon trying to get a good meeting.

7 February 1958. We came across a situation where a woman was having definite marital problems. Her husband, a jack Mormon is a confirmed check artist and won't stay off the bottle; consequently he spends most of his time in jail. Meanwhile the woman has fallen in love with her husband's brother. Oh, the problems she has.

Sunday, the 9th. While Elders Crosby and Ellis went to the 2nd Ward I carried the Bruces, Nolands, and Clarks to Sunday School.

11 February 1958. We went to Stonewall to see Sister Rogchester this afternoon. She has stopped smoking and is preparing for baptism. She had baked for four hours so we could have cake – bless her heart. Here she is not even a member of the Church and she said, "Elders, I want to give you some advice; Don't ever marry someone older than you are and don't marry outside the Church." Now I thought that was wonderful.

15 February 1958. Joyce Wilson went to talk to her minister. He confused her very badly and she was not baptized. Perhaps we need to be more humble.

17 February 1958. Sister Lee refuses to give up her snuff so I don't know if the two Bishop girls will be baptized or not.

18 February 1958. Dropped by the Youngs and took cigarettes away from her.

20 February 1958. This is the best work in the world because it is the work of the Lord God of Israel. They who are in the service of the Master can accomplish anything if they but have faith and the Spirit of the Lord.

5 March 1958. As we applied for our tags for the car, I called Elder Ward "Elder." The fellow selling the tags said, "Are you from the Mormon Church?" "Yes," I said. "Are you associated with the Church?" "No, I have read the Look Magazine about you all and if I were not a Presbyterian I would be a Mormon." Then I replied, "Well, Mister, I have baptized a lot of good Presbyterians who wanted to become Mormons."

7 March 1958. Tonight we baptized Brother Arnold Franklyn Payne, he has come a long way since before he was married – his wife has done a good job with him. **[Brother Payne was involved in a great hoax in which they killed a monkey and pretended that it was something from outer space. He, a butcher and a barber use to gather together to play cards, and probably drink a little. During the mid 1950's there was some interest nationally regarding outer space, flying saucers and strange beings. On one of their evenings together the three men decided to do something. They got a monkey from a pet shop, killed it and shaved it. They then put it on the highway on the outskirts of Atlanta, ran into it with their car and waited for someone to come along.**

As it happened, the first car was a state highway patrolman. They told him that they were coming down the highway, perhaps a bit too fast, saw a flying saucer and could not stop before they had hit one of the little creatures running to get back on the saucer.

The patrolman called into his headquarters and, hearing the story, they wondered whether the patrolman had been drinking. They told him to bring in the evidence, which he did, the three men included.

Doctors from Emory University were called in and could not identify the creature, which gave a new wave of media attention. At last a veterinarian was called in and he said it was a shaved monkey. The three men then confessed and by that time many people were ticked off with them. The humane people wanted them charged but they said they had put the monkey to sleep and then put it to death. In reality they hit the monkey with a beer bottle and it jumped around the room while they tried to kill it. In the end they were each fined \$14 for obstructing the highway.]

14 March 1958. At the risk of self persecution I wrote to my home town newspaper today concerning the coming bond election to build an new "Ag" shop at the high school. [A while later I received a letter from Principal A. J. Winters in which he told me that the used my letter to help promote the bond election, which was passed by the way.]

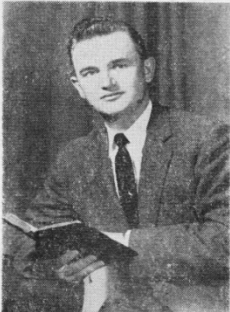
21 March 1958. At noon I got out of the hay and went to see the doctor. He was a real card!! First thing he asked was, "What is the matter with you?" That's why I am here, Dr!!! You are one who should know. He said I had some kind of allergy.

Sunday. There has been a situation arise wherein we have come upon two sets of contacts where young, single girls are living in an apartment by themselves. Two in one and three in the other. Knowing of the

condition that existed I called President Bunker asking his advice. He told us to go ahead and meet with them. He said "I trust your decision and your judgment."

1 April 1958. Yesterday we went to Lithonia to see Kathy Brewster. We knocked on the wrong door and the lady, about fifty years old, opened it about six inches. "We are ministers and we've come to call," I said. She said, "I have several patients here and am busy." With that the door started to close and then it opened wide and she said, "I know who you are," all of the time coming toward me, "you are Mormon missionaries, I have read all about you in the Reader's Digest." With

that she threw her arms about my neck and gave me a big hug. One of the few times I have been hugged out



OPEN LETTER
from
ELDER PHILLIP R. KUNZ

ENDORSES
BUILDING PROGRAM

621 Kennesaw Ave. NE
Atlanta, Georgia
March 14, 1958

Early in my high school years the program known as Vocational Agriculture was introduced into the Montpelier high school. I did not sign up for the program at that time because I did not realize the true value of the program. Now, years later, I follow with interest the outcome of each bond election, as reported by The News-Examiner, and my disappointment is intensified with each one as I realize the lack, or apparent lack of interest in the future of education in Bear Lake Valley.

As a charter member of the FFA Club in the Montpelier high school, as a past officer of that club, as a future taxpayer in Bear Lake county, and as future parent, whose children will be educated in the schools of Bear Lake county, I sincerely urge you to vote **Yes** for a new Mechanic Arts Shop in our county, as well as for adequate facilities for the education of all of our children. We go into debt for

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Although I was reared on a farm I gained much concerning farming while in school. When we draw from the experiences of others we grow so much faster. Because so many of the youth of Bear Lake county are imbued with the desire to work with basic trade, a place should be provided to learn that trade properly.

There would be no doubt as to your action, I am sure, if you were to have the opportunity to observe the proceedings of a national FFA convention as I did in Kansas City. The scope of this program is amazing! The experience gained by those associated with the Vocational Agriculture program is invaluable. I hope and pray that you will consider wisely and without prejudice the issue at hand.

Respectfully yours,
ELDER PHILLIP R. KUNZ

(A reprint of communication appearing in
The News-Examiner, March 20)

Letter supporting building program, which was used by A. J. Winters

here.

Thursday. Elder Swink and I deciding that we needed some exercise. We went out to Willifords and dug part of his basement, until we had both developed some blisters. It made us feel real good, however.

[Brother Williford was a member and we then baptized his wife, two daughters, mother in law, and several relatives of both Brother and Sister Williford]

2 July 1958. Elder Smith got transferred to South Carolina . My new companion is: Elder Richard Wayne Rees from Salt Lake City.

[Toward the end of my mission I wrote less and less as we were very busy in the work.]

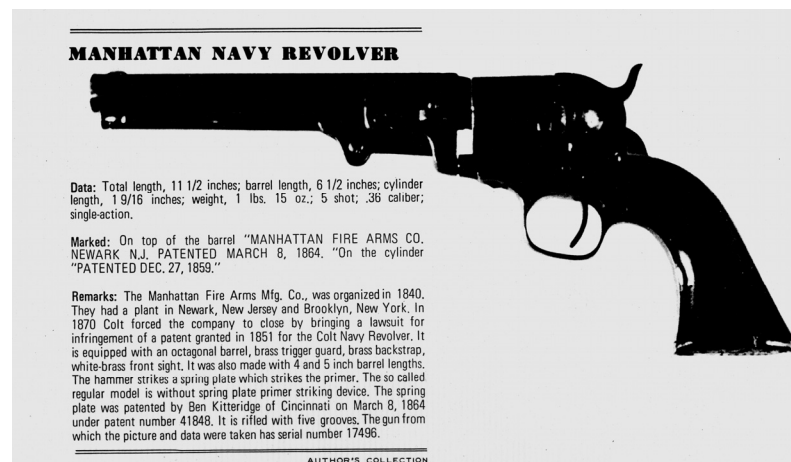
17 September 1958. The days of my mission have passed and the last ones were so filled that I was unable to keep up my journal. Now I shall attempt to relate some of the occurrences and feelings of those last days. I spent the last couple of weeks of my mission traveling with the Supervising Elder. How different traveling was from regular field work. I am grateful that I never traveled until the very last of my mission.

On occasions during the final two weeks I thought of home but could not really believe that the time had come to leave.

Saying goodbye to those that I had so learned to love was most difficult.

It was hard to leave home but when I left the south I left many, many homes. The day before I was to leave the south I wrecked my car. It was rather disappointing but happened. I hold not the Lord responsible. For the converts that we have had I should gladly sacrifice all. Before leaving we saw this Keenan and Bro and Sis Price baptized. Great people ...

I received my release on Saturday the 30th of August and in company with Elder Don P. Minson and a beat up old car, we started for home about 5:00 p.m. by way of Birmingham, Ala. After a couple of stops we arrived in Birmingham about 10 that evening. I stayed up until 2:30 talking with Sister Naomi Taylor.



Civil War Revolver given to me by Jody Thompson, one of our Dear



Missionary Gathering

One of the great blessings to me has been the privilege of using the Priesthood to bless others with baptism, confirmation, blessings of comfort, healings and other Priesthood blessings.

After arriving home, I spoke in several different wards in Bear Lake, including my report in the Bern

Ward, of course.

[Some of what I was involved with on this mission: (nothing recorded in vol. 1)]

Administered to Boyd Burton Ashley
 Administered to Jonnie Williden Whitlock
 Administered to Leon Earle Renew
 Administered to Mary Leona Gibson
 Administered to Vernelle Bennett
 Administered to Gene Edward Whitlock
 Administered to Daisy White
 Administered to Patricia Homer
 Dedicated grave: James Radford Phillips
 Baptized James Henry Denby Jr.
 Confirmed Neiny Lela Denby
 Confirmed Patricia Ann Homer
 Administered to Corrilla Dial
 Administered Gene Edward Whitlock
 Administered to Henry Lee White
 Administered to John Wallace Percival
 Administered to Oliver Norman Williams
 Administered to Hilda Vern Pelham
 Blessing to Sister Hardy
 Blessing to Brown
 Name-blessing Richard Eugene Shores
 Blessing to James Robert Hardy
 Blessing to Mary Eugenia Shores

Baptism Myrtle Ailena Jacobs Cooper
Administration Mar Eugenia Shores
Baptism Mara Henkens Angus
Administration Sarah Ruth Ragan
Confirmation Mary Winifred Mixon
Administration Perry Lee Hardy
Baptism James Bob Tezwell Burns
Baptism Brenda Fay Burns
Confirmation Betty Jean Burns
Name-blessing Kathy Louise Shores
Confirmation Billie Ann Hyatt
Administration John Gore
Administration Merlan O. Ellis
Baptism William Joel Davis
Baptism Carrilou Bishop
Baptism Martha Elizabeth Bishop
Confirmation Ronald Eugene Newsome
Administration Merlan O. Ellis
Baptism Nedra Elisabeth Newsome
Administration Mattia Hardy
Confirmation Brenda Lyle
Administration Scott S Parker
Administration Annie Mae Harvey
Ordained Herzel LaMar Mussleman priest
Ordained Neal Harold Jones deacon
Ordained Burt Delano Bergemy priest
Administration Clidel Bell Diffy
Administration Curtis Jones
Administration Carrilou Bishop
Administration Nell Cook
Administration Ronald Dewey Young
Confirmation Lynda Diane Estes
Confirmation Ronald Dewey Young
Confirmation Lillian Gay Bruce
Baptism Mary Louise Steele
Baptism Vicki Lynn Steele
Baptism Jack Delano Holcomb
Baptism Myrtle Carolyn Holcomb
Confirmation Carolyn Jeanette Mangum
Baptism Vera Evelyn Wilson
Confirmation Bernice Fay Bailey
Confirmation Kathleen Wilson
Baptism Joyce Elaine Cantrell
Confirmation Doris Mae Rochester
Confirmation Earnest Woodrow Rochester

Confirmation Arnold Franklin Payne
Administration John Thomas Harris
Administration Ronald Dewey Young
Administration James Strickland
Administration Richard W. McMichael
Administration Linda J Robinson
Administration Marion Bailey
Administration Bazie Carver
Confirmation William Madison Cantrell
Administration Tommy Kenneth Kelly
Baptism Woodrow Wilson Chew
Confirmation Woodrow Wilson Chew
Baptism Jerry Lee Chew
Confirmation Jerry Lee Chew
Baptism Carol Lynn Chew
Confirmation Carol Lynn Chew
Baptism Kenneth Alvin Chew
Confirmation Kenneth Alvin Chew
Baptism Gladis Jewell McMichael
Confirmation Gladis Jewell McMichael
Baptism Larry James Kelly
Confirmation Larry James Kelly
Baptism Philip Earle Morgan
Confirmation Philip Earle Morgan
Baptism Mildred Morgan
Confirmation Mildred Morgan
Baptism Catherine Harris
Confirmation Catherine Harris
Baptism Irene Chew
Confirmation Irene Chew
Baptism Clara Margaret Williford
Confirmation Doris Beatrice Youngblood
Administration Nanny Mae McKinney
Administration LaRue Millard
Baptism JoAnne McMichael
Baptism Helen Kelly
Confirmation Helen Kelly
Baptism Earle Morgan
Confirmation Earle Morgan
Confirmation Gwendlyn Estes
Confirmation Edward Morris Crawley
Confirmation Adith Louise Crawley
Confirmation Glenda Dianne Crawley
Confirmation Doris Jean Blair
Confirmation Velma Lee Blair

Confirmation Herman Eugene Blair
Confirmation Connie Elizabeth Blair
Confirmation Leta Marie Dean
Baptism Margaret Jane Page
Confirmation Margaret Jane Page
Administration Charles Edison Holiday
Baptism Mary Jo Calderwood
Confirmation Lennis Inez Millsapps
Baptism Charles Norman Price
Confirmation Sarah Irene Price
Confirmation Larry Paul Elliott Confirmation Mary Jane Elliott



Southern States Mission

PHILLIP RAY KUNZ

This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1958

[Signature]
Mission President

Mission Release

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BERKELEY L. BUNKER
MISSION PRESIDENT

OFFICE OF THE
SOUTHERN STATES MISSION
2055 EAST LAKE ROAD, N. E.
ATLANTA 7, GEORGIA

PHONE DRAKE 7-0862

September 9, 1957

Elder Phillip R. Kunz
2709 Cusseta Road, Apt. 8
Columbus, Georgia

Dear Elder Kunz:

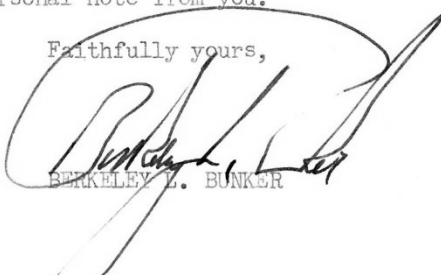
In my great zeal to further the work of the Lord, realizing the lateness of the hour in which we labor, the feeling oftentimes grips my soul that you might think me unappreciative of your personal valor as a missionary.

After reading each publication of the Sentinel, I wonder if I am given more to exhortation than to inspiration. If the time ever comes in your missionary life, dear Elder Kunz, when you feel that I am unappreciative or ungrateful, please know that this is not true. With all my heart I love the missionaries of this mission. They are my first charge and responsibility. My love for you collectively and individually is equaled only by my zeal for the work at hand. If you ever feel that I could be of assistance to you in some personal or missionary problem, you have only to mention it to me in person or by letter.

As I sit here in my office going over the names of the missionaries, I think of you personally and bow my head and thank the Lord for the high honor that comes to me in being your missionary companion. Never let anything come between us or the work we are called to do as missionaries.

This note is written as an expression of my faith in you and admiration for you. It will never be common place in my life to hear of your success or to receive a personal note from you.

Faithfully yours,



BERKELEY L. BUNKER

ELB:moe

January 16, 1961

Dear Phillip and Joyce

Congratulations !!!!! to the proud parents. We are very pleased that you are keeping us informed.

Please excuse this paper as I am on my lunch hour and Buddy made me promise not to forget to write to you today.

Now for a progress report on the Willifords:

Kay Williford, age 8- Baptised August, 1960, by Buddy Williford
Joan Williford, age 11, Baptised May, 1960, by Robert O Smith, Jr.
Buddy Williford, ordained as Elder, held the position of 2nd Counselor to Sunday School Supt., was just released and set apart as Stake Missionary.
Margaret Williford, just released as Sunday School Sec. & Set Apart as a Stake Missionary.

I am very proud of Buddy and the progress he has made in the Church since I was baptised. We are planning to go to Salt Lake Temple in August and be sealed. We hope to stop by and see you and J. Phillip then, I understand that Provo is not too far from Salt Lake.

Since you were here our Ward has been split and we are now in the midst of building a building fund. Paul Noe is our Bishop for the Atlanta First Ward and Lloyd Putnam is Bishop for The Atlanta 3rd Ward.

The Guymans have been transferred to St. Louis, Mo.

There are so many new people transferring in and the old members transferring out until I don't remember the people that you would know.

Please keep us informed as to the continued progress of the Kunz family and we are looking forward to meeting Joyce and J. Phillip in August.

Sincerely,

Margaret

Buddy, Margaret, Joan and Kay



THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

OFFICE OF THE
SOUTHERN STATES MISSION
2055 EAST LAKE ROAD, N. E.
ATLANTA 7, GEORGIA

BERKELEY L. BUNKER
MISSION PRESIDENT

PHONE DRAKE 7-0

July 2, 1958

Elder Phillip R. Kunz
621 Kennesaw Avenue, N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

My dear Elder Kunz:

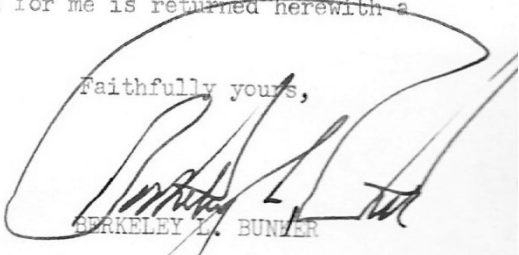
Your warm and affectionate letter of June 30, 1958, will be filed among the treasures of my ministry in the South. Because of your letter I stand completely humbled and subdued before the Lord. If the Lord has magnified me in your eyes I count myself to be doubly blessed.

If it were my doing, dear Elder Kunz, I would keep you in this mission until I personally was honorably released and we would travel West together. Unfortunately that is not the plan of the Church. We are instructed by the First Presidency of the Church to issue a release on the day the elder has been in the field two years. As great as my desire is to have you stay, I cannot make an exception in your case. The Lord, however, I am sure will accept the desire of your heart as though you were permitted to stay another year. The Lord loves a cheerful giver and certainly no missionary in my experience has given of himself more freely and willingly than you.

You must have made some firm commitment in your pre-existent estate to keep the commandments and further the work of the Lord, and having made that commitment set about to fulfill it early in your life. What a treasure, a priceless treasure, your parents have in you. You have done more, much more, than many missionaries prominently identified in the councils of leadership in this mission. I count you to be one of the most effective, humble and productive missionaries of our day and generation.

The warm, affectionate feeling you hold for me is returned herewith a thousand fold.

Faithfully yours,



BERKELEY L. BUNKER

For November 1958 The past few weeks about filled with experiences of them like: completing a speech Hannah mine, running the water hose through the kitchen window to wet Jerry, my roommate, going to dinner with a girl whose name I don't even know, and being a master of ceremony at the Heber City program with the BYU program Bureau and having someone started a petition to get me to shave has 103 names on it as of now.

16 November 1958 I assumed my duties as General Secretary to the Ward Aaronic Priesthood. Last night the Program Bureau put on a program for the Utah Manufacturers Association. I sang with the Jubilee Chores. I had dinner today with the girls down at Arlene's place – carried some of the Relief Society women to Relief Society because of the snow this morning.

23 November 1958 I taught Aaronic Priesthood class this morning on the subject of the 76th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. All went well. I had dinner with Pat Tipton and her roommates. Pat is from Soda Springs, Idaho and the group is in our ward.

Following sacrament meeting tonight, the Bear Lake Club held a fireside at which I was the speaker. The group was very responsive and I enjoyed the spirit of the Lord to a great degree.

I had quite a talk with Ed Guyon, as tonight he has some very definite problems but will overcome them if given a little help.

January 4, 1959 I spent the holidays with my parents except for four days with Richard Galloway. He and I went to Utah. This was the first Christmas and New Year's when I've been home for five years.

I went with Gail Jones several times during the past two weeks; she's a very outstanding girl – one in 1,000. I admire very much.

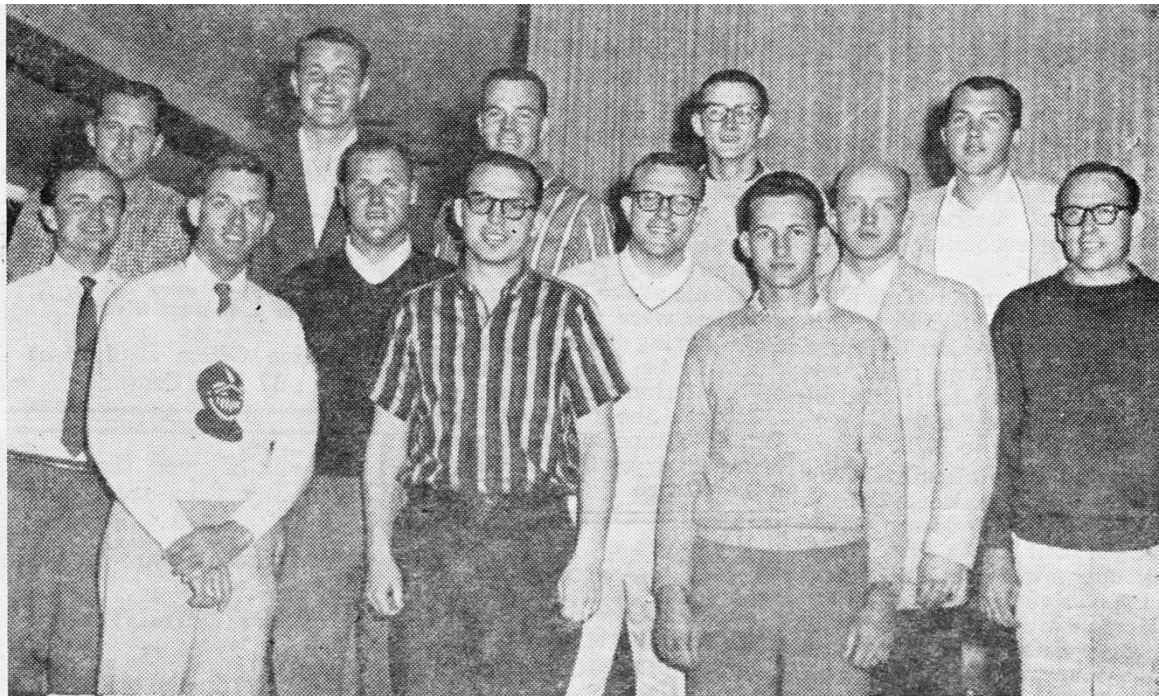
January 6, 1959 School seems to be more difficult this term than last. I spent several hours tonight working on records from the Aaronic Priesthood.

I got a job as a librarian for the University Chorale. It's not too much money, doesn't take too much time, but it will still serve a good purpose and pay most of my room. I pass out the music, take roll and sing with the group.

January 9, 1959 I'm getting along much better now I have even enrolled for an additional course of study. My job is somewhat interesting, as are my classes.

February 12, 1959 My determination to keep a journal did not come with the great strength it appears. Since last Friday so many things have happened. I have completed the above-mentioned course, I did quite expect an A for this course.

I'm somewhat bogged in the cares of the day, study and so on. I'm running for the AMS Vice President and the campaign takes much effort. [AMS is Associated Men Students]



CHOSEN COUNCIL—Associated Men Students Council for 1959-60 are (front row, l to r) Kent Benson, Larry Brim and Cont Jones. In the middle row are Phil Kunz, Max Black, Kent Harrison, Glayde Hill and

Hal Dunford. In the back row are Woody Clayton, Jay Stevens, Gordon Christensen, Fred Matis and Don McCormick. Not pictured are R. J. Lloyd and Jerry Frisbey.

AMS Council at BYU

AMS Readies Eire-Type Fest

"A Little Bit o' Heaven" will be the theme of this week's studentbody dance which is sponsored by the Associated Men Students.

The dance will be held in three halls following the Denver basketball game Friday night, with Irish decorations and theme predominating.

Gary Madsen will provide the music in the Social Hall, Stan Taylor will play in the Smith Family Living Center and the Y's Men will be at the Smith Fieldhouse, where "Stag is the Style."

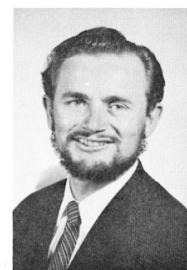
Admission will be 75 cents a couple and 40 cents stag. Tickets will be sold at the door.

Jack Davis is chairman for the dance and committee heads are Cont Jones, decorations; Phil Kunz, publicity; Jay Stevens, intermission entertainment; Jere Hyder, refreshments; and Bruce Dockstader, clean-up.

FROSH COUNCIL

One of the greatest achievements of life is to learn to be a good leader. Perhaps the noblest of all fields in which we might engage is that of service. The Associated Men Students of B.Y.U. offers both of these opportunities for those who are willing to take advantage of them. After school begins this fall, twelve men will be chosen from the frosh men to represent the Frosh Class and the studentbody on the Frosh Council of A.M.S. This council will elect its own president, vice president, and secretary, and, under supervision, will initiate its own projects and activities. If you are interested in growth, recognition, service and opportunities for leadership, plan now to be interviewed for a position on this council. During the past school year the Frosh Council sponsored several projects, including "Keep off the Grass," "Keep the Campus Clean," and "Operation Need-a-Ride-Home?" The council also helped with many other school projects.

Phil Kunz



Last night I had a very unusual dream. Always I have assumed that I would be rather unemotional in the case of tragedy within the family. I dreamed a

lot of my brothers had an exploratory operation in the absence of my folks, and reported by the doctor to another brother.

As we rode along the car one who knew of the danger of the other tried to embrace him but the others resistance. As we got out of the car, the elder told the younger that he was going to die in August the younger brother had a sly grin on his face and he seemed amused; either expressing joy or hidden pain and reaction formation. We started walking down the sidewalk and the tears welled in my eyes and begin to cry vocally and uncontrollably in the dream.

February 12, 1959 the birthday of Abraham Lincoln a Great American. As I listen to the rebroadcast of Carl Sandburg on Abraham Lincoln to the Congress, I am motivated to do better to be long-suffering. How kindly he sounds. How humble, how faithful. How Mr. Sandburg inspires me. He should be a Latter-day Saint.

I spent the day engaged in various activities and took the midterm exam in elementary baton, or learning to lead the singing. I was well satisfied.

Visited most of the social units tonight, speaking of trying to get a few more votes. I was interested in the reception of the different units -- some were cold and some very receptive.

Saturday I helped with the wash and then built some stands for my posters. Today I taught the priesthood class this morning. It appears to be going well.

Monday last evening I spoke at a fireside for Arlene Price's group from the Eighth Ward I certainly did enjoy it, We had a pretty good crowd too.

I got up early this morning to put up my posters. After I got them all up, it started to rain and the ink on them ran somewhat. My posters fared better generally than the others. Things are rather unsettled concerning election it could go either way.

Wednesday the 25th The election did go another way. In spite of my encouragement in the matter, I lost in the primary. Probably one should feel badly when he loses an election but I do not. I have never lost any such things, but what I have gained many times over. So be it.

Sunday was our Ward conference and I was asked to give a report in priesthood meeting, representing Aaronic Priesthood Committee. It caught me unaware, but I enjoyed bearing my testimony about priesthood work.

I have pre-registered for spring quarter already and look forward to a good quarter



Parley and Hilda Kunz Home Looking From Barnyard

March 4, 1959 So quickly the days pass the main by deposit in the faith forever except for the fading memory. There are occasions when values must be rearranged itself consuming task. There are times when one must break out of the shell and do something different as one great man said, "Who would be a man must be a nonconformist."

March 10, 1959 Everyday is typical yet so different one would wonder what causes that take so often one's intentions are of a

goodly nature but the flesh is weak. Jeanie cooked us a wonderful meal tonight - she is so sweet.

March 19, 1959 Last Sunday I went home to Bern and spoke in Sunday school, taking the time of the two half minute talks. Following Sunday school, I spoke in Sacrament Meeting on the subject of Second Nephi 2:28. In the afternoon at 5:30, I had the opportunity speak in the Fifth Ward in Montpelier, Roscoe Evans being the Bishop. They allowed me 30 minutes, which I took and thoroughly enjoyed.

And now the quarter has ended and I feel quite happy with the quarters' work, however I realized that I still have much room for improvement. To this end I must work. Often it is difficult to determine the ideal course to pursue. If only one could place all of his trust in the Lord.

March 31, 1959 I went home last weekend and got use of some of my creative abilities. Saturday orning I spoke at the state baptism service and then prepared a talk for Arthur, which he was to give for the Easter program. Played back a tape that I made in the mission field for a funeral for Sister Love.

The brothers and I got Mom an orchard for Easter, her first, she said.

Was rather discouraged with my acting class but things are looking up now. Part of Mr. Scratch the devil in the Mask Club last night.

April 5, 1959 sang in two sessions of General Conference yesterday and it was a marvelous experience to sit behind the General Authorities and hear them speak. I've had the opportunity of singing in General Conference on two other occasions; this is been a very special thing.



January 14, 1960 many days have passed since I last wrote in this Journal often during the passing time I have had good intentions to again start keeping records that I have not. Other things have taken my time, although I cannot use this as an excuse. I started going out with Joyce Sheffield on 18 March 1959 from then until the following November 19, at which time we were engaged, I used every effort that I had to try and expel another fellow from the attention of my dear Joyce. This was certainly a most perplexing task, one of which I shall never forget, though little do I speak about it.

On the following 18th of March, 1960, Joyce and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple by President El Ray L. Christiansen. We both continued on in school that spring quarter as well as the first session of summer school. At that time Joyce quit and began making baby clothing for reasons that will be mentioned later. I attended school during the second session alone. Because my wife helped me study, I got all A's for the summer 18 hours.

In the fall of 1960 I started school again. During the following month many things happened.

Eva and Leonard had their little girl operated on two times. She had a broken blood vessel in her head and it was causing a great deal of trouble. While little Janice was in the hospital, Eva began to have labor and her third child was born (James Leonard Johnson) born in only 2 lbs. 9 oz. He passed away 36 hours later. It was the most tragic situation and they had a lovely service for him.

On the fourth day of January 1961 our Jay Phillip Kunz was born. He was most welcome. He weighed 7 lbs. 8 oz. and was 21 inches long and had lots of dark hair and long fingernails.

We were so happy that we have a little son. The Lord certainly blessed us in so many ways. I hope we can train him well in the ways of the Lord. We feel that he is a perfect baby and always feel to thank the Lord for him.

January 22, 1961 Received a letter from Williford's on the January 16 of this year the following:
Kay Williford age 8 baptized August 1960 by Buddy Williford
Joan Williford age 11 baptized 1960 by Robert O Smith Junior
Buddy Williford ordained an elder, a second counselor in the Sunday School Superintendent and released to become stake missionary.
Margaret Williford was released from position of Sunday School Secretary to be a stake missionary. How wonderful and I think the not too long ago we went to visit them, but he had an active member and Margaret appearing to be somewhat cynical.

How grateful I feel be able to hear such a wonderful report. What influence a Holy Ghost can have upon the children of God. Such a letter is full pay for all efforts of my mission – – and what one of the others?

During the past week Dr. Reed Bradford, Chairman of Sociology Department at Brigham Young University, offered me a position to teach during the coming semester. Truly the Lord's blessed us. We can really use the money we will be paid for teaching the class.

Our little son is growing so quickly little Johnathan has that long dark hair, dark eyes, and is really a good baby. We never realized how much joy we would obtain from our child. We love him.

Again the time has slipped by. It is now February 6, 1961. On the last Sunday in January, the 29th, we blessed our little boy Jay Phillip Kunz. He was quite quiet while I blessed him, assisted by Bishop Wilde, brothers Holland and Ericsson, his grandfather Kenneth H. Sheffield, and Joyce's brother, Homer J. Sheffield, brother-in-law, Ned B. Roueche. After Fast Meeting, held a week early, we had a lovely meal in our new apartment. We have moved to 487 N. Third East in Provo.

After final examinations in which I received three top A's and two other A's and? We went up to Idaho in Kaysville for three days. It was good to have a little break.

Now I am registered again. To teach a class or BYU an introductory sociology. Also I will be starting my graduate work. I have completed the work for my BS degree a year sooner than it takes most.

The Lord has truly blessed us. My wife is recovering the birth of our son and both are doing very nicely. We are thankful to the Lord for the blessings that we have received during our marriage – – now nearly 11 months ago.

Many times during my life, people have thought that I was pretty haphazard in my plans. I have found, however, that the Lord provides Ways and Means for the goals that he directs me to work. In regard to school, work and my family, I feel that the Lord has directed me to "be humble and the Lord, my God shall lead the by the hand and give answer to my prayers." How much the Lord will bless me if I were more humble.

February 7, 1961 prepared for my first class in sociology 111. Rain

February 9, 1961 Mother, Eva, and her children came for little visit today.

Now that I am in graduate school. I see the things can be pretty hard too. Dr. Peterson's classes are especially time-consuming.

Yesterday I started teaching found out that there are some things I will have to learn.

Jay is growing and seems to be progressing well for which we are thankful.

March 26, 1961 Sunday it has been an enjoyable day. I always enjoy the Sabbath. Our son is doing well. We love him.

I find our study up at the mental hospital to be most interesting. Dr. Vernon is good to work with. This was a study to examine the patient leadership. I was observing one day in the room with patients. I found them discussing me and they were trying to bring me into the conversation. They thought I was a new patient and they wanted to include me in their discussion.

April 2, 1961 Sunday I had a good morning session Steak Conference with Elder Milton R. Hunter. He spoke on the resurrection of Christ and His visit to the American Continent. It reminded me of the opportunity I had to speak in the Augusta Ward, South Carolina Stake in 1957, when I was there in my mission.

How thankful I am for the Lord Jesus Christ and for the atonement which He provided for mankind.



Bishop Robert Schmid and his wife, Nellie

I have not heard from folks for some time -- I guess they too have busy days. It is a beautiful day, but is somewhat overcast.

10 April 1961 Last Tuesday evening my great friend, Bishop Robert Schmid passed away. He lived a long useful life and has done much good for the children of men. I wrote a letter that evening to his family, hoping that it would give them some degree of comfort. Thursday my wife, Johnathan and I went up to Bern for the weekend to attend the funeral and to visit with my parents. Father spoke at the funeral, being requested to do so by Bishop Schmid.

Many of my brothers and sisters have given us different items for our baby. We are thankful for our families.

As we returned home Sunday we found a letter from Jody Thompson. She is a wonderful woman. I pray that she will accept the gospel. God bless her and her husband. [She never did join the Church during her lifetime although we continue to work with her, but to hear the end of her life she asked if we would make sure to do her temple work which Joyce and I have done for three generations of both her and her husband.]

16 April 1961 Sunday Yesterday was a funeral for Uncle Emil Stoor, my mother's brother, who passed away after much illness. He was a good honest man. We were sorry that we couldn't get up the funeral.

This afternoon we went out to see Aunt Agnes Dansie. She gave us some Kunz history and we had a good short visit with them. I am going to try and have Grandpa's missionary journals microfilmed.

This past week is been busy. We have much to do. My wife would like me to be at home more, but it seems like there's always a deadline to meet and always something to do.

On the 19th of May we, with 13 others in the Ward did sealings for the Thompson family. We were sealed for 36 couples and 24 children. It was an enjoyable experience for us, being the first time that we have gone to the Temple to perform only sealings.

As finals approached I see that I have had a rather difficult semester.

August 13, 1961 administered to Leland Homer Gentry.

August 15, 1961 I administered to Martel Joseph Gee along with the help of Frank Aydelotte, after which we all, with Martel Gee, went next door to administer to another person. It reminded me of the Prophet when he was on the banks of the river and went about healing the sick. It is wonderful to have the priesthood. Went Ward Teaching. My thesis is coming along fine.

During this time we sold Joyce's wedding dress and her bike, which I use to ride to school.



Joyce's bike sold for tuition

October 6, 1961 I am swamped in school. I feel quite unequal to the task of school this term. Last Monday I went with several others to do baptisms for the dead Salt Lake Temple. I was baptized for 45 persons.

After the summer term of school let out Joyce and I took my folks for a trip through the parks in southern Utah. We were gone for a couple of weeks and had an enjoyable tour

I wrote about two weeks ago to the Provo traffic department to see if they would improve some of the means of traffic control by more stop or yield right-of-way signs. The day following my sending the letter there was another accident because of the lack of control, but they still haven't repaired the system.

Little Jay is now nine months old and doing well. We are so proud of him.

October 29, 1961 Yesterday was my father's birthday. At this time I should like to again direct my attention to being more be more like him; he is so tolerant, he has a large amount of charity for all mankind. He sees good in all people when others can only find faults. Even so, he stands for right and would that all would live the gospel. He loves his wife and family and in this finds joy in his life. I am sure that his main goal in life is to influence his family to be partakers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have never heard any speak badly of my father. He is a man after whom I would like my sons to pattern their lives.

Last night we had a wonderful snow. It is a delightful sight to gaze out to see the trees with heavy snow upon and watch the large flakes fall through the layers of light in the street corner

Marriage and After

During high school we oftentimes had high school dances and sometimes Seminary dances. That along with the movies provided opportunities for many dates. Inasmuch is a high school number of students was small I dated a lot of students in my class as well as some in the class following me and even a few of those who were older than I was. My dating was not uncommon relative to the rest of the students in school. Many of the students dated a lot. That was pretty common for everyone.

I dated quite often during that year at BYU and my grades did not seem to suffer. During one of the breaks in the quarter **[BYU was on the quarter system and only changed to semesters later.]** I was giving a talk in our ward in MIA when lo and behold, in walked this very lovely young woman, along with her roommates, who I knew. Joyce Sheffield came to live in one of the

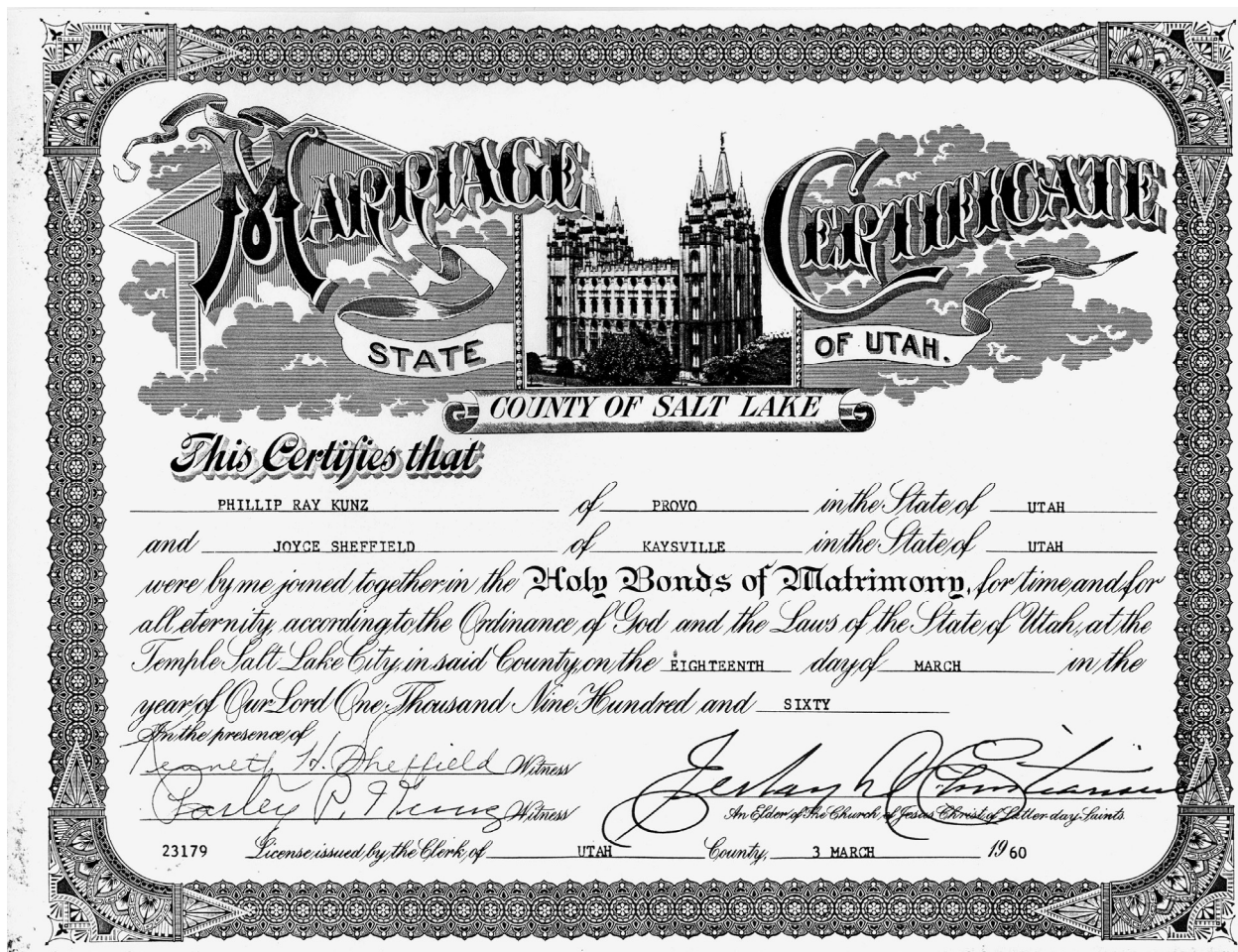
Heritage Halls which was part of our ward. She entered the back door, along with her roommates, as I was speaking. I just had an interesting feeling at that time that I was going to marry her although I had never met her.

I then began to talk to her and found out that she was so pretty much engaged to a fellow with whom she went to Davis High School in Kaysville. In fact they were both student body officers. I forged on as if I did not know that situation. I continued to pursue her and the after while we had a few dates and eventually I proposed marriage. Joyce says I proposed to her seven times during that spring and during the following summer. I don't know how many times it was but during the summer I met her parents and family and they all seemed to like me so I was happy for that. Joyce says that her unwillingness to accept my proposal was that she wanted to finish college and go on a mission. **[She did finish college, graduating in Elementary Education, after our marriage and a few years of home study, night classes, having our 4th baby, and so on. She also filled to mission assignments, one when we were serving as Mission President in Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission and one in the Russia Moscow South Mission with assignment to the country of Belarus.]**

During the summer I worked in Utah so I could be close to her. I even helped her brother, Beck, and some of his friends get jobs with me out of Brigham City at Thiokol. As we began the fall semester I had decided that to I was going to ask her to marry me one more time, and that was pure success.

I proposed again and she accepted the proposal. We then had to determine when we were going to get married, so on November the 14th I gave her a ring and proposed that we get married in December over the holidays. She said that was too soon but we would have to wait until next summer. We compromised, however, and decided to get married on March, 18th. We believed that to be the first day of spring, I guess, because the announcement said "bells will ring in the spring." One of her friends from Europe wrote to her and said we were trying to push spring a little quickly, as was later than the 18th.

We decided to get married in the Salt Lake Temple, with the President of the Temple, El Ray L Christiansen, performing the marriage. He had been the President and the Logan Temple and my parents knew him, as did Joyce's parents. So on 18 March 1960, we got married in the Salt Lake Temple. After the marriage my parents hosted a wedding breakfast at a nearby restaurant which was attended by many people.



Marriage Certificate

Following the wedding breakfast, we drove up to Kaysville and Ogden and waited for the reception which was to be that night. The reception was attended by many people. We received many wonderful gifts and had members of both of our families there. It was a wonderful occasion for us. We had an older car, which some of the young people painted with various signs indicating that we were just married, and had cans tied on the back and all of those other kinds of things that they do on such cars.

My brother, Paul, had a new Chevrolet and he offered to let us take his car on our honeymoon, which we accepted with grateful hearts. After the reception was over, while we headed south, Paul got in our car with all the painting on it, with his wife and two or three of my sisters. They drove northward back up towards Clearfield and decided to stop at a roadside stand to get a drink or some ice cream or something. Paul said he got out of the car with his tuxedo on as he was the best man, and then all these women got out in their pretty dresses. They said that the people really looked at them -- one man and quite a few women in one car on which was painted that they were just married!

Joyce and I went down through the parks in southern Utah, along through Las Vegas, where we saw my Mission President Berkeley L. Bunker, and went to church on Sunday and his Ward. It was nice for me to be able to introduce Joyce to him

Joyce was born in Salt Lake City to Kenneth Heber Sheffield and Lucille Beck Sheffield. Lucille had been born down in Centerfield, Utah in a rural area of Utah where the Beck family was prominent. We have been down there many times and met many of the Beck relatives. Kenneth Sheffield was born in Kaysville, Utah and had many great relatives as well. The Sheffield's are a prominent family in Davis County. He had been a Seminary Principal and teacher and was well loved and respected by his students. Since the time of our marriage now over 51 years, we have met many people who said they were seminary students of Kenneth Sheffield, and without exception, they have spoken very highly of him. Kenneth was killed in an automobile accident in 1968. At that time we were still teaching at the University of Wyoming, but were coming to Brigham Young University the next year, and we so looked forward to being near Ken and Lucille, Joyce's good parents. That was not to be, however, but we did have Joyce's mother, Lucille, to influence and bless our lives.

Joyce has been an exceptionally wonderful wife, a wonderful mother to our five children, and a big influence on our 21 grandchildren. She has an infectious smile, is almost always very cheerful and outgoing. Many people comment on her smile and her willingness to interact with them and to be interested in them. We have served two missions together, one when I was Mission President in the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission, and the other when we were called to serve as humanitarian missionaries in the Russia Moscow South mission, with me being Director of Humanitarian Services in the country of Belarus, and Joyce as Associate Director. At the time of our call we didn't know where Belarus was, but we soon found it was South of Russia and East of Poland. We came to love those people in the mission and still have a great deal of contact with them.

As we have observed her own children in their dating situations I am reminded of the story my father told me of the man who was counseling with his son about marriage, when the son said, "Dad, you had it easy; you could just marry Mom."



Phillip and Joyce with Wedding Cake

*Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Sheffield
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception
of their daughter
Joyce
and
Mr. Phillip R. Kunz
son of
Mr. and Mrs. Parley P. Kunz
Friday, the eighteenth day of March
Nineteen hundred and sixty
from eight until ten-thirty p.m.
Kaysville First Ward Tabernacle
Center and Second West
Kaysville, Utah*

*Ceremony in
Salt Lake Temple*



We were given many wonderful gifts



Parley and Hilda Kunz, Phillip and Joyce Kunz, Lucile and Kenneth Sheffield



My Beautiful Bride Joyce Sheffield Kunz



First kiss of bride was over the alter, -- but I kissed her a lot of times before that



Phil and Joyce S. Kunz

Joyce Sheffield weds Phillip Ray Kunz



NEWLYWEDS, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Ray Kunz, the former Joyce Sheffield, greeted guests at their wedding reception Friday evening.

Weekly Reflex

March 24, 1960

A beautifully appointed wedding reception was held Friday evening, March 18, in the Kaysville First LDS Ward recreation hall and Relief Society room, in honor of newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Ray Kunz. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Sheffield, 171 W. First North, Kaysville, hosted the reception for their daughter, Joyce, and her bridegroom.

Earlier in the day, following their marriage ceremony, the couple were feted at a wedding breakfast at Harmon's Cafe. Only close friends and relatives of the bridal couple attended the breakfast hosted by the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parley P. Kunz, Bern, Idaho.

The marriage rites were performed in the Salt Lake Temple at 10:15 a.m. by President ElRay L. Christiansen, on Friday.

For the reception, the lovely brunette bride greeted guests in an exquisite floor-length gown of white silk bombazine. The empire-styled bodice was enhanced by a sweetheart neckline of hand-lipped scallops of Alencon lace, re-embroidered with seed-pearls and sequins. The short delicately shirred sleeves were complemented by elbow-length mitts of the bombazine.

Alencon lace embroidered back panels swept into the princess-lines of the skirt from a large bow highlighting the waistline at the back. Appliques of the same lace pattern enhanced the chapel-train.

A dainty crown of seed pearls released the elbow-length veil of bride's illusion in soft folds.

She carried a bouquet of pink and white rose-buds centered by a white orchid. Streamers from the bouquet were enhanced with pink rosebuds.

Mrs. Ned B. Rouché, sister of the bride, performed matron of honor duties. She, and the bridesmaids were gowned in raspberry pink sheaths of satin taffeta and carried crescent-shaped bouquets of pink carnations and white pom-pom chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids were: Mrs. Leonard Johnson, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Shanna Chappell and Miss Elaine Ellis.

Raspberry pink, ruffled dresses in the same material as that of the bridesmaids, were



Phillip and Joyce Kunz



Jay Kunz

Our Children:

Jay Phillip Kunz is our first born. We were students when he was born and he added a lot of joy to our lives. At times I would go home from school for lunch, wake him up to play with him and then return to school, letting my wife deal with him being awake. We found that his favorite early toy was a pan and a “close pin,” which he banged together as best he could. His first Christmas toys did not replace these cherished toys. Jay had a little toy golf club and ball. He played outside with it until he got blisters on his hand, but did not want to quit playing even then.

He filled a mission to the Germany Frankfurt Mission.

He did well in school and eventually obtained B.S., M.S. and PhD degrees. He is currently

employed at the prestigious Defense Language Institute in California.

He married Rebecca Neumann, who was from Illinois. They have six children: Matthew, Rachel, Kristina, Heidi, Paul and Adam.





back: Heidi, Kristina, Matthew, Rachel front: Paul, Jay, Rebecca, Adam Kunz

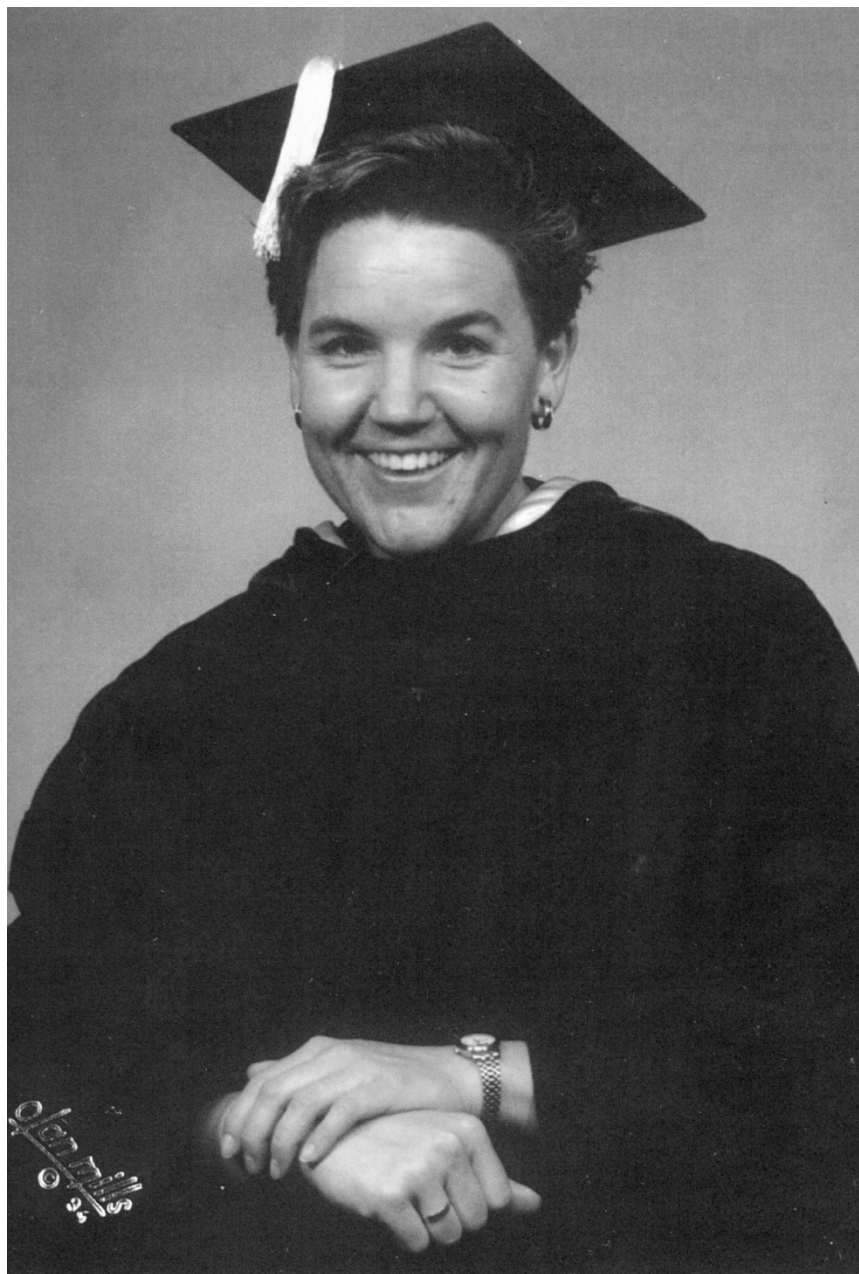
Jenifer Kunz, our second child, was welcome in our home. She had a mind of her own and one

time corrected Aunt Anna Kunz, in the Bern Ward, and required her to start over three times and then abandon the song, because Jenifer thought they were singing the wrong words.

Jenifer was well liked in school and excelled both academically and with sports in the Timpview High School.

She filled a mission to the Uruguay Mission, where the living was not the easiest, but she persisted and did well.

Jenifer looked at education much like her older brother and also obtained B.S., M.S. and PhD degrees. She is currently Department Chairman at West Texas A & M University in Canyon, Texas.



Jenifer Kunz



Jenifer Kunz 2010

Jody Kunz Roberts was born in Laramie, Wyoming where I was on the faculty of the University of Wyoming. She was a very tidy and precise young girl. At one time, she was to be sleeping in the bedroom at Grandma Sheffield's home, she had put on her little white gloves and went to sleep, but not before she had plucked all of the leaves off Grandma's plant and placed them in a neat little pile on the floor.

Jody obtained a B.S. degree from Brigham Young University. She is an excellent designer and seamstress and made me a wonderful suit of clothes as I entered the mission in Louisiana. Jody worked for a time at Nu Skin in their Human Relations Department.

She married Bryan Jeffery Roberts, who was then from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They met in Baton Rouge where Jody was visiting us on our mission and soon after Bryan returned from his mission. They have four children: Mallory, Logan, Parker and Clayton.



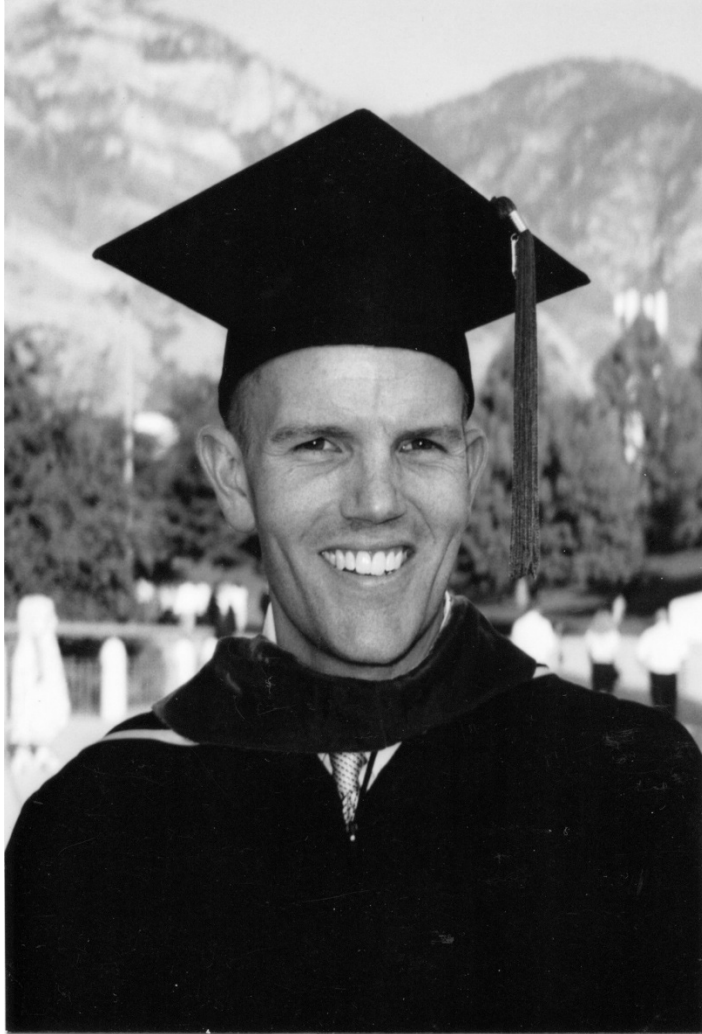
Bryan and Jody Roberts



Mallory, Logan, Parker front: Clayton, Bryan, Jody Roberts

Johnathan Kenneth was named in such a way as to preserve the name “John,” significant in the Kunz family, and Kenneth, the name of his Grandfather Sheffield.

He, as a child, he was very exacting with his clothes and cars, keeping them all in precise order. He came to know a lot about cars of every type, with all of their features.



Johnathan Kunz

While in high school he, with his viola, was in the orchestra and they played in Carnegie Hall in New York City.

Johnathan filled a mission in the Germany Munich Mission, where he finished the mission as an Assistant to the President.

He graduated from Brigham Young University with a B.S. degree in International Relations, and also obtained an Executive MBA from BYU.

His marriage to Amy Rich was a great event for both of them, and they have five children. They are Coulson, Parley, Jameson and Adelaide and Ella.

This family lived in Taiwan, where Johnathan was employed by Nu Skin. They currently are in this area and we are happy for their being near us.



Amy and Johnathan Kunz



Coulson, Ella, Amy, Parley, Ella, Johnathan, Jameson Kunz



Jana Kunz

Jana Kunz Porter was very active as a baby and has never slowed down. She has always been involved and, like her brothers and sisters, traveled widely.

She won many awards as a twirler and marcher while in school.

She won a number of academic awards and traveled to Japan and represented Timpview High School in Washington D.C. where the school received a “drug free” award from President Bush.

She obtained a B.S. degree from Brigham Young University in dietetics.

She filled a mission to the Hong Kong Mission.

She married Glen Terris Porter, from Pinetop Lakeside, Arizona. and they have six children: Kate, Jane, Brigham, Truman, Alice and Lucy.

We are happy that they also live nearby in Pleasant Grove, Utah.



Glen and Jana Porter



Brigham, Jane, Alice, Truman, Jana, Lucy, Glen, Kate Porter



Family of Joyce and Phillip Kunz

Professional

On the 31st of July 2001 I retired from Brigham Young University, where I taught sociology. I have been on the faculty at Brigham Young for thirty three years. In reality I taught here while as a student in my senior year and also while working on my Master's degree so that is a total of 35 years.

I taught in the Seminary system in Lyman, Wyoming following my master's degree from 1962 to 1963. I was the Principal of a one person seminary in Lyman. During that year I also taught early morning seminary in Mountain View, Wyoming. I then went to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Michigan and taught early morning seminary for four years. In addition to seminary, I also taught sociology in Ann Arbor and at the same time two years at Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, Michigan. From there I went to the University of Wyoming where I taught one year prior to going to Brigham Young for the duration of my career.

In the early years at Brigham Young I was offered positions in various places such as Washington State University in Pullman and the University of Ontario in Canada. Other offers were not pursued, but I elected to stay in Provo.

As a sociologist I have been a good teacher and a pretty good researcher. I am printing some of my professional vita, which shows my publications and presentations:

ORGANIZATION POSITION OR TITLE -	YEARS
Brigham Young University	Professor of Sociology 1968-2002
Brigham Young University Institute of Genealogical Studies Provo, Utah	Director 1972-1974
Brigham Young University Provo, Utah	Acting Department Chairman 1973
University of Wyoming Laramie, Wyoming	Assistant Professor of Sociology 1967-1968
Eastern Michigan University Ypsilanti, Michigan	Instructor, 1964-1966
University of Michigan Ann Arbor, Michigan	Extension Instructor 1966-1967
University of Michigan	Teaching Fellow 1963-1965

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Lyman L.D.S. Seminary

Principal 1962-1963 Lyman, Wyoming

OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY:

Associate Editor, Family Perspective.

1985-1990

Utah Center for Health Statistics

Advisory Committee 1979-1984

Harbridge House--Boston

Consultant 1976-1977

Brigham Young University
Family Research Center

Executive Council

Provo Police Department

Consultant 1972-1973

Brigham Young University
Survey Research Center

1972-2000

City Research and Development
Company

Consultant 1970

Bonneville Research Corporation

Consultant 1970

Adult Basic Education Workshop
University of Wyoming

Consultant 1968

Wyoming Industrial Institute

Consultant 1969

RESEARCH EXPERIENCE:

Brigham Young University

1968-85 various projects

Brigham Young University

1976-79 Co-investigator. Intermountain
Divorce Study. Funded by the Research
Division

Bureau of Reclamation

1976 Co-investigator. Socioeconomic impacts
of the Bonneville Unit on the Central Utah
project.

Research Division, Brigham Young University Co-investigator. Conflict and consensus in marital and family role behavior

National Science Foundation Undergraduates Training Program GY-9897
1975-76

PAST SERVICE:

Russia Moscow South Mission – Welfare Director in Belarus 2006-2007

The Mission was changed from Russia Moscow South to Russia Moscow West but my wife, Joyce Sheffield Kunz, and I served in Belarus all during the eighteen months.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Mission President, Louisiana Baton Rouge
Mission - 1990-1993

Advisory Board, Center for the Studies of the Family - 1989-2002

Board of Commissioners Provo City Housing Authority, 1984-2006
Chairman of the Board, 1986-1990

Advisory Committee to the Utah Center for Health Statistics, 1979-1984.

Advisory Board for Demographic and Family Research Institute, 1980-1984

Delegate to White House Conference on the Family, 1980.

Utah Sociological Society, Secretary-Treasurer, 1977-78.

Sigma Xi, Society, Secretary 1978-79, 1986-88.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, High Councilor, Bishop, Mission President, Stake Presidency and various other positions.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, Missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1956-58.

ACADEMIC HONORS:

Sigma Xi

Graduation cum laude from Brigham Young University

National Science Foundation Fellowship

Phi Kappa Phi

Alpha Kappa Delta

Rackham Graduate Dissertation Award, 1966

Karl G. Maeser Research Award, 1977

Charles Redd Center for Western Studies Lecture, 1978

Faculty Alcuin Award, 1996

Editorial Advisory Board for Collegiate Press, 1999

UNIVERSITY COMMITTEES--Brigham Young University:

Phi Kappa Phi College Representative

Faculty Advisory Council

Faculty Appeals Committee 1996-2000

Sigma Xi Secretary 1985-1987

Family and Demographic Research Institute Advisory Board, 1975-1983

Family Living Advisory Board, 1982-1999

Retirement Advisory Committee, 1980-1981

Graduate School Department Coordinator, 1971-1973; 1985-2002

Human Subjects Review Committee 1983-1984

Survey Research Center Advisory Council, 1970-1972

Research Council, 1970-1972

Faculty Hearing Committee 1996-1999

Department Teaching Committee 1970-1974

Faculty Advisory Council 1999-2002

PROFESSIONAL MEMBERSHIPS AND ACTIVITIES:

American Sociological Association

American Council on Family Relations

Religious Research Association Membership Committee, 1969

Society for the Scientific Study of Religion

Rocky Mountain Social Science Association Nominating Committee

Phi Kappa Phi

Alpha Kappa Delta

Sigma Xi

Groves Conference on Marriage and the Family

Rural Sociological Society

American Society of Criminology

International Union for the Scientific Study of Population

Utah Sociological Society

BIOGRAPHIES IN THE FOLLOWING BOOKS: (most for multiple years)

American Men of Science

Community Leaders of America

Contemporary Authors

Current Biography

Dictionary of American Scholars

Dictionary of International Biography

International Scholars Directory

International Who's Who in Community Service

International Writers and Who's Who

Men of Achievement

Outstanding Educators of America

Who's Who in America

Who's Who in American Education

Who's Who in the United States

Who's Who in the West

Writer's Directory

THESIS TITLE:

Kunz, Phillip Ray, Faith of Their Fathers: A Study of the Religious Influence on Child Rearing.
M.S. Thesis, Brigham Young University, 1962.

DISSERTATION TITLE:

Kunz, Phillip Ray, Sponsorship as an Organizational Device: The Case of the Boy Scouts of America. Ph.D. Dissertation, University of Michigan, 1967.

PUBLICATIONS:

2007

Kunz, Phillip R., People, Projects and Pavers: Writings From Belarus, 2007

2003

Kunz, Phillip R., Elizabeth Boss Kunz: Glimpses of Her Life and Family, 2003.

2000

Kunz, Phillip R. and Robert M. Furnquist, "Opinions on Abortion as Measured by the Lost-Letter Technique," Reprinted from Psychological Reports, 65, 1989 in Kunz, Jenifer and Claudia Stuart, Sociology 2000. Dubuque: Kendall/Hunt, in press.

Kunz, Phillip R. and Franklyn W. Dunford, "The Neutralization of Religious Dissonance," Reprinted from Review of Religious Research, Vol 15, No 1, 1-8, in Kunz, Jenifer and Claudia Stuart, Sociology 2000. Dubuque: Kendall/Hunt, in press.

Kunz, Phillip R., Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback Stoor Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivars Marie Vinberg Isaksson Family: Ancestors and Descendants, 2000.

1999

Kunz, Phillip R. and Jay P. Kunz, ffhe 1903 Missionary Experience of Heber James Sheffield on the Island of Hikueru, Sheffield, Sherman B., Kenneth Heber Sheffield and Lucile Beck Sheffield: Forebears and Descendants. Salt Lake City: BYU Press, 1999, pp 422-432.

Kunz, Phillip R., and Yaw Oheneba-Sakyi, Social Distance: A Study of Changing Views of Young Mormons Toward Black Individuals, Reprinted from Psychological Reports, Vol 65, 1989 in Judd, Daniel K., Religion, Mental Health and the Latter-day Saints, 1999. pp 237-244.

Kunz, Phillip R., "Christmas Card Study, in Nilsen, Alleen, Language and Culture. Needham Heights: Allyn & Bacon, 1999.

Kunz, Phillip R., "Ice Cream Preference: The Relationship of Cost and Quality," Perceptual and Motor Skills, 1985, 61, reprinted in Hatch, Gary and Danette Paul, Enter to Learn, Provo: Brigham Young University, 1999.

Kunz, Phillip R., "Social Distance: A Study of Changing Views of Young Mormons toward Black Individuals," Psychological Reports, 1989, reprinted in Bunker, Gary, Psychological Notes, Provo: Alexander Print, 1999.

1998

Kunz, Phillip R. and William G. Dyer, Effective Mormon Families: How They See Themselves. in Deseret Book, GospelLink. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Publishing Company, 1998.

Kunz, Phillip R. and Paul A. Nielson, "The Kunz Family: Over a Hundred Years in Mormonism," Swiss-American Historical Society Review, Vol xxxiii, February, 1998.

1997

Kunz, Phillip R., and Jenifer Kunz, "Depression and Suicide in the Dark Months," Perceptual and Motor Skills, 1997, Vol. 84, 537-538.

1996

Kunz, Phillip R. Successful Mormon Families. Published by Deseret Book Company in FAMILY AND SELF HELP, Deseret Software Library, 1996.

Kunz, Phillip R. review of Glenn L. Pearson, Moroni's Promise: The Converting Power of the Book of Mormon, in Farms, Review of Books, Vol 8, Number 2, 1996.

Kunz, Phillip R. Evan T. Peterson and Gail W. Peterson. That They Might Have Joy. Springville, Cedar Fort Inc, 1996.

1995

Kunz, Phillip R., Plural Marriage For Our Times: A Reinvented Option? Westport: Bergin & Garvey. Family Relations, Vol 44, Number 3, July 1995, p. 331. Book Review.

Kunz, Phillip R. and Jenifer Kunz, "Social Support During the Process of Divorce," Journal of Divorce and Remarriage, Vol 24(3/4) 1995, pp 111-119.

1994

Kunz, P.R. and J. Kunz, "Social Setting and Remarriage: Ages of Husband and Wife." Psychological Reports, Vol 75. 1994, 719-722.

Kunz, Phillip R. and William G. Dyer, Ten Critical Keys for Highly Effective Mormon Families: Insights from 200 Successful Latter-Day Saint Families. Springville. Cedar Fort Inc, 1994.

[Mission from 1990 to 1993]

1992

Kunz, Phillip R. and Robert M. Fernquist, "Teaching Criterion-Related Validity in Sociology," Teaching Sociology, Vol 20, October, 1992, pp 309-310.

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Kunz, Phillip R. and Robert M. Fernquist, "Opinions on Abortion as Measured by the Lost-Letter Technique," Psychological Reports, Vol 65, 1989, pp 1343-1346.

Kunz, Phillip R. and Yaw Oheneba-Sakyi, "Social Distance: A Study of Changing Views of Young Mormons Toward Black Individuals," Psychological Reports, Vol 65, 1989, pp 195-200.

Dyer, William and Phillip R. Kunz, "Creating Successful Mormon Families," Ensign Magazine, June, 1989, PP 60-64.

Kunz, Phillip R. "Successful Families in a Religious Environment," Environment Effects of Religious Environment.

Jacobson, Cardell K., Phillip R. and Melanie W. Conlin, "Extended Family Ties: Genealogical Researchers," in Stephen J. Bahr and Evan T. Peterson, Editors, AGING AND THE FAMILY, Lexington: Lexington Books, 1989.

1988

Kunz, Phillip R. and J. Lynn England, "Age-Specific Divorce Rates," Journal of Divorce, Vol 12, 1988, pp 113-126.

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Kunz, Phillip R. and Melanie A. Wilde, "Old But Not Forgotten: A Study of Ancestor Recognition," in Aging and the Family: 15th Annual Family and Demographic Research Institute Conference on Aging and the Family, Brigham Young University, 1987.

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Chambers, Victoria J., John R. Christiansen, and Phillip R. Kunz, "Physiognomic Homogamy: A Test of Similarity as a Factor in the Mate Selection Process," Social Biology, Vol. 30, No. 2, Summer 1983, pp. 151-157.

1981

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Kunz, Phillip R., "This Too Will Pass," National Future Farmer, April-May 1964.

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1963

Kunz, Phillip R., "Religious Influences on Parental Discipline and Achievement Demands," Marriage and Family Living, Vol. 25, No. 2, May 1963, pp. 224-225.

PAPERS TALKS AND MEETINGS:

Commencement Address for College at Brigham Young University

"Growth of Religious Organizations: A Case Study," Annual Meeting of American Sociological Association, San Francisco, August 1998.

"The Relationship of Missionary Work and Subsequent Encounters," International Society for the Comparative Study of Civilizations, in Provo, Utah, ----, 1997.

"The Impact of Family Continuity on Religious Organizations," Southwestern Sociological Society, New Orleans, April 1997.

"A Program to Strengthen Teaching Assistants," (with Jenny Chamberlain) Sixth Annual Conference on the Education and Employment of Graduate Teaching Assistants, Minneapolis, November, 1997.

"Learning to Develop More Effective Families," Presented to the Church and community in St Helena, CA, September 1996.

"A Swiss Family Over Ten Generations," Presented to International Sociological Association, June, 1995 in Murikka, Finland.

"An Analysis of the Social Distance of Offenders 1974-1994," (with Dr. Jenifer Kunz) presented at Western and Pacific Association of Criminal Justice Education, Salt Lake City, October 21, 1994.

"Divorce and Social Support," paper presented at Western Social Science Association Annual Meeting in Albuquerque, April, 1994.

"A Family Encounters 100 Years of Mormonism," presented at annual meeting of the Religious Research Association and the society for the Scientific Study of Religion, October 28, 1989 Salt Lake City, Utah

Presentation as part of "Times and Seasons," presented by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints for radio broadcast dealing with family life. Aug 27, 1989, KBYU in Provo, UT. Other releases at different times from other stations.

"Becoming an Effective Family" in BYU Education Week, August 22-25, 1989.

"Effective Families in the Gospel" "Communication in the Home" "Day in the Life of Effective Families"

"Effective Communication in the Family," Delivered at the Timp Mental Health Natural High Fair at Brigham Young University, June 10, 1989.

"Social Distance Scores of Mormon Students Ten Years After the Priesthood Decision," Delivered at Western Social Science Association Meeting in Albuquerque, April 26-29, 1989.

"Biorhythm and Other Bad Information," Sigma Xi's Paper of the Month. Presented 21 March 1989 at Brigham Young University.

"Effective Mormon Families," Presented to Family and Demographic Research Symposium, Brigham Young University, Mar 4, 1988.

"Importance of Communication," Presented to Rural Water Association of Utah - 1988 Annual Meeting, Feb 18, 1988.

"Family Names Across Generations," presented at a joint session of the Pacific Sociological Association and the Sociological Study of Mormon Life in Las Vegas, NV, April 5, 1988.

"The Unification Movement and the Attraction Process," presented on World Professor's Speaking Tour in Korea, Japan and the Philippines, August, 1987.

"Successful Families in a Religious Environment: Effective Mormon Families," with William Dyer, Presented at the Nurturance Conference," St. Croix, Apr, 1987.

"Age-Specific Divorce Rates: An Update," with J Lynn England, presented at Western Social Science Association Meeting in El Paso, Texas, Apr, 1987.

"Old But Not Forgotten: A Study of Ancestor Recognition," with Melanie A Wilde, Aging and The Family Conference, Brigham Young University, March, 1987.

Participation on Symposium on Marriage and Family Life, sponsored by Associated Students Academics Office, Brigham Young University, February, 1987.

Presentation at 1986 "Spheres of Influence Conference" at Brigham Young University, November, 1986.

"Neighbors and Neighborhoods: A Study of Christmas Giving," Pacific Sociological Association Meetings, 1986.

"The Successful Mormon Family Study," Presented as one in a series of the Family and Demographic Symposium, November 22, 1985 at Brigham Young University.

"Effective Mormon Families: The Research Evidence," Presented the Family Living Lecture October 9, 1985 at Brigham Young University.

"Overcoming Barriers to Public Access," Presented at a joint conference of the Federation of Data From Federal Government

Organizations for the Social Sciences and the Association for Social Science Information Service and Technology dealing with public access to public data, in Amsterdam, May, 1985.

Talked to the Department of Agriculture - Stabilization and Conservation Service, Provo, Utah, September 1985.

Presented a paper, "Ancestors and Origins: A Comparative Study of Knowledge of One's Roots," Association for the Sociology of Religion, Washington, D.C., August, 1985.

Chaired a session on complex organization at Pacific Sociological Meeting, Seattle, April 1984.

Presented a paper, "Birthdays and Death Day: An Attempted Extension of the 'Death Dip' Hypothesis" at Pacific Sociological Meeting, San Diego, May 1984.

Served as chairman of session of Western Social Meeting on Complex Organization, Seattle, Washington, April 1984.

Discussant for session on "Sociology of Mormon Life" at Pacific Sociological Association, San Jose, April 1983.

Served as chairman of session on "Explorations into the Delivery of Medical Care," at Pacific Sociological Association, San Jose, April 1983.

Served as discussant for a paper, "Location Theory and Investment Functions in Regional Models" by Cadje and Harris at Western Regional Science Association Meeting, Hawaii, February 1983.

Chaired a session at Western Regional Science Association on Visual Effects on Environment of Pollution, Hawaii, February 1983.

Presented talks on various topics to religious and civic organizations during 1983.

Presented two talks at the Family, Home, and Social Sciences Family Conference at Brigham Young University, April 1983.

Organized and presided at session on "Humor in Popular Culture" in WHIM Conference on Humor, Phoenix, April 1982.

"Differences in the Process of Adjustment after Divorce," read at 10th World Congress of Sociology, Mexico, August 1982.

"Unifying Family Efforts," "Building Successful Families," presented at Family Enrichment Conference at Brigham Young University, May 1982.

"Population and Wealth," presented at Brigham Young University Honor's Program Flea Market of Ideas, September 1981. "Auto Accidents as an Extension of the Death Dip Hypothesis," (with Carla Williams) Western Social Science Association, San Diego, 1981.

"The Social Context of Remarriage," CFR The International Sociological Association, DFR, Belgium, August 1981.

"Children and Parents: Rights of Children," Lecture Series, Utah Endowment for the Humanities, Dixie College, February 20, 1980.

"Sponsorship as an Organizational Device," Society for General Systems Research, 25th

Annual Meeting, London, England, August 1979.

"Nineteenth-Century Polygamy: How We Really Were," presented as one of BYU Alumni Lecture Series, August 8, 1979.

"Characteristic of Early Mormon Polygamy," Forum of Ideas, Salt Lake City Public Library, April 17, 1979.

Served as Discussant for session "Sociology of Mormonism," at 21st Annual Meeting of Western Social Science Association, Lake Tahoe, April 1979.

Organized and presided over session in Sociology and Death at the 50th Annual Pacific Sociological Association Meeting, Anaheim, April 1979.

"Income, Occupation, and Childlessness," presented at the 8th Annual Family Research Conference, Brigham Young University, March, 1979.

"Polygynous Marriage Among the Mormons," presented at Lifestyles Convention, Culver City, September 1978.

"Energy Development in the West: Blessing or Curse?" Panel member at Western Social Science Association Meeting, Denver, April 1978. "Current Mormon Attitudes Toward Polygamy," presented at Pacific Sociological Society Meeting, Spokane, April 1978.

"One Wife or Several: A Comparative Study of Late 19th Century Marriage in Utah," Charles Redd Center for Western Studies Lecture, Brigham Young University, 1978.

"The Use of Energy in a Society with Vested Interests and Relative Values," presented at a Utah Endowment for the Humanities series, St. George, Utah, January 18, 1978.

"The Teton Dam Break: A Study of Primary Ties in Crises," (with J. Lynn England) presented at annual meeting of the Society for the Study of Social Problems, Chicago, 1977.

"Disasters and Personal Well-Being: The Teton Dam Break," (with J. Lynn England) presented at annual meeting of the American Sociological Association, Chicago, 1977.

"The Relationship of Religion, Marital Happiness and Divorce," delivered at the 14th International Conference on the Sociology of Religion, Strasbourg, France, August 27-September 1, 1977.

"Sponsorship and Activity: A Study of Interorganizational Adaptation," delivered at the 3rd European meeting on Cybernetics and Systems Research, Vienna, Austria, April 1976.

"Religion and Family Roles," (with Howard M. Bahr) delivered at the 54th annual meeting of the Southwestern Social Science Association, Dallas, Texas, April 1976.

"Religion, Religiosity, and Divorce," (with Stan L. Albrecht) delivered at the 54th annual meeting of the Southwestern Social Sciences Association, Dallas, Texas, April 1976.

"Comparative Fertility of Polygamous and Monogamous Marriages: The 19th Century Mormon Population," (with James E. Smith) presented at the Pacific Sociological Society San Diego, March 1976.

"Season's Greetings: From My Status to Yours," (with Michael Woolcott) presented at the Pacific Sociological Association, San Diego, March 1976.

"The Application of Age-Scientific Rates to Divorce," (with J. Lynn England) Sigma Xi, Paper of the Month, Brigham Young University, November 1975.

"The Relationship of Birth Order, Family Size, and High School Grades," The World Population Society Annual Meeting, Washington D.C., November 19-22, 1975.

"Undergraduate Education in Criminology," The American Society of Criminology Annual Meeting, Toronto, Canada, Oct. 28 to Nov. 2, 1975.

Participant on panel, "Sex Roles for Older Americans," at the International Conference on Changing Sex Roles, Yugoslavia, June 1975.

Chaired session at the Rural Sociological Society, Montreal, Canada, August 1974.

Served as a discussant on a session, "Criminological Research and Ethics," at the American Society of Criminology, Chicago, November 1-4, 1974.

Served as a discussant of a paper in a theory workshop at the National Council of Family Relations, St. Louis, October 22-26, 1974.

Participated in a panel discussion at the Association of Voluntary Action Scholars, Denver, Colorado, September 25, 1974. The panel was entitled "Voluntary Association Structures and Management."

Presided in a Pre-Conference Workshop on "Theory" at the National Council of Family Relations, Toronto, Canada, October 1973.

Participation in the National Council of Family Relations, Round-table Discussion entitled "Polygamy: An Empirical Perspective," Toronto, Canada, October 27, 1973.

"Leadership Succession: An Empirical Analysis," (with Robert E. Baird) read at Pacific Sociological Association, Scottsdale, Arizona, May 2-5, 1973.

"The Application of Age-Specific Rates to Divorce," (with J. Lynn England) read at annual meeting of Rural Sociological Society, 1973.

Served as moderator of a session on "Fertility" at the annual meeting of the Rural Sociological Society, Montreal, Canada, August 23, 1973.

"Deviant Roles: An Analysis of Social Distance," read at American Society of Criminology, Caracas, Venezuela, November 1972.

"Family Size and Parental Control," (with Evan T. Peterson) read at the National Council on Family Relations, Portland, Oregon, November 3, 1972.

"Religious Conformity: A Case of Dissonance Reduction," (with Franklyn W. Dunford) read at American Sociological Association annual meeting, New Orleans, Louisiana, August, 1972.

"Sabbath Breaking and Dissonance Reduction Among Mormon Sunday Shoppers" (with Franklyn W. Dunford) read at International Congress of Learned Societies in the Field of Religion, Los Angeles, California, September 5, 1972.

"Sponsorship and Organizational Effectiveness: A Comparison of Voluntary Organizations," (with Robert Quinn) read at Pacific Sociological Meeting, Portland, Oregon, April 1972.

"The Status of Research," read at annual meeting of the Religious Research Association, New York, October 1970.

"Socioeconomic Status of Utah Counties," read at annual meeting of Utah Academy of Arts and Sciences, Cedar City, Utah, September 1970.

"Social Class and Childlessness," read at annual meeting of the American Sociological Association, Washington, D.C., August 1970.

"The Relationship of Income and Childlessness," read at the annual meeting of the National Council on Marriage and Family Relations, Washington, D.C., October 1970.

"The Relationship of Sponsorship and Activity," read at the American Sociological Association annual meeting, San Francisco, August 1969.

"The Phenomenon of Childlessness," read at the Rocky Mountain Social Science Association annual meeting, Lubbock, Texas, April 1969.

"The Relation of Sponsorship and Organizational Stability," read at the Pacific Sociological Meeting, April 1969.

"Graduation into a World of Social Problems," Commencement address at Lyman High School, May 1968.

"Historical Trends and Change in the Family," delivered at a special conference sponsored by the University of Wyoming Common Ministry for engaged couples, April 1968.

"New Data for Religious Research," read at Joint Meeting of the Religious Research Association and for the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion in Minneapolis, April 6, 1968.

"Implications of Premarital Sexual Relations," and "The Population Explosion," delivered at Northwestern Community College, Powell, Wyoming, April 1968.

Pros and Cons of Premarital Sexual Relations, presented to various groups in Michigan in 1965-1967.

Some of my work was my own doing and some was with others. I enjoyed working both ways. The short time spend with Merlin B. Brinkerhoff was especially productive for both of us. I was always happy to have the collaboration of a student and to have him or her as a joint author. It did not matter to me who was "first author."

While at Brigham Young University I got a number of interesting letters. One from one of my Independent Study Students was short but interesting:

1999: One of my Independent Study students wrote the following:

In the past three years, while attaining my Sociology degree, I have held many jobs. One was driving the Amish around the United States to visit their families. Of the many things I learned from them, the most impressive were that they all work together for the good of the family. Everyone is loved and needed. The husband and wife make decisions together. They live a lifestyle of hard work and peace.

In summary, I will end with this happening. In 1979, I was sitting on a mountain top in the German Alps, alone, when it seemed as though I was enveloped with peace and at the same time I could have reached up and touched the hand of God. It was then that I realized what is really Important. Your God, Your health and Your friends, and all the rest is POOP. One without the other is not worth much. The above has and continues to ring true.

Bits and Pieces Over the Years:

Sometimes I wrote in my journal, sometimes I did not. Some of what I wrote is here and some is not. Some things I remembered right and some things I remembered not. Others may remember differently or others my not.

November 26, 1960 The Lord has again answered our prayers. At the time when we could not see your way clear to get the money that we needed, we paid our tithing, we prayed about it, we went to bed and within 15 min. of Department Chairman, Joseph Symons, called to ask me if I wanted to teach another class of sociology. Certainly an answer to prayers. [During our early marriage we did not have a lot of money but were always blessed to get by. Something always turned up for us.]

This is been a wonderful Thanksgiving for us. We went up to Idaho and had a good visit with my parents followed by good visiting Kaysville with Joyce's Folks. Our parents are wonderful and good to us at all times.

Last Wednesday the Ward held an Annual Bazaar. Joyce was a general chairman and she is an outstanding job. She is very efficient.

January 4, 1961 I was offered a research position with the old-age survivors insurance Institute from between \$7500-\$10,560 per year. It's a temptation.

BYU and Bachelor's and Master's Degrees

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH



ERNEST L. WILKINSON, PRESIDENT

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL, WESLEY P. LLOYD, DEAN

March 22, 1962

Mr. Phillip R. Kunz
487 North 3rd East
Provo, Utah

Dear Mr. Kunz:

The Committee on Graduate Scholarships, Fellowships and Awards has received notification from the National Science Foundation that you have been awarded a National Science Foundation Summer Fellowship for Graduate Teaching Assistants.

The stipend provided by the National Science Foundation for this award is \$900 for a twelve-week tenure. This amount will be paid to you at the rate of \$300 per month. Cards authorizing payment may be picked up at the end of each month in the Graduate School Office. In addition to this cash stipend, the National Science Foundation will pay your tuition and fees to the University.

We are enclosing a booklet, Information for Fellows--Summer Fellowships for Graduate Teaching Assistants, which will give you detailed information about your fellowship award. It should be carefully read as it outlines your responsibilities as a National Science Foundation Fellow.

You should notify the Graduate Scholarship Office, D-227 ASB, no later than April 10 of your acceptance or declination of this award.

We congratulate you on your academic achievement.

Sincerely,

Wesley P. Lloyd
Wesley P. Lloyd, Chairman
Committee on Graduate Scholarships,
Fellowships and Awards

WPL:ss

Enclosure

National Science Foundation Summer Award

Last night her little son Jay awoke with a very high temperature. After sitting in a chair for some time, holding our little, hot whimpering boy, my wife woke me. After feeling the burning on his forehead, I placed my hands upon his head and by the power the priesthood, and in the name of Jesus Christ gave him a blessing. How we thrill with the power of the priesthood. Today he is so much better.

January 14, 1961 We attended the baptismal service for Steve Anderson, who has been living upstairs this semester. This caused me to reflect on the joys we obtain in the mission field.

My wife and I had the opportunity to speak in sacrament meeting tonight Joyce did very well, speaking on the subject of testimony. I then spoke for 25 minutes on repentance and the necessity of living by the Spirit.

Dec. 8, 1958

THE ARTS

By DEE WOODS
Daily Universe Arts Critic

That sometime expositor of campus literacy, the Wye magazine, will feature a \$50 dollar prize, donated by Deseret Book Co., for the most outstanding work of fiction to be published in the forthcoming issue. This prize should be of some encouragement to the winner, who, if he pursues his literary interests, will seldom find as great a reward for his endeavors. Seems like life's tough all over!

* * *

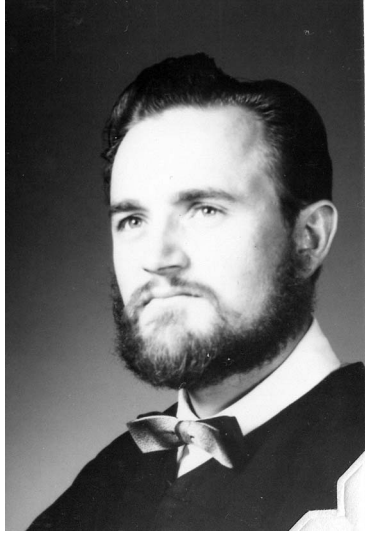
BYU CHORALE EXCELLENT

The Thanksgiving assembly brought to our attention the excellent work being done by the University Chorale. When I observe Brother Woodward in rehearsal trying to mesmerize this gargantuan group into singing the same song together I'm truly amazed at the end result. They sang Wednesday with relative preciseness; they were in tune with themselves and the band—a large order in itself considering the music they sang; and with these accomplishments managed to convey the spirit and feeling of the music and its inherent message.

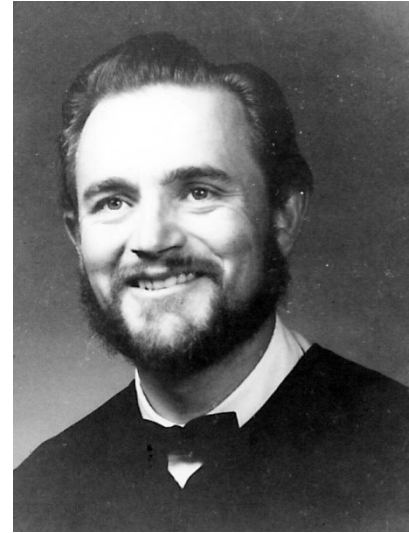
This general excellence of the Chorale is no accident, but is the end result of their director's great patience with the group, his love, and theirs of music. Also the fact that the group holds Brother Woodward in great esteem has much to do with their accomplishments.

It is hard to make any statement other than this without sounding gushy, but the difficult assignment of getting good music out of a situation calculated to produce an antithesis of the Chorale's good work speaks eloquently for the quality of Brother Woodward's work.

University Chorale, of which I was a member and an Assistant



Phil one view



Phil another view

horror and danger.
Daily Universe
March 3, 1970

Sigma Xi Society Installs Members

Sixteen persons were initiated into the BYU Chapter, Sigma Xi Society, in a ceremony Feb. 26 in the Wilkinson Center. Seven were made full members in the society, while nine graduate students were awarded associate membership.

Elected to full membership were Arturo De Hoyos, Genevieve De Hoyos and Phillip R. Kunz of the Sociology Dept.; Ralph Vencil Skarda and Theodore Alton Wight, Mathematics Dept. faculty; Howard Duane Smith of the Zoology Dept.; and John Orford Hill, a post-doctoral fellow studying chemistry.

The new associate members are William Dean Daily, Darrell Thales Smith, Donald Arthur Steele and Eric Nathan Skousen, graduates studying planetary and space science; Pearl Yuh Bai, a graduate in food science and nutrition; Don Edward Smith and Marvin Dale Slade, candidates for advanced degrees in chemistry; Bernard N. Daines, an instructor and graduate student in computer science; and Bruce Findlay, graduate in mathematics.

Sigma Xi was first organized in 1886 at Cornell University. It has grown to include 173 chapters and more than 100,000 members.

Sigma Xi Honor

During the past week Joyce's parents have been with us. Her father was attending seminary meetings here in Provo, and her mother is being the means of good visiting. We were happy to have them and they bring a good spirit in our home. Adding to the other possible paths that life may bring, I am now adding teaching seminary.

March 24, 1962 I received a letter from the Brigham Young University Graduate School directing that I been awarded a National Science Foundation Summer Teaching Fellowship. This will permit studying on my own, and provide summer tuition, fees, and \$300 a month. This will really help.

March 30, 1962 after pushing now for some months duration, we were able to get a Chapter of Alpha Kappa Delta, the national sociological honorary, on campus. We had the initiation of the charter members tonight at seven o'clock in the Joseph Smith Library

After enjoying a Banquet, we were initiated by Dr. Glenn M. Vernon. Dr. Ariel Ballif spoke to us, following which officers were elected. I was elected President, with Eileen Meyers is Vice President and Norma Zeurcher as Secretary-treasurer. It was a lovely evening and now we're looking forward to a really great year.

UNITED CHAPTERS OF ALPHA KAPPA DELTA • 1920

RESEARCH • SERVICE • MANKIND

ALPHA KAPPA DELTA

NATIONAL SOCIOLOGY HONOR SOCIETY

This is to certify that

Phillip R. Kunz

was initiated a member of ALPHA KAPPA DELTA,
National Sociology Honor Society, *Alpha* Chapter
of *Utah* at the *Brigham Young University*



1962

Rex D. Hopper
National President

Charles L. Inulford
National Secretary

RESEARCH • SERVICE • MANKIND

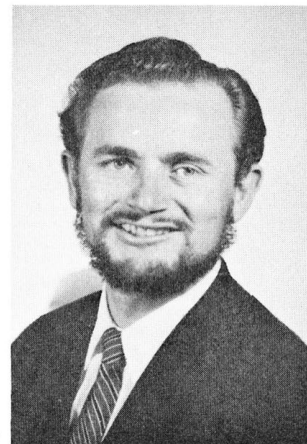
UNITED CHAPTERS OF ALPHA KAPPA DELTA • 1920

Alpha Kappa Delta - New Chapter at BYU

FROSH COUNCIL

One of the greatest achievements of life is to learn to be a good leader. Perhaps the noblest of all fields in which we might engage is that of service. The Associated Men Students of B.Y.U. offers both of these opportunities for those who are willing to take advantage of them. After school begins this fall, twelve men will be chosen from the frosh men to represent the Frosh Class and the student-body on the Frosh Council of A.M.S. This council will elect its own president, vice president, and secretary, and, under supervision, will initiate its own projects and activities. If you are interested in growth, recognition, service and opportunities for leadership, plan now to be interviewed for a position on this council. During the past school year the Frosh Council sponsored several projects, including "Keep off the Grass," "Keep the Campus Clean," and "Operation Need-a-Ride-Home?" The council also helped with many other school projects.

Phil Kunz



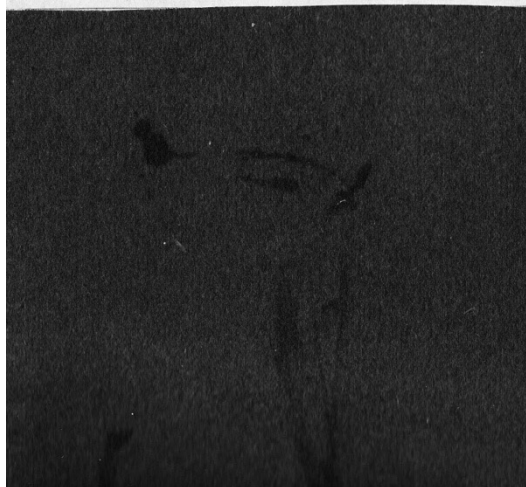
Freshman AMS Council Advisor



BANDWAGON ROLLS AT BYU — Demonstration added to the general scene of organized confusion at the mock political rally at Brigham Young University Tuesday. Students nominated and voted on candidates in ceremonies similar to those at the national conventions.



CAUCUS FIRST—Dick Cardon, Dallas Merrell and John Hunter, caucus before registering their votes for Richard M. Nixon at the Brigham Young University mock political convention Tuesday. Mr. Nixon was nominated unanimously to be the Republican candidate for the persidency.



It's Johnson Vs. Nixon

Students At BYU Select Candidates

By DAVE THOMAS
Deseret News
Correspondent

PROVO — The national bandwagon for Sen. John F. Kennedy's nomination for the presidency has not reached the Brigham Young University campus.

Rather, the bandwagon rolled from the whooping,

tical convention Tuesday.

Republicans in the student body, ignoring New York's 96 votes for Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, fell in solidly behind Vice President Richard M. Nixon, eventually accepting him unanimously.

Votes For Truman

Not satisfied with the front-running four in the Democratic camp, one delegation

I beat the drum for the Nixon Campaign

April 9, 1962 We are thrilled with the most glorious General Conference. The power of the gospel was evident, as it was preached to us. How the Spirit of the Lord works and changes the lives of the receptive.

For some three weeks now, I have felt the harangues of illness and my body. I have headaches, sore limbs, sore muscles and upset stomach.





YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION
MASTER M MEN CERTIFICATE

This is to Certify that

PHILLIP RAY KUNZ

has fulfilled faithfully the requirements necessary to become a Master M Man in the YMMIA of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and is entitled to wear the official Master M Men Insignia.

DATE March 24, 1961

Joseph T. Pennington
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT YMMIA
Dexter F. Kuntz
CHAIRMAN GENERAL BOARD M MEN COMMITTEE
John W. Kuntz
PRESIDENT STAKE M MEN ASSOCIATION

A little school and a little Church at the same time



*The Trustees, The Faculty
and the Graduating Class
of
Brigham Young University
Announce the
Eighty-sixth Annual
Graduation Exercises
Baccalaureate, June first
Commencement, June second
Nineteen hundred and sixty-one
The University Campus*



Tassel

Phillip B. Kunz

B. S. Degree

Little Jay Phillip Kunz, someday you may read this book. If so, I do want you to know some of the feelings of your mother and I have for you. We took you to see Dr. Petty this afternoon after which we admitted you to the hospital. As we left you in your crib you were very unhappy.

It is very difficult for your mother to leave you there. She loves all 23 pounds of you. I had to act the part of a man of the family so I didn't say so much, but I hated to leave you too.

Mother and I returned to the hospital within an hour with a few toys and we found you very much entertaining the folks there with your book. You are an intelligent child and the Lord has blessed you so much in your young years.

A little later that evening brother Leland Gentry and I administered to you. Your mother and I are fasting and praying for you, that your tear duct will be open and that you will fully recover.

Although we didn't like to leave you in the hospital we have faith that all will be well with you. Such faith comes through fasting and prayer and by seeing the power and strength the priesthood of God.

Grow tall, Dear Son. Grow strong and manly and do your best as you listen to the Spirit of the Lord. Be faithful in the gospel in all of your callings whatever they may be. One day you will bless those who are ill to be strong. Be worthy and we love you always.



I was in Program Bureau, which presented programs throughout the state



Phillip Kunz in Christmas Card using Book of Mormon Verses



Sand in Their Shoes - Performed in old BYU Football Stadium

Publicity for "Sand in Their Shoes"

'Sand In Their Shoes' Musical Opens At Y. Stadium Tonight

PROVO—One of the largest presentations of its kind ever attempted in the area, "Sand in Their Shoes," will have its premiere Friday at 8:30 p.m. in the Brigham Young University stadium.

The gigantic musical will feature seven leads and a cast of about 700.

A capacity first-night crowd is expected to fill the football stadium for the premiere of a pageant built around the historic march of the Mormon Battalion.

The BYU spectacular has been in production two years. Nightly presentations will continue through Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and tickets are still available for the other four nights.

Size of the production is evidenced in the huge outdoor stage. Designed by Alfred Senenbach of Stanford University, the stage extends 275 feet, nearly the length of a regular football field. Floor of the stage extends 95 feet in depth to the last backdrop.

Four huge stereophonic speakers, the work of Dr. Harvey Fletcher, have been installed as part of the unique sound system. Over 40,000 pounds of steel scaffolding and two miles of cable will be used in lighting and staging.

The story was written by Don Oscarson, a BYU alumnus who is now a St. Louis businessman. Oscarson majored in history at the university and took a particular interest in the 2,000-mile trek of the Mormon Battalion. His story is the result of intensive research and study of the battalion's formation and long march across the wastelands of the Southwest.

Music for the pageant was penned by Dr. Crawford Gates, BYU faculty member and composer of "Promised Valley." Dr. Harold I. Hansen is directing the production and Eugene Leung is supplying the choreography.

Lead roles will feature Ewan Harbrecht, soprano; Walter Richardson, baritone; Lorna Erickson, contralto; Howard Ruff, tenor; Lael Woodbury, bass; Ray Wood, bass; and Ina Lou Cheney, soprano.

As a special salute to the opening of the modern Mormon Battalion marching unit will hold a parade in downtown Provo Friday evening.

Beginning at 7:30 p.m. the uniformed unit will march from Center Street along University Avenue to the west side of the BYU stadium. It will be directed by Brig. Gen. Fred E. Curtis of Salt Lake City and will include companies from Logan, Ogden, Salt Lake City and Utah County.

Like the original battalion of Mexican War fame, the modern unit will wear military dress uniforms of the period, Gen. Curtis said. Wives of members will also parade in pioneer dress.



SAND IN THEIR SHOES—From a cast of 700 Roy Welty, left, Duane Ryan and Phil Kunz represent some of the members of the Mormon Battalion who will be portrayed in the Brigham Young University production of "Sand in Their Shoes" which opens Friday night for five performances in Provo.



Phillip in Sand in Their Shoes," a production about the Mormon Battalion

25th of April 1962 I had an oral examination on May 10. It was a very hard exam, which humbled me good.

May 16 Department Graduation. I won second place for a paper on my thesis and was awarded an Assistantship to the University of Wisconsin at Madison for next fall. My parents as well as Joyce's parents were here and it was a wonderful experience for us.

Eighty-seventh Annual Commencement Convocation at Brigham Young University. My thesis was, The Faith of Their Fathers: A Study of the Religious Influence in Child-Rearing.



Parley Kunz, Hilda Kunz, Lucile Sheffield, Kenneth Sheffield

My parents, as well as Joyce's, were here. It was a wonderful experience for us. Joyce has been so good to help with the thesis typing. I am so thankful for her, and now it's time to move on.

September 2, 1962 moving time took some time.. During the course of the summer, we decided not to accept the assistantship at Wisconsin, but to teach Seminary instead. We are now in Lyman, Wyoming and about to begin her first year as a Principal in the Seminary system of The

73 Y. Scholars Picked By Phi Kappa Phi

PROVO — Seventy-three of the top scholars at Brigham Young University will be initiated into Phi Kappa Phi, national honorary scholastic society, Thursday.

The ceremonies will be conducted at 6:30 p.m. in the foyer of the Smith Family Living Center.

Speaker will be President Ernest L. Wilkinson.

The induction will include five graduate students, 41 seniors and 27 juniors. They are:

Graduates—Richard H. Chiu, Sigrid M. Klein, Marriner Lee Morrell, Ross William Warner, Waldo S. Zaugg.

Seniors—John Maurine Acomb, Hiram Lynn Beus, M. Naomi Boyer, Patricia Ila Boyle, Kathleen Clark Brague, Sandra Brown, Warren Rumsey Buss, Milo Calder, Gail Woodruff Clark, J. Curtis Coombs, Robert J. DeLange, Joleen R. Dunyon, Gordon Dickie Gortler, Kathleen Hedberg, LaNae Keetch Hirschi, Carrie Jacobs, David Kent Jacobs, Owen Oscar Jensen, Clara Ann Johansen, Patricia Kelly, Phillip Ray Kunz, Susan C. Lillywhite, Elaine Kay McMeen, Carl M. Minifeith, Janet Williams Mitchell, Clark R. Neuroh, Judith Redd Norton, Ernest D. Oates.

Others are Kaye Louise Passey, John Romney Pyper, Clare Merrill Ramsey, Linda Lee Roberts, Manfred M. W. Schulzke, David Mavor Sorenson, Phillip L. Strong, Lydia Joan Thomander, Floyd LaMond Tullis, Ronald Warren Walker, Ralph Lawrence Waltman, Farrin W. West, Doris Larson Workman.

Juniors—Mary Inez Allen, Richard J. Allen, Doris Jean Allred, Virginia Loree Baker, Barbara Jean Brown, Julie Colvin, Carol Jensen Criddle, Grace Hildy Croft, Donald Paul Holman, Marguerite Jost, Lynda Jean Latronico, Patricia Layton, Diana Louise Markham, Judith L. Miller, Lorin Edward Millet, Sharon C. Nelson, Marion S. Okawa, K-Lynn Paul, Linda Irene Roghaar, Barbara Ann Savage, Donna L. Sparks, Alice Layle Thatcher, Roberta Till, Phyllis Arlene Wimmer, Robert Osmond Wimmer, John L. Woodward, Norma Jeanne Zurcher.

Phi Kappa Phi



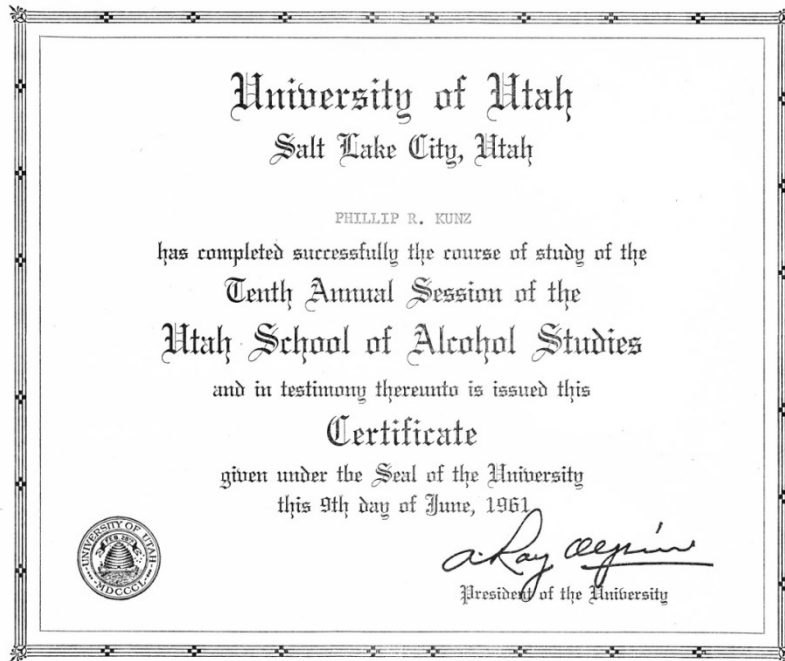
Tassel M.S.

BERN MAN AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP FOR STUDIES

Announcement has been made that Phillip R. Kunz, formerly of Bern, has been awarded a full scholarship, covering tuition and expenses to the 10th Annual Utah School of Alcohol Studies to be held in Salt Lake City June 4th to 10th. This session will feature many recognized authorities and world leaders concerned with the problems of alcoholism.

Mr. Kunz is a graduate student at Brigham Young. He graduated from Montpelier High School in 1954.

Utah School of Alcohol Studies



SALT
LAKE
CITY,
UTAH

10TH

Anniversary Session
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH
SCHOOL OF ALCOHOL STUDIES

JUNE
4th to
10th,
1961



Mountain View Seminary - Phillip Kunz, Principal

Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints. We are looking forward to our coming experiences and blessings.

January 3 1963 Today my wife gave birth to our second born, a 7 lbs. 5 oz. girl, whom we have decided to name Jenifer Kunz. She was born about 3:06 a.m. according to my 15 year old watch. We are very happy to have a girl. My wife has had some hard moments, and is happy to be delivered.

The night before the birth and the night before that, the temperature dropped to 37 below zero here in Lyman, so we were happy when the 40 mile trip to the hospital in Evanston where Jenifer was born was over. We are blessed with her presence.

January 31, 1963 The seminary work is progressing quite well for us, however I am very active in trying to obtain some financial aid for the coming September so we may return to school to obtain a Ph.D. I am working on plans to get financial aid from schools and government fellowships.

I received word that an article I wrote for my Master's thesis, has been accepted for publication in the Journal of Marriage and Family Living -- the August issue.

February 17, 1963 Last Sunday Jay looked around in back of us at Church where two young girls (about 16 years old) were seated, and said to one of them, "You one mommy." After the other girl poked a little fun at the first, Jay looked at both of them said, "Two mommies" that brought a laugh from two or three rows of people.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

OF THE

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

B-346 ABRAHAM O. SMOOT ADMINISTRATION
AND GENERAL SERVICES BUILDING
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

CHURCH BOARD OF EDUCATION:

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
THE QUORUM OF TWELVE

ERNEST L. WILKINSON - CHANCELLOR
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SEMINARIES AND
INSTITUTES OF RELIGION
DALE T. TINGEY - ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATOR
ALMA P. BURTON - ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATOR

July 13, 1962

Phillip Kunz
487 North 300 East
Provo, Utah

Dear Brother Kunz:

We are happy to inform you that you have been assigned to the Lyman, Wyoming, Seminary as principal for the coming school year.

We are grateful to have you in the program and hope you find the same joy and happiness we have found teaching and counselling the youth of the Church.

Your coordinator is Don Colvin. Will you please contact him immediately.

Sincerely your brethren,


DALE T. TINGEY


ALMA P. BURTON

DTT/dc

cc Don Colvin

Appointment to Lyman, Wyoming Seminary

Seminary Presentation in Lyman, Wyoming last Sunday night turned into a very good program.

March 5, 1962 Yesterday, Sunday I blessed Jenifer in the Lyman Ward, Lyman Stake and was assisted by her to Grandfather, Kenneth Heber Sheffield, Uncle Ned B. Roueche and Bishop Edwin Davidson. She's a wonderful little active girl. Saturday night and Sunday we got about 5 inches of snow.

March 26, 1962 So quickly the days are passing. We have spent the early part of the summer in Lyman, Wyoming fishing and we went to the Yellowstone Park with Jack and Vera Hutchison. We certainly enjoyed the trip. They are very good people.

[note big time gap]

I have done some work in the priesthood, taught a Sunday School class of the young college single people, chaired Church Education Committee and I've been asked to be President of the Third Elders Quorum by President Edwin Jones of the Detroit Stake. He called me on March 21st.

Spring has come after several months of exposure to the liberal element here. I thank God for the testimony I have of the gospel.

March 29 1963 Sunday Easter. It snowed yesterday and I made a snowman for the kids, with standard size ears and hat and double down buttons. Spoke in Sunday School today for 15 min. on the resurrection. Joyce has made a wonderful little suit of clothing for Jay. He looked handsome.

I have been offered a half-time teaching assistantship. We will have to get more money. I spoke in the Detroit wards today regarding our concert to come the first part of May. Tomorrow I will take the French exam.

April 26 I passed the French exam last Monday. I will take the reading portion next Monday and the other part tomorrow. Today I spoke in Val Rust's dorm about premarital sex to twenty boys. It was interesting. I was well received in spite of my feeling that they would not like my views.

There may be a possibility of getting NIMH [National Institute of Mental Health] fellowship for the second semester next year, although I have not heard yet. I was sustained as President of the Elders Quorum this morning with Bruce Ross is my first counselor. The second counselor is still in the choosing process.

April 26, 1963 Wednesday, I passed the final French exam.

April 30 to May 2 I presented a paper in the Ohio Valley Sociological Society.

Wyoming Man Asks About Delinquency

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

Dear Dr. Adler:

Is this younger generation as bad as many people say or does each older generation see its children growing up to be juvenile delinquents? How did the early thinkers view their children? What program did they have to guide the behavior of the young?

Mr. Phillip R. King,
Box 32, Lyman, Wyo.

DEAR Mr. Kunz:
Comparison of attitudes toward juvenile delinquency today and in earlier times is difficult, since juveniles were not separated from adult offenders until the early nineteenth century, and juvenile courts have existed only since 1899. We tend to assume that past ages were more stable than our own and that the young were more docile and more submissive to authority, but we have no hard facts and statistics to back up our assumptions.

A MORE ILLUMINATING comparison might be to contrast ancient and modern made the development of moderation, self-control and moral virtue in general the core of the education of children. Plato methods of moral education. The ancient Greeks said that such training was important "in the case of a young and tender thing, for that is the time when the character is being formed, and the desired impression is being taken."

Everything in Plato's system of education for the young, starting with children's games, was aimed at developing a good moral character. Play was devised to inculcate the habit of orderly behavior. Stories and music were carefully selected to develop constructive emotions and feelings. Even gymnastics was intended to

develop inner harmony and order.

In this ancient view, education is the means of making a child into a good man and a good citizen. It does this through a process of habituation, involving the child's feelings, imagination, and physical movements, so that choosing what is right and avoiding what is wrong become second nature. Education, says Plato, uses the arts and the feelings of pleasure and pain to induce the young to follow "that right reason, which the law affirms and which the experience of the eldest and the best has agreed to be truly right."

LET US NOW consider the views of a noted modern innovator in the education of children, Maria Montessori. She, too, made the moral and social development of the child—not training him for a particular trade or profession—the essential aim of education. **Mr. Adler** And she looked to the education of children as the way to transform society and to cure our present ethical chaos.

Unlike Plato, however, she relied on the spontaneous development of the capacities

and energies within children, rather than on the norms and rules imposed upon them by adults, to achieve a wholesome, constructive character. The so-called Montessori Method emphasized the spontaneous fulfillment of the individual personality in an atmosphere of social cooperation. This method has been astonishingly successful with very young children, who were helped to achieve a harmonious and orderly community within the "free discipline" of the classroom. Montessori also developed ingenious methods to induce the most difficult and disorderly children to attain inner stability, good work habits, and peaceful social relations.

IT IS NOTABLE that, despite the emphasis on spontaneity and on the role of the child's own inner powers, it is still the teacher who sets up the "prepared environment" and directs the child's development. Freedom of movement is encouraged so long as it does not violate the guiding values of courtesy, order, and harmony. The teacher gives the children "Lessons of Grace and Courtesy" to aid them to embody these values in their life together. She even shows them the best way to perform a physical movement, so that they will form right habits. Montessori, like Plato, used the child's natural powers and responses to develop the right habits of conduct and prepare him for a harmonious life.



Mr. Kunz



Mr. Adler

You Can Win Set Of 'Great Books'

You can win a 54-volume set of the Great Books of the Western World by writing a letter, not to exceed 150 words, incorporating a question of general interest for Dr. Adler to consider for inclusion in this column. Each week he will select as first prize winners the writers of the three best letters. He will use ONE of these letters as a basis for a future column and will answer it in terms of the intellectual heritage of the Great Books—443 works by 74 authors, spanning 30 centuries of thought. Address the letters to Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, care of Deseret News, P.O. Box 1257, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

I won a set the Great Books of the Western World

July 2 I had a wonderful visit in Idaho Utah and Wyoming. I did some fishing visited a great while with our friends and families. After returning to Ann Arbor, we got a babysitter and Joyce

I went to Cleveland for a meeting of the Religious Research Association. We went to the Kirtland Temple. It was glorious to be there where so many of the early revelations came to the Prophet.

July 12, I was set apart today is President of the 5th Elders Quorum of the Detroit Stake. Bruce Ross is the 1st Counselor and David Blackinton the 2nd. Clem Matthews is the secretary and Prichard Caldwell is the treasurer and assistant secretary.

December 27, 1964 I was released as President of the Elders Quorum and sustained as Ward Clerk. I passed the screening exam for German but still have the final written exam to pass. Our little family is doing well; we are busy but blessed. We have been blessed financially this summer. I have taught half-time at the University of Michigan, three hours at Eastern Michigan University and early-morning seminary which pays a small stipend.

January 16 1965 I took Jay with me to the library. He read magazines, traced, turned the lights off and on quite a number of times. We had a good meeting tonight with Elder Monson in Detroit, as he addressed the bishoprics and executive secretaries. I know he is an Apostle, even as was Peter James and John and the others.

January 17 Tonight I received an interesting invitation to speak at a Lutheran student group concerning historic and contemporary family and sex, specifically premarital sexual relations. This is to be presented on 31 January. I hope the I can make the secular and spiritual good proportion balance.

Joyce recently gave a pint of blood for \$20, which we put towards our assessment on the Stake Farm. We finally paid off the budget and welfare for the year.

January 31 Tonight I talked to the Lutheran students group at the corner of Hill and Forest streets, with Pastor Yoder in charge. When I drove up, I saw the lighted sign out front which said, "Morality Transamerica." I about wanted to go home, but it went well as I spoke for 50 minutes and had questions and answers. They responded well and especially liked my conservative attitude. They gave me an honorary of \$15. It was a good experience. I was glad they introduced me as a seminary teacher, missionary, sociologist and active member of and Ann Arbor Ward of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I am thankful for my orientation and morality.

Saturday I went to court, for supposedly crossing the yellow line last October, which I didn't. I traveled 85 miles, made 15 phone calls, sent letters and so on, to get a hearing. The Justice of the Peace said the testimony the officer and my own was equal, but he said the Officer had no axe to grind, so he found me guilty and fined me. Poor justice in that situation. I paid the fine and as we walked out to the Justice put his hand on Jay's head and said, "You have a wonderful dad, be like him." I replied, "And not dishonest like this Justice of the Peace." I am glad we were outside and not in his court, or he may have fined me again for contempt of court or something.

Earlier, when the officer stopped me to give me a ticket, I asked him what it was for. I had to ask two or three times and then he said that I had crossed the double line. I told him I had traveled

that way many times and there was no double line in that area. He continued to write the ticket. I asked him if he would go back with me and show me where the double line was. He said nothing but just kept writing the ticket.

So I decided to appeal the ticket. I called the office of the Justice to schedule an appointment. I asked the lady if it would do any good to appeal as most of the Justices were not honest about it, as they needed to find one guilty or they got no fee. She didn't like that comment. It turned out that she was the wife of the Justice. Anyway, when I arrived at the appointment, after traveling many miles, I found the judge was not there. His secretary, who was also his wife, said that he had to go somewhere. I replied that they could have called me and saved me the drive. She said she didn't know my telephone number. I replied, "Have you ever thought of looking in the telephone book?" She said nothing, and I went home. I arranged the time when the judge was going to be in Ann Arbor where he was going to marry somebody in the prison.

I wrote a letter about the whole affair and sent it to the local newspaper, where it was published. The very next day I got a call from Judge O'Brien of Ann Arbor, who was on the State Supreme Court, who listened to my story and said there were many irregularities and he was trying to get the Justice of the Peace system changed as it was in a real mess. [Later on, the system was changed, thanks to Judge O'Brien.]

Tuesday the 16th I sold a pint of blood for \$20 and gave the money to Joyce to pay for her correspondence course.

Saturday. I marvel that the rocket to the moon could transmit back thousands of pictures before it hit the surface of the moon. If man does such things why wonder when the power of God brings forth greater things.

Sunday the 21st Jay had a little fever, so Joyce and the children stayed home from meetings and I attended alone. We had Dave and Pat Blackinton over for dinner. They are good people.

Wednesday the 24th I received a copy of the Bible on a 2" x 2" film from a media repairman. When I arrived home I found that Lindsay Blake had been burned with a vaporizer. I went to the hospital and anointed him and then his father sealed the anointing. I felt that the Lord will bless him and he will be okay. It was a painful and tragic burn - poor little fellow. His mother, Sharon Blake, had her new baby and another child with chickenpox.

Saturday I stayed with Lindsay Blake at the hospital for a few hours so that his folks can get a little rest.

Sunday Joyce gave an excellent gospel talk in meeting. I was proud of her.

We had chicken in the bucket, and Jenifer fell out of the car while it was moving and hurt her head a little which made three straight cuts for her on the same place. The kids ate the chicken like they were starved to death.

Certificate of Ordination
This Certifies That

PHILLIP RAY KUNZ

of the _____ ANN ARBOR _____ Ward _____ DETROIT _____ Stake

was ordained an

High Priest

in

The Melchizedek Priesthood

in

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By _____ EDWIN B. JONES _____ an _____ HIGH PRIEST _____ in said Church
(Priesthood office held)

on the 17th day of October 1966.

Attest: _____
Ray K. Burge
Stake Clerk

_____ *Edwin B. Jones*
Stake President

Ordained a High Priest

THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

Priesthood Authority Line

Historical Department, Member Services
50 East North Temple Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

Name	Was ordained	On
PHILLIP RAY KUNZ	a High Priest	17 October 1965
By	Who was ordained	On
EDWIN B. JONES	a High Priest	9 May 1959
By	Who was ordained	On
REED DOUGLAS ANDREW	a High Priest	12 July 1947
By	Who was ordained	On
HENRY D. MOYLE	an Apostle	10 April 1947
By	Who was ordained	On
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH	an Apostle	8 October 1903
By	Who was ordained	On
JOSEPH F. SMITH	an Apostle	1 July 1866
By	Who was ordained	On
BRIGHAM YOUNG	(SEE BELOW)	
By	Who was ordained	On

Brigham Young was ordained an Apostle on 14 February, 1835 under the hands of the Three Witnesses—Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris (see Joseph Smith, *History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, vol. 2, p. 187).

The Three Witnesses were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles, and on 14 February, 1835 were "blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency,"—Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams—to ordain the Twelve Apostles (See *History of the Church*, vol. 2, pp. 185–189).

Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, and John (see *History of the Church*, vol. 1, pp. 40–41).

Peter, James, and John were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ (see John 15:16).

PFH10164 3/87 Printed in USA

Line of Authority

Sunday, 14 March I was set apart as Ward Clerk by Brother Richardson of the Stake Presidency; he gave me a wonderful blessing. We had a good Ward conference.

April 18 Joyce was just sustained today as president of Ann Arbor Ward Relief Society. I'm really proud of her - 25 years old and has been the President of both Relief Society and the Primary already. She's wonderful.

April 9 Yesterday Alfred Swinyard was sustained as Ann Arbor Ward Bishop and me as First Counselor and Lynn Blake the Second Counselor and Reid Nibley as Ward Clerk. There was a split in the ward with the former Branch in Ypsilanti with Dave Hanks is Branch President, Duane Stoddart as first counselor and Cecil Welch Junior Second Counselor and David Meldrum is Clerk. I pray that I will be able to rise to the responsibility.

October 17, 1965 today I was set apart as a High Priest and as First Counselor to Bishop Swinyard by President Jones of the Detroit Stake. In the blessing I was promised the needs of the family and that we should not want, and I was exhorted to work diligently.

[note a long time passed]

May 7 Flew the kite 2 miles and 765 feet in the air for new record for me.

January 4, 1969 I baptized Jay Phillip Kunz and on January 5th I confirmed him a member of The Church of Jesus Christ Latter-day Saints. He is a choice boy and our little Jody is doing well Jenifer too.

Sunday the 20 March 23, 1969 I was released from the Second Stake High Council at Brigham Young University and sustained as First Counselor in the BYU 22nd Ward with Bishop T Darrell Bushnell. [Following his release about a year later I was sustained as the Bishop.]

[another long time passed]

I taught at the University of Wyoming for a year and then came to Brigham Young University as an Assistant Professor of Sociology.

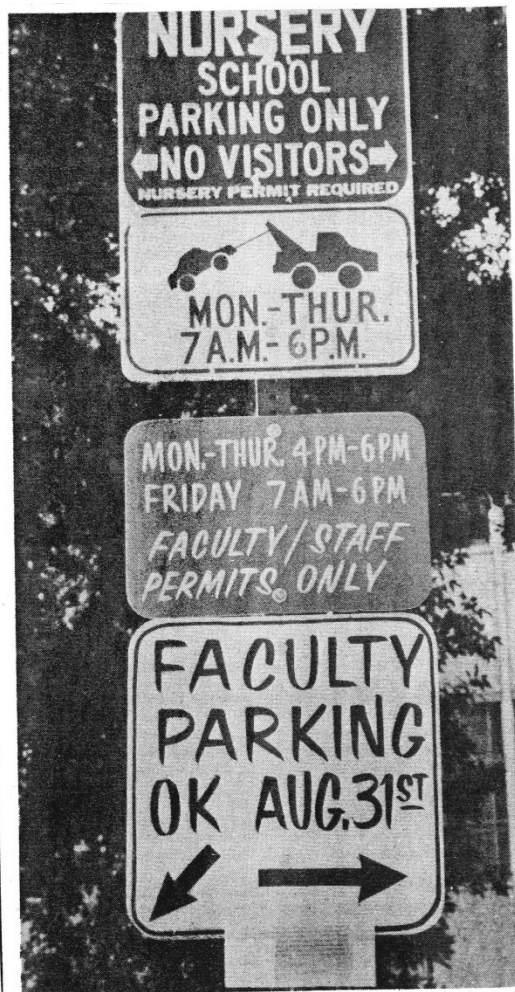
October, 1973 I was featured in the "BYU Home Study Correspondent" with a discussion on Memories as they aid Instruction.

May 11, 1975 I was invited by Clair Hopkins, who was one of my missionary companions, to speak at Sacrament Meeting in Salt Lake in the Ward in which he is in the Bishopric. It was kind of him to invite me.

May 27, 1976 Attended a piano recital in which Jay, Jenifer and Jody all played the piano. Jay played three pieces, Jenifer three pieces and Jody played four pieces.

September 16, 1982 I had a note in the BYU Daily Universe in which I attached a note at the bottom of three traffic signs, **"Dear University: I came here to work today but could not find**

a parking place, so I have gone home. I did park here for about an hour but I could not tell whether I was permitted here or not. The signs confuse me. I felt guilty, frustrated, and then angry because I pay my tithing too, and feel that I should be able to leave my automobile somewhere without fear of being towed off. I asked a lot of people how to read this sign and not one of them was quite sure, so I just went home for the day. Yours truly, Faculty member (with permit to park.)"



Universe photo by Barbara Crownover

When illiteracy is bliss

The small piece of paper attached to the bottom of this sign was left by a frustrated faculty member. It reads: "Dear University: I came here to work today but could not find a parking place, so I have gone home. I did park here for about an hour but I could not tell whether I was permitted here or not. The signs confuse me. I felt guilty, frustrated, and then angry because I pay my tithing too, and feel that I should be able to leave my automobile somewhere without fear of being towed off. I asked a lot of people how to read this sign and not one of them was quite sure, so I just went home for the day. Yours truly, Faculty member (with permit)."

It is a wonder I still had a job

Provo, Utah Vol. 36 No. 9 Thursday, September 16, 1982

Universe

Oct 7, 1985. The water keeps flowing under the bridge. Good intentions are with me to write, but oh the things that get in the way! School is moving forward, research is at half pace. We spent

the summer getting Jay and Becky married. What a great use of time. She is wonderful. We got Jenifer home from her mission in Uruguay. She too is wonderful.

I feel a little guilty for not journaling inasmuch as I spoke of its merits to The Department of Agriculture – Conservation and Stabilization in a recent talk, where the group members extolled the virtues of LaRue, my sister, who worked with them already a few years ago.

Conference was good this time also I expect as it is usually. As President Hinckley talked about mission presidents coming the next term I thought oddly enough a direct notification. **[I felt by the Spirit that I would be called as a Mission President in the future. It was five years later. I think this early notification gave me time to prepare.]**

I spoke at the Home and Family Conference at BYU. The conference was held Thursday, the 13th thru Saturday the 15th. My topic was "Teaching the Gospel in the Home."

Wednesday. I am enjoying my Book of Mormon class that I teach at BYU. I plan to go to New York for the Provo City Housing Authority bond signing on the 21st or so of October. Now we much get the suitcase packed for Miami. [Joyce and I went there for the National meeting of NAHRO, [National Association of Housing] as I was a Provo City Housing Commissioner.]

November 9. Today President Spencer W. Kimball was placed in his grave, having passed away on Tuesday night. He was humble, able, and small in body like me. I sensed that early on, the size was for him about like for me. Great were his contributions in this life, although illness pretty much stopped him in recent years. I always felt good in his presence. I had an interesting experience with him. I was invited to speak at the farewell for Richard Daines in Salt Lake City. We had been with the Daines family in Ann Arbor, and family members were not permitted to speak at the farewell, as the Church asked them not to speak. I was sort of representing the family. I did not know that it was President Kimball's ward, and that Richard was a home teacher for the Kimballs.

I spoke about missionary work and how some of the early Swiss relatives had left Switzerland and gone to Russia to make cheese. I therefore did not see Russians as just bad communists, but \ people who needed to have the gospel taught to them. After the meeting President Kimball said that I had "hit the nail on the head." I was pleased that he thought so.

We had a good trip to Miami and then I went to New York for the bond closing [for Provo Housing.] There I saw the difference between the poor and rich. As guests we went to dinner – 13 total. The tab: \$1750. And so were the expenses of the trip. We ate well, traveled well, and helped spend part of the profit made by the bonding company.``

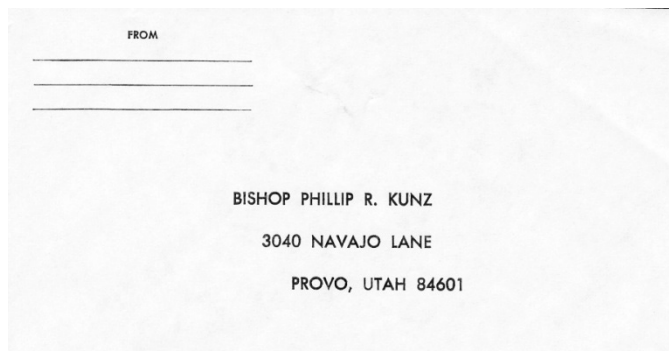
This past year has been very difficult for us financially. Demand has just been a lot more than our income. I have hoped that Joyce would not have to go to work, but I am afraid it may be so. [As it turned out, she never did have to work, but did substitute at the Edgemont Elementary school off and on.]



Jack Brotherson, Bishop Phillip Kunz, Larry Corbridge
Bishopric of BYU 22nd Ward

Dec 3, 1985. I am now working quite a bit on the Kunz family record. Some people have to get several invitations before they will send me any information. It has been a rewarding but very challenging process.

April 6, 1986. Today I was invited to lay my hands on Jay's head as Stan Taylor set Jay apart as a Counselor in the Bishopric in his ward. He is great! We are proud of him. He is and will be a fine leader in the Church. He is in the Bishopric in the very ward where he was blessed, lo these many years ago.



April 27, 1986. The old 1973 Chrysler gave up the ghost. It got so that it would not back up, but only go forward. With such an old car it was not of value to repair. As a consequence we donated it to Timpview High School auto shop for the students to work on.

July 21, 1986. Last Saturday I arrived at 50 years! On Sunday I spoke in the 5th ward. Afterward Joyce had a wonderful dinner for me and Jay and Becky came with a card and gift. The gift was a mug which said, "I love Grandpa." Yes

it was an announcement. Next February late we will be Grandparents. We are excited. [This announcement produced Matthew, our wonderful, first grandchild.]

Today I was elected Chairman of the Provo Housing Commission. Bill Dyer and I got a contract from Deseret Book company for our book on Mormon Families, Effective Mormon Families.

CAMPUS MEMORANDUM * * * * * BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

From Jack Williams To Phillip R. Kunz

Date May 27, 1976

Room No 117-A ESDB

Would you please refrain from parking this automobile on campus. As a part of the National Bicentennial celebration and BYU Centennial celebration the university has attempted to beautify the campus. The appearance of this automobile greatly distracts from the beauty of the campus.

Thank you for your assistance in this matter. If you have any questions please call this number 582-1631 and ask for Mr. Harry Lyons.

Thank you,

Jack Williams, Chairman
BYU Centennial Committee

JW/df

Note from Spencer Condie, with a little humor about my old car

Against Senate . . .

Grads circulate petition

by Ron Sharp
Universe Staff Writer

A petition for the absolution of the ASBYU Senate and Supreme Court is being circulated on campus. Phillip Kunz, a graduate from Provo, says that the petition is being circulated by a group of students who are or have been associated with student government.

Martell Gee, a graduate student from Lander, Wyo., said that in the past the Senate has mainly been concerned with "make work projects" and has not carried out any real service to the studentbody.

ACCORDING TO Kunz, if we have functionless bodies in our student government, why have them?

Gee suggested that the Senate would be more representative if the senators were chosen according to department rather than by class.

He then pointed out that if the Senate is abolished, the legislative work could then be carried out by special committees

appointed by the studentbody president.

KUNZ, WHO drafted the petition, was not open to further comment. He said that he would have a further statement the latter part of the week pending developments.

If the petition gains the required number of signatures, the studentbody will be asked to vote on this matter in the Spring.

Concerning the matter, Senate President Dave Hoopes said, "We are happy to see that students are concerned about the present system and would be the first to support a change which would improve that system."

"If students still desire to have their voice heard, let them express their voice to their senators. On the other hand, if they would have their decisions made by one central, autocratic body, then a simple vote in the next election could alter our democratic constitution," Hoopes said.

A little of my own and a little serious

Phi Kappa Phi



This Certifies that

Phillip Ray Kunz

*is a member of the Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi by
election of the Chapter at*

The Brigham Young University

*and is hereby granted all the honors and privileges
pertaining to membership in the Society.*

Elected 23 March 1961

Charles A. Davis
PRESIDENT

Lawrence R. Guild
SECRETARY

David H. Gamm, Jr.
PRESIDENT OF CHAPTER

Phi Kappa Phi

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY **CAMPUS MEMORANDUM**

September 17, 1999

FROM: Clayne L. Pope
FHSS Dean's Office
990 SWKT; 8-2083

TO: Phil Kunz
Sociology
882 SWKT

RE: University Committee Assignment

I understand you have agreed to serve on the University Faculty Advisory Council for the next three years as a representative for the College. Thank you for your willingness to serve the College and University in this capacity. Your insight to student and faculty needs will prove to be very beneficial in this capacity.

C: Steve Bahr
FILE

Appointment to University Faculty Advisory Council

GENERAL AND HONORS EDUCATION
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
302 MAESER BUILDING
PO BOX 22600
PROVO, UTAH 84602-2600
(801) 378-3038 / FAX (801) 378-5976



April 9, 1996

Phillip Kunz
Sociology
882 SWKT

Dear Professor Kunz:

I am pleased to inform you that you have been awarded an Alcuin Fellowship in recognition of your outstanding teaching, service and commitment to General Education at Brigham Young University. Outstanding contributions to the Honors Program are also recognized by the awarding of an Alcuin Fellowship. You were nominated for the Alcuin award by John Segger. In addition to comments from the nominator, several other members of the faculty and administration wrote in support of your nomination.

This award is named for Alcuin of York, born in A.D. 730 who was a master teacher under Charlemagne. Alcuin, a champion of the liberal arts, once wrote of the role of a teacher: "As fire lies buried in flint, so deep within the human mind lies the desire for wisdom. But, as the flint must needs be struck, so must the mind of the learner be stimulated by a teacher's working upon it." As an Alcuin fellow, you are recognized as one who creates sparks in your student's minds and magic in the classroom.

Alcuin Fellows are appointed for three years. Individuals who take professional development leave during this time can have the appointment extended for the time of their leave.

As an Alcuin Fellow you are eligible to receive \$1,250 for each Fall/Winter semester or Spring/Summer term you teach a certified General Education or Honors course (up to a maximum of \$3,750 per year). These funds can be used for teaching support needs, research purposes, professional development activities, student wages, etc. Please set up a 2-7 account with a - 1010 object code in your department into which the money can be placed each semester/term by budget transfer from the GE/Honors office. Once the you have confirmed that you are teaching a GE/Honors course we will transfer the money for that semester/term to your account.

During the early part of Fall semester we would like to invite you to a dinner where we will recognize the Alcuin Fellows and Maeser General Education Professors. We will send you more information on this dinner and other recognition events in the future.

Please accept our congratulations in receiving this award. Thank you for your efforts in General Education. We anticipate many more years of your excellence in the classroom.

Sincerely,

Paul Alan Cox
Dean, General Education and Honors

cc: John Segger
Stephen Bahr
John Tanner

Alcuin Fellowship for Teaching

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH



ERNEST L. WILKINSON, PRESIDENT

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Brother Kunz:

In keeping with University policy that encourages faculty members to assist with out-of-class services to students, this letter constitutes your official appointment as Faculty Sponsor of the Confederate Club contingent upon your willingness to serve.

We are hopeful that you will be able to assist in this useful way and unless there is good reason why the appointment cannot be accepted, we shall list your name with the Dean of Students as the official responsible to the University for guiding this organization in its program for the current school year.

The acceptance of this responsibility carries with it the obligation of seeing that the ideals and objectives of the University influence the entire program of activities of the student organization which you sponsor. The quality and excellence of performance and high standard of conduct of this group will depend largely on you.

The Coordinator of Student Organizations, working through the Dean of Students, is responsible for the immediate supervision of all groups of this kind. Through him the policies and procedures which have been agreed upon will be discussed with you.

Your assignment is an opportunity, a privilege, and a challenge. I trust you will regard it as such.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ernest L. Wilkinson".
Ernest L. Wilkinson
President

Appointment as Faculty Sponsor of BYU Confederate Club

Eight faculty members honored

Eight faculty members at BYU were presented the Karl G. Maeser Awards Wednesday by Pres. Dallin H. Oaks in recognition of outstanding teaching and to promote creative arts and research.

Named in honor of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, pioneer president of BYU from 1876 to 1892, the awards are sponsored by the BYU Alumni Association. The accompanying cash honorariums provided by the Karl G. Maeser Associates were presented when the recipients were announced Wednesday at the annual fall faculty meeting.

Five professors were chosen for the Karl G. Maeser Distinguished Teaching Award which includes a \$1,000 cash honorarium: Dr. Ruel A. Allred, professor of elementary education; William Fox, assistant professor of Indian education; Dr. Leona Holbrook, professor emeritus of physical education; John E. McKendrick, associate professor of English; and Dr. Max L. Waters, professor of business education.

Three professors received the Karl G. Maeser Research and Creative Arts Awards which includes a \$3,000 grant for research or creative projects: Dr. J. Dean Barnett, professor of physics; Dr. Jerald S. Bradshaw, professor of chemistry; and Dr. Phillip R. Kunz, professor of sociology.

Nominations for all the awards may come from students, faculty and alumni to a college nominating committee. All nominees must have served on the BYU faculty for at least 10 years. Final selections are made by a committee of students, faculty, alumni and the executive secretary of the Alumni Association as chairman.

Dr. Allred, a nationally known author and specialist in reading and spelling, joined the BYU faculty in 1961. A native of Spring City, he is now

graduate coordinator of elementary education of BYU and co-authored the books "Continuous Progress in Spelling," and "The Sucher-Allred Reading Placement Inventory."

Fox, a specialist in U.S. history and Indian education, joined the BYU faculty in 1966 and authored the undergraduate general studies History 170 syllabus. The Tooele native is the first teacher at BYU to be selected by the Indian students as their Honorary Chief.

Dr. Holbrook, now teaching half-time, joined the BYU faculty in 1937 and is internationally known for her publications and speeches. The Lehi native served as a member of the U.S.

delegation to UNESCO in Paris and has received numerous awards nationally for her work in the health, physical education and recreation field.

McKendrick, a native of Salt Lake City, joined the BYU faculty in 1953 and is a member of several professional organizations in English and languages. He is known for his use of music (both instrumental and vocal), costumes and original manuscripts to enhance the teaching of literature.

Dr. Waters, a native of Burley, Idaho, is well known for his skills in instruction methodology and joined the BYU faculty in 1958. The author of two

(Cont. on p. 11)

Karl G. Maeser Award for Outstanding Research. This award is especially meaningful to me inasmuch as Dr. Maeser converted and baptized my Grandfather, John Kunz III

Johnathan is in Bern helping Paul a little on the farm. It is good for him to work a little. I hope he has a good experience. I am sure that Paul will be good for him. The girls are working hard too, but here.

July 27, 1986. We, Joyce, her mother and I, went to the cabin in Logan. Joyce spent a couple of days making drapes, and I went to Soda Springs to interview the Sodermans and then went with John Soderman and Uncle Vern Stoor to the cemetery to film the graves of Grandpa and Grandma Stoor, the Sodermans and Uncle Leon Whitehead.

RALPH R. HARDING
SECOND DISTRICT, IDAHO

COMMITTEE:
AGRICULTURE

ROOM 130
HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
TEL. CA 4-3121, EXT. 2911

DISTRICT OFFICE:
111 FEDERAL BUILDING
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO
TEL. JA 2-6701

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

April 21, 1962

Phillip R. Kunz
53 North 1st East
Bern, Idaho

Dear Phillip:

The National Science Foundation has just advised me of its awards in two fellowship programs.

I was greatly pleased to note that your outstanding accomplishment has qualified you as the recipient of a Summer Fellowship for Graduate Teaching Assistants in Sociology at the Brigham Young University. Congratulations! It is a great honor to our state to have you among the 868 students chosen throughout the United States.

If I can ever be of help to you in any way, I hope you will let me know.

Best wishes,


Ralph R. Harding
Member of Congress

RRH: cc

National Science Foundation Award - Note the address

THE STAR MAR 14 '78

Doctor's startling report shows 46% die soon after birthday

MANY PEOPLE subconsciously decide when they are going to die, says a leading sociologist.

But if they become more optimistic they could be able to live much longer.

In a random sampling of 800 deaths in the United States, Dr. Philip Kunz found the largest number of people died within three months of their birthdays.



Marilyn Monroe:
Born June 1, 1926
Died Aug. 5, 1962



Ed Sullivan:
Born Sept. 28, 1902
Died Oct. 13, 1974



Jayne Mansfield:
Born April 19, 1933
Died June 29, 1967



Judy Garland:
Born June 10, 1922
Died June 22, 1969



Dr. Kunz, professor of sociology at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, said 46.3 percent of the people he studied died during the first quarter after their birthdays.

Another 31 percent died in the second quarter, 15 percent in the third quarter, and only 8 percent in the quarter before their birthdays.

The pattern held true whether the people died of illness, disease, or in accidents. Among the most notable examples are showbiz stars like Marilyn Monroe, Ed Sullivan, Jayne Mansfield, Judy Garland and Walt Disney—all of whom died within three months of their birthdays.

Dr. Kunz said people look forward to their birthdays because they receive gifts and attention. This subconscious anticipation keeps them happy for about four months before.

But after their birthday passes, life becomes humdrum again and they feel depressed. The depression may subconsciously lead them to lose their will to live.

"I believe that subconsciously we motivate a lot of our behavior," Dr. Kunz told THE STAR. "These statistics indicate we may have more control over when we die than has been thought in the past."

Many supposedly accidental car crashes are really subconscious death wishes, Dr. Kunz said.

About 51 percent of deaths from accidents took place in the first quarter after the victims' birthdays, he said.

"This suggests many of these accidents are not accidents at all, but are unconscious suicide," Dr. Kunz said. "In most auto accidents, at least one of the people, often the driv-

By LESLIE KANE

show the majority of them died in the first quarter after their birthday, Dr. Kunz said.

Public figures tend to look forward to their birthdays even more than ordinary people, because the celebrations are often accompanied by fanfare and parties.

By reversing their

thinking, people can also unconsciously motivate themselves to live longer, Dr. Kunz said.

Just by recognizing that you can will yourself to live longer may make the difference, he said.

"If people want to live longer, they should try to have a positive mental outlook," he advised. "They should be involved with activities and always have something to do."

NOTICE and danger.
Daily Universe
March 3, 1970

Sigma Xi Society Installs Members

Sixteen persons were initiated into the BYU Chapter, Sigma Xi Society, in a ceremony Feb. 26 in the Wilkinson Center. Seven were made full members in the society, while nine graduate students were awarded associate membership.

Elected to full membership were Arturo De Hoyos, Genevieve De Hoyos and Phillip R. Kunz of the Sociology Dept.; Ralph Vencil Skarda and Theodore Alton Wight, Mathematics Dept. faculty; Howard Duane Smith of the Zoology Dept.; and John Orford Hill, a post-doctoral fellow studying chemistry.

The new associate members are William Dean Daily, Darrell Thales Smith, Donald Arthur Steele and Eric Nathan Skousen, graduates studying planetary and space science; Pearl Yuh Bai, a graduate in food science and nutrition; Don Edward Smith and Marvin Dale Slade, candidates for advanced degrees in chemistry; Bernard N. Daines, an instructor and graduate student in computer science; and Bruce Findlay, graduate in mathematics.

Sigma Xi was first organized in 1886 at Cornell University. It has grown to include 173 chapters and more than 100,000 members.

Sigma Xi Society



Brigham Young University

Military Science Department

320 ROTC Building



Social Aspects of Military Service

PROFESSOR PHIL KUNZ

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

DOES MILITARY SERVICE HAVE ANY SOCIALLY REDEEMING QUALITIES? COME FIND OUT BY ATTENDING THIS LECTURE, THE THIRD IN A SERIES ON THE MILITARY AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THURSDAY

DEC 2

10:00 AM

278 JKB

Presentation to ROTC

October 19, 1986. Jenifer was called to be a Counselor in the Relief Society Presidency. In August. Jay was called as first counselor today in his ward.

A few days ago Jay and I went to sight in our rifles prior to deer hunting. We got up behind the hill to discover that I had the 22 rifle. It had been put in the rifle case, and I did not remember that. So we did his gun and then a couple of days later Johnathan and I went up again. I forgot my shells that time. We went hunting and I saw the two pointer and aimed and shot. Gun jammed! No shell went out the barrel. Johnathan watched the deer while I tried to get shell out. I

pried it out at last with my 6 inch hunting knife, which I dropped down and forgot. The handle went down in the brush and the point stayed up for me to lay on as I lay down to get a more steady shot. The problem was that when the point of the knife, which was very sharp, hit my side I thought it to be a stick and ignored it as I twisted about for a better shot. When I got up I pulled the knife out and bled a little. After the three hours wait, Joyce took me to the emergency center of the hospital for stitches. The knife went in about five inches but chose to miss all of the good stuff in there. It went between the flesh and rib cage and missed the liver or lungs or both. I was blessed! A few stitches, shots and pills and I'll be ok.

Jay shot his first deer – a four point. In all our group got nine deer up on the forest above the Tanner place, which he bought from Karl Wrigley. It was quite a day.

November 9, 1986. We returned from Logan Canyon where we spent Saturday night with Jay and Rebecca. Early this a.m. we went to Garden City to hear Carol and Donovan report their mission to Nigeria. They were great!! It was as good as any reports I've heard, and we are very proud of them.

I am really enjoying my Book of Mormon class. It is true! It is true! When I read it I feel of its power and strength. I know that anyone, who is honest in heart, who reads and wants to know, will know by the power of the Spirit that it is true indeed.

Nov 30, 1986. Good Sabbath day! Yesterday we (Joyce) dipped candy from early to late. It is a big job for her. I play an "assist" role.

Dec 14, 1986. Today is Joyce's birthday, 47 years old, and we are sitting in Regional Conference. It is to begin in half an hour or so. Joyce is what I would have called middle to old age when I was young. Now, of course, I see that she is both young in years and in her actions, although already old in experience. She had been both a Primary President and a Relief Society President by the time she was about 24 years of age.

2 January 1987. We had a good Christmas and New Years. Jody came home and has decided to hold up on school for a while and try to get a job as a nanny. I think it will be a good move for her. Jody got a letter today from a fellow who received one of her copies of The Book of Mormon [all of our family had sent them, out a few years ago, with our testimonies in them for missionary work]— some were sent to President Daines mission in Pennsylvania. The young man has since joined the Church, filled a mission, married in the temple and is attending BYU. He wrote to thank her and the letter couldn't have come at a better time for her.

Last night Ervin Hendrick spent the night with us. He is the son of Helen Kelly, who we baptized now about 30 years ago. He was on his way to Ricks to school – a fine returned missionary. [Helen was one of our converts in Atlanta.]

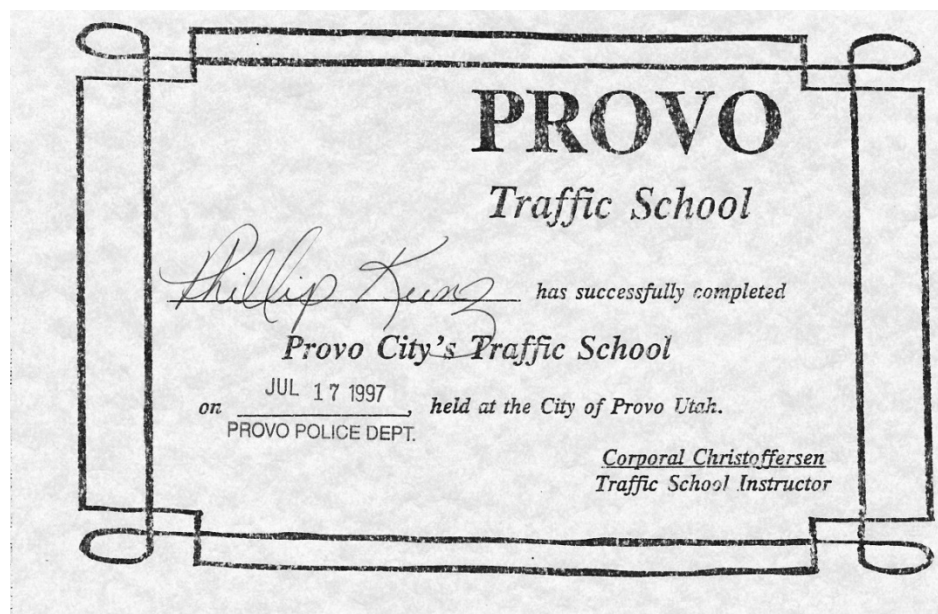
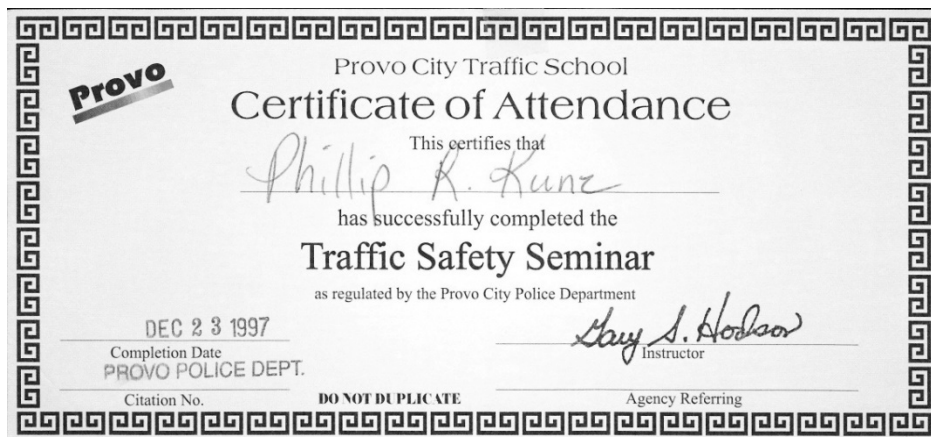
Jan 19, 1987. We are watching on television the BYU basketball team playing New Mexico. Earlier on I watched a little of Hawaii and Air Force – Coach of Hawaii is Frank Arnold who was here for a few years and sacked. I was their home teacher at the time and it was a real tragedy for him and for his family. He recently indicated that he never knew why he was sacked. They never told him the reason. Of course that left the way open for many foul bad rumors. How quickly friends can turn and beat upon a person. Anyway my heart still aches for him after all of this time.

Jan 15 1987. Last night I dreamed that I was called to be a Mission President and then I awoke and worried for an hour or so until I got to sleep again. I remembered seeing 4:00 before "fading out." I don't know why one dreams what he does, but I know about some past dreams in my life.

February 2 1987 Today Jenifer was called and sustained and set apart as the Relief Society President of her ward – the 17th Ward in the Edgemont South Stake. She was just 24 years of age less than a month ago. Joyce was also Relief Society President at that age and had also been Primary President, was married and had two children. Talented women in our family.

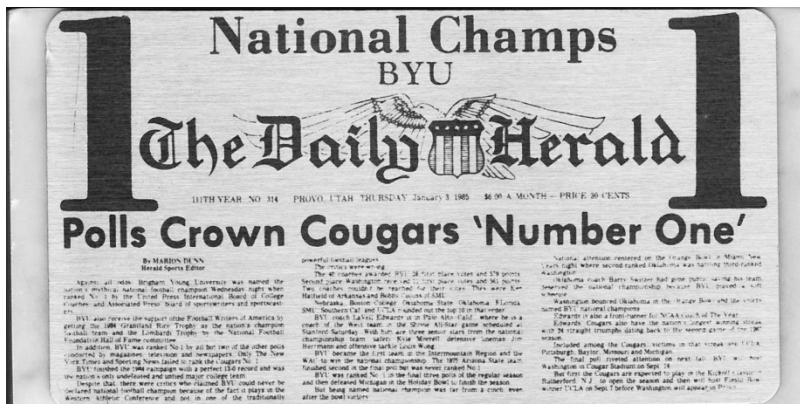
February 16th early. Last night Joyce and I went to one of the wards in the Edgemont Stake where Brother and Sister Leon Millett had invited me to speak on our book – Successful Mormon Families. It seemed to go well. The Bishop told me that it was just what some of them really needed – an upbeat, positive feeling toward family life. Today we have a child on the east coast – Jody – and one on the west coast – Johnathan.

I received two certificates for fast driving. I did not get any special prize or trophy, plaque or special dinner. Because I did not get a special award, I have quit driving fast.

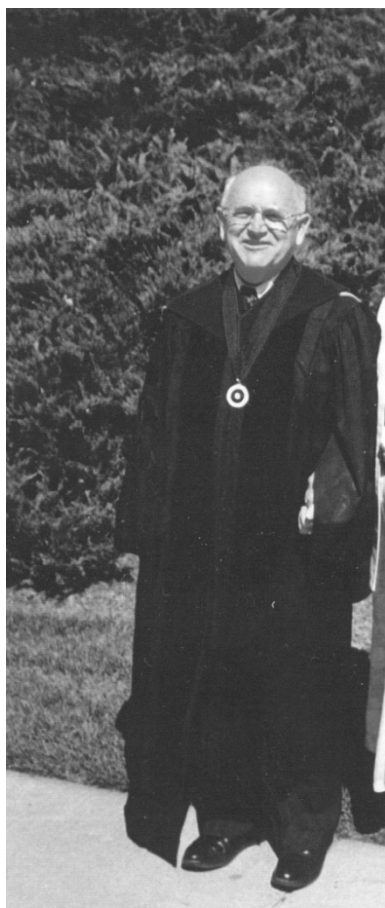


In addition to the paper weight, we also made pennants and sold them and tried to get the school to hang a big "1" from Kimball Tower, but to no avail. Afterwards they did hang a large "Y" from the west side of the business building.

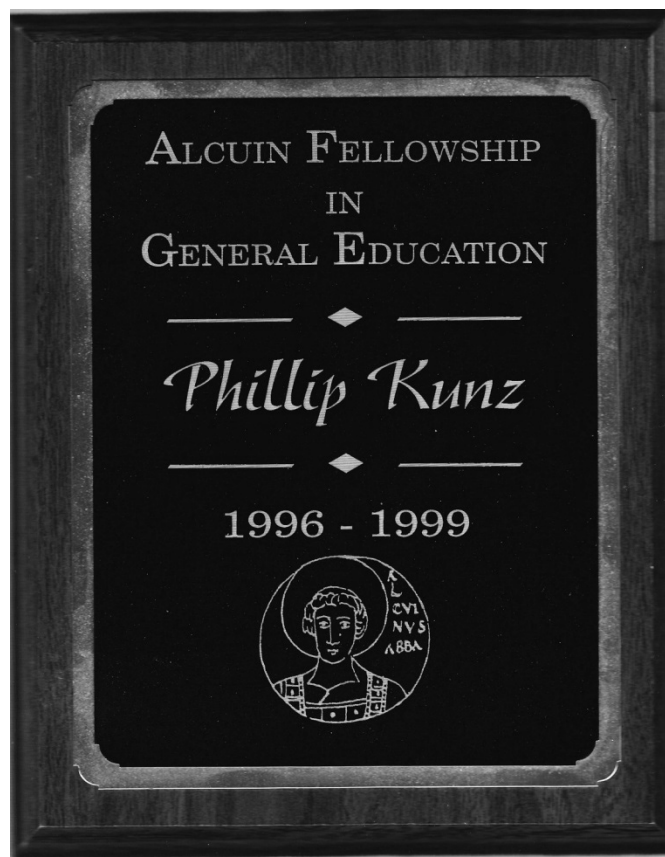
Now [2011], we are all wild about **Jimmer**, the national number one basketball player. He is a fine role model for Brigham Young University.



When BYU Football team was National Champion noone did much about it, so I got permission to use the front page of the local newspaper and made and sold these marble paperweights



This robe cost money and time to obtain



Alcuin Fellowship

February 22. Today Johnathan was presented in Sacrament Meeting to be a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood. I was able to ordain him. He is a good young man and got a good blessing. He was promised that he would preside.

March 14th. Today Johnathan did well for himself. He played the piano at a recital – sounded wonderful. Then within an hour or so he played his violin at a different recital. He is great!

April 5th Sunday. Last evening as I walked from the line, awaiting our going into the Tabernacle for priesthood meeting to the north east corner of the block to take Joyce and Jana some money, I saw Elder James E. Faust and a couple of his grandsons. I said hello to him and said, “I am Phillip Kunz, I worked on the liquor research years ago.”

“I know who you are,” he said, Elder Monson spoke of your excellent research a day or two ago.” I feel good with our research.

7 June 1987. Today I was released as a High Councilor in the Edgemont South Stake, having served some five years they say. Last night I spoke in the 1st session of Stake Conference. I left the talk I prepared on the 3 by 5 cards and gave another talk – my last as a High Councilor. President Glen Overton said that it was the best talk I have ever given. I don’t know about that, but I do know that I was short on time and gave the President some of my time.

June 28 1987. Joyce and Jody went to London for a week and it was a good event for both of them.

Jana has been marching in a few parades and has done well with it. She took 10 *1st places* and 4 *2nd places* at western regional competition. She is a talented person.

Johnathan and I went to Logan on the 20th or rather the 19th and found the grave of Rosina Klossner Kunz, my great-great grandmother. What a thrill!!! She came from the old country and accepted the gospel in Switzerland with her husband. He died in Switzerland and she came with her grandson, my grandfather, John Kunz III.

August 30 – Sunday. This week Jenifer, our eldest daughter, graduated from Brigham Young University. She has a B.S. in a double major –Spanish and sociology. Also this last week, Jody returned from New York where she has been working as a nanny.

We were not in town for either event, inasmuch as we were in Korea, Japan and the Philippines on a speaking tour for 3 weeks.

October 4, 1987. ...I was asked to be the High Priest’s Group Leader in the Edgemont 8th ward. They said they had thought of and discussed two or three men and had some doubts. As they began their meeting earlier on President Glen Overton asked each counselor and himself to write a name on a paper of who they thought should be the new leader. Each wrote my name – a name they had not discussed before.

October 25th. Today I was sustained as the High Priest group leader. Gordon Evans and Donald Gardner were chosen as assistants.

November 30, 1987. As I looked in one of my books a couple of days ago I saw one of the programs for Father's funeral. It was a fine photograph of Papa as a young man. I thought of him since he was [is] a great man. Some have said to me that he was as near perfect as man becomes on this earth. And so said they of Mother. I know first hand that they were not perfect, but I would that I could be as near there as they were. Many of the traits which they have developed through their lives are what I think to be the bottom line for the purpose of this life.

Feb 8, 1988. Austria had its Trapp family singers and Utah has its Singer family trapped. We have had a terrible tragedy – a long holdout and then the shooting of a police officer—now there will be enough problems to keep a big fleet of lawyers employed for many years to come.

March 18, 1988. Joyce's mother passed away on February 25th. She had been so ill and yet suffered through it all. The funeral was lovely. Joyce gave a tribute and did well with it. I was proud of her. Sherm talked tradition and living the gospel. Elder Marvin J. Ashton, of the Quorum of the Twelve spoke. He is a fine man.

April: Joyce and I just returned from Las Vegas where we attended the Pacific Sociological Meeting and I presented a paper.....We tried to see President Bunker but he was in court said his secretary. Turns out that he is a referee in bankruptcy court. I telephoned him in the evening. As we talked he said, "Elder Kunz, listen very carefully to what I am going to say and never forget it." I said "Alright." He said, "I love you very much and want you to know that you made me look good as a Mission President." I said that I loved him and he had a great influence on my life. He said if so the Lord had blessed us both and we should be grateful to Him. He said that he had read of me a great deal and heard from many people of my doings and that of being stalwart in the faith.

May 1, 1988. Mother's Day. Joyce is a wonderful wife and an excellent mother. She really could be Utah's or America's mother of the year. She is firm, strong, faithful, and committed. I love her. We both had wonderful mothers, as well.

26 June 1988. Last night I had a dream in which I was sitting on the floor and my father (who died some time ago) was sitting in a chair beside me. He reached down and took my hand in his and squeezed it. It was a good feeling and I sensed that he was pleased with my efforts on the book. [The Kunz book what I am working on]

October 7, 1988. Jay graduated from BYU with a Master's degree. We are proud of him. He has now gone to Austin Texas to work on a Ph.D. in German.

October 30, 1988. Last Saturday – a week ago – Johnathan got a nice two point buck a - big one that should have been 3 or 4 points. He is doing well.

One day: I spoke at the Brigham Young University Alumni College Forum Wednesday at 7 p.m., the topic was "Nineteenth Century Mormons: The Way We Really Were."

Jan 1, 1989. I am expecting this year will bring some dramatic change for us. I have believed that such a change would have come earlier, but the book needed to be completed and the impact from that pushed aside everything else. Now the book is complete and out there. What will come will come.

15 January 1989. Yesterday I shoveled some snow off the roof to expose the foot of ice that reaches in a few webs from the edge of the roof.

July 30th. Jana is in Japan...Jenifer will receive her Master's degree at the summer August commencement....Johnathan is working with Bob Rice again and is ready to put in the time after being in Germany and Switzerland the first part of June.

September 12th. A few days ago we went to Uncle Abel's funeral in Montpelier. Those who live a long time don't have such large funerals. Beyond the family there are few who remember. The associates of youth and pre-retirement are often gone already. The work associates are also gone and who is there to extol the virtues of a man?

Over the years we have been fortunate to win a few things:

- Two air tips to Germany, Greece and Israel.
- Three television sets.
- One CD player.
- Airfare to Denver.
- Use of automobile for the year.
- Various hand tools.
- Food processor.
- Set of Great Books of the Western World.
- Unabridged dictionary.

These are a few of the things we have won. The secret? Enter and if there is an entry blank to drop in the box, crinkle it good before dropping it. That makes it easier to get for the hand that reaches and only feels.

ASBYU
Academics Presents

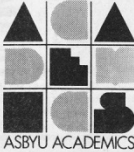


Mini-Courses
featuring

Dr. Phillip Kunz
Professor of Sociology

**“Polygamy —
Facts and Fallacies.”**

Thurs., June 1
2-4 p.m.
562 ELWC
Question and Answer Period



Fun Presentation to give



HOUSING AND DEVELOPMENT REPORTER

December 22, 1999

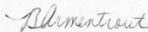
Professor Phillip R. Kunz
Department of Sociology
Brigham Young University
882 SWKT
PO Box 25396
Provo, Utah 84602-5396

Dear Raffle Winner:

Way back in October you were selected as the lucky winner of a raffle held at the HDR booth at the conclusion of the NAHRO meeting in Philadelphia.

I am pleased to enclose your free copy of the new *HDR Handbook of Housing and Development Law, 2000* edition.

I again want to thank you for visiting with me during the busy sessions, and for taking the time to enter our raffle. Please put this handbook to good use with your students and the world at large in Utah!

Sincerely,

Barbara J. Armentrout
Marketing Director, HDR

P.S. I'm also enclosing the most recent issue of *HDR Current Developments* to bring you up-to-date on the national scene in affordable housing and development.

Won a book



7576 GOODWOOD BOULEVARD | BATON ROUGE, LA 70806
800.804.9880 | PhiKappaPhi.org

25662

THE HONOR  SOCIETY OF
PHI KAPPA PHI

Dr. Phillip Ray Kunz

Chapter: Brigham Young University
Initiated: June 30, 1961
Member #: 11141004

25662

*****AUTO**MIXED AADC 630

Dr. Phillip Ray Kunz
3040 Navajo Ln.
Provo, UT 84604-4820



Thank you for being a lifetime member of The Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi!

As a lifetime member, you are entitled to all of the benefits of active membership. I encourage you to take advantage of these benefits. They include: publications, partner discounts and services, awards and scholarships, career assistance and networking, training and leadership opportunities.

Phi Kappa Phi depends on faithful members like you to keep the Society and its many award programs viable so that we can continue to honor the best college students in the nation. Your contributions help fund the Fellowship program, Study Abroad grants, Literacy grants, Emerging Scholar awards, and Love of Learning awards. You and other loyal members have helped create the most generous awards program offered by any honor society. More than \$800,000 is awarded each year to outstanding Phi Kappa Phi members and chapters through the Society's various awards competitions.

At this time, I invite you to support your local chapter through annual or lifetime chapter dues and scholarship funds and to contribute to the Phi Kappa Phi Foundation. To make a contribution, please complete the form below and return in the envelope provided. Your fully tax-deductible contribution, regardless of the amount, will be deeply appreciated.

Thank you again for your lifetime membership in Phi Kappa Phi, the nation's oldest, largest and most selective all-discipline honor society.

Sincerely yours,

Perry A. Snyder

Perry A. Snyder, Ph.D.
Executive Director

Award of Lifetime Membership in Phi Kappa Phi



The Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi
designates

Phillip R. Kunz, Ph.D.

as

*Emeritus Life Member
by vote of the Chapter at*

Brigham Young University



November 14, 2001

Dorinda E. L...
Chapter President

Susan Corke
Chapter Secretary



Through the years I have been in many places where it seemed appropriate for me to recite from memory, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears" speech from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*

This woman got her thumb caught in the door of her car and could not open the door to get it out. Two women were with her, but they could not open it either. Jana was with me and she

2/12/96

Dear Brother Kunz,

You were an answer to our prayers when you and your daughter came to our rescue and got Kathryn's thumb out of the door and then took her to the hospital.

I don't understand how the door jammed the way it did. I had to take it to an auto body shop to get it open again.

Thanks again for your help.

May the blessings of the Lord be with you.

Sincerely,
Louise Bogack

pushed with her feet from the inside and I finally had to use a tire iron to pry it open, as Jana pushed. The woman was brave about all and I left her in the Emergency Center of the hospital for the medical people to deal with.

One should not close the door until the thumb is properly removed. That is the message I get from this experience.

April 11, 1997 —

Dear Dr. Coons,

I watched you today outside your Book of Mormon class. I was impressed with what I saw. You smiled at each member of the class, acknowledging them by name. To Nancy, you applied a little positive pressure about her baptism. It was done in a loving way.

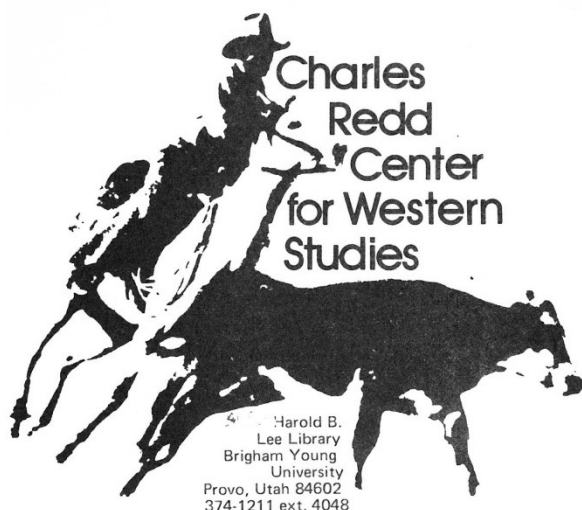
I was touched by the manner in which you expressed your concern over your students. To another young man, you handed money and said, "I'd like to contribute to your mission."

Thank you for performing these small acts of service. They touched me and made me grateful for your example.

Love,

An observer.

Be careful, you never know who is looking



MORMON COUNTRY, ITS CHARACTER AND TRADITIONS

The January lecture in our series will be presented on January 26, 1978 at 8 p.m. in A-104 Jesse Knight Building Annex by Phillip R. Kunz, of the BYU Department of Sociology. Entitled, "One Wife or Several? A Comparative Study of Late 19th Century Marriage in Utah," it will provide important insights into the nature of the Mormon family. All interested persons are cordially invited and there is no charge.

A graduate of Brigham Young University with a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, Professor Kunz taught at the University of Michigan, Eastern Michigan University, and the University of Wyoming before joining the Brigham Young University faculty in 1968. Currently Professor of Sociology and director of the Brigham Young University Institute of Genealogical Studies, he has published more than sixty articles and books, many of which have dealt with Mormon Society, and particularly with the LDS family. One of these, The Mormon Family which Professor Kunz edited, published the proceedings of the 1975 family research conference at Brigham Young University.

Professor Kunz is perhaps most popularly noted for his addition of a sense of humor to sociological perspectives. This is perhaps best illustrated by a project of several years ago when he sent Christmas cards to a large group of people selected at random in the midwest. The result was not only humorous, but provided important insights into the sociology of status and holiday observance. This lecture promises also to add both significant and humorous insights into Mormon family institutions.

Charles Redd Center for Western Studies Annual Lecture

BYU Organizes Genealogical Studies Institute

OCT-17
A new Institute of Genealogical Studies has been established within the College of Social Sciences at Brigham Young University, it was announced in mid-September by BYU President Dallin H. Oaks.

The President explained that the new Institute will have three components: (1) the teaching of genealogy in the classroom, (2) a research program which will strengthen the relationship between genealogy and the social sciences, and (3) a Genealogical Research Center, which will provide a service to the LDS community.

19 COURSES OFFERED

BYU recently discontinued offering degrees in genealogy because of lack of employment opportunities in the field. However, President Oaks stressed the fact that BYU is not de-emphasizing the subject but rather is promoting the study of genealogy on a wider base. Students are encouraged to become proficient genealogists, and 19 courses are offered in the genealogy curriculum. Many students are minoring in the subject.

"Because of the importance of genealogy in the overall LDS Church program, students at BYU should develop skills in genealogical research," President Oaks said.

DIRECTOR NAMED

Dr. Martin B. Hickman is dean of the College of Social Sciences, under which the Institute has been placed, and Dr. Phillip R. Kunz, associate professor of sociology, has been appointed director of the Institute. Jerry D. Wells is manager of the Genealogical Research Center, and Norman Edgar Wright is coordinator of the teaching program, with V. Ben Bloxham, J. Grant Stevenson, Roger C. Flick, and Carl-Erik Johansson as instructors.

In reference to a coordination of genealogy with the social sciences, Dean Hickman said that the Genealogical Library has a tremendous repository of research materials valuable not only to genealogists but also available for other kinds of social science research. He said the genealogical materials in the library have been used by scholars from other universities in studies of history, family sociology, migration, estimates of wealth, local histories, etc.

FAMILY SERVICE

The Genealogical Research Center is set up to provide service for a charge to private individuals and estates in the research of family genealogies. The work is done by trained students who are supervised by professional analysts. About 20 students are involved in the program, some working for credit and

**Appointed Director of
Genealogical Studies Institute**

Y sociologist:

Biorhythm theory 'lacks evidence'

By DENNY ROY
Staff Writer

A recent study researching the theory of biorhythms found no scientific evidence to verify the popular idea, said Dr. Phillip R. Kunz, a professor of sociology at BYU.

Kunz, who conducted the study, said proponents of the biorhythms theory ignore the evidence countering their position.

"It's sheer malarkey. You can always find someone who hit a home run with the bases loaded on a day when his biorhythms were positive, but you can also find someone who did the same thing on a negative day," he said. "In science, you've got to look at all the cases."

Theory development

Development of the theory, which explains human emotional, physical and intellectual inconsistency on the basis of three monthly-fluctuating cycles, is attributed to Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, a 19th-century German physician, Kunz said, but the idea's recent popularity has been largely because of its financial opportunity, he said.

"A lot of people are making money on it. Almost anywhere classified advertisements appear, one can find where he can get his personal biogram charted for a few dollars or more," wrote Kunz, in a summary of his findings.

Patricia Nordby, a member of the American Federation of Astrologists, said the biorhythms theory is often used in astrological consultation as a reliable aid in the prediction of marital compatibility. Nordby said the cyclical highs and lows of two prospective spouses are compared to determine their biorhythmic similarity.

"Biorhythms really work," Nordby said. "The married couples who stay together usually have high biorhythmic compatibility."

Divorced couples

Kunz said divorced couples showed a slightly higher degree of biorhyth-

mic compatibility in the 319 Swiss marriages he studied. Determining the biorhythms of each spouse from their birth dates, Kunz said he computed a compatibility index for each couple and found the divorced couples averaged a rating of 57.2, while the never-divorced couples' mean score was 53.6.

Another strategy Kunz employed was the study of death dates of individuals whose biorhythms could be surmised from their birth dates. "In support of the theory, advocates point to various examples as illustrative of biorhythm's predictability. Thus, Richard Strauss died when his physical and emotional cycles were negative," Kunz wrote.

"Illustrative examples do not really 'prove' the theory, however. If one is going to use the case of Pope Pius XII, who died on a critical day, one should also ask about other popes or a sample of them," Kunz wrote.

Utah obituaries

The biorhythm theory suggests death is more likely when the cycles are negative, Kunz said. To test this idea, he obtained a random sample of deaths from Utah obituaries. "Examination of the data indicated there were 733 positive and 761 negative cycle positions at the time of death, which is not a statistically significant difference," Kunz wrote.

The third phase of the study suggested self-fulfilling prophecy is operative in the biorhythm theory, Kunz said. "The crucial question is whether people observe what the biorhythm predicts and then become that way, or does the rhythm predict what they would have been anyway," wrote Kunz.

"People plug into biorhythms, and when they have failures, they say they can't expect to do any better because it's a negative day. In this way the biorhythm theory is used to rationalize personal failures," said Kunz.

I have always enjoyed "testing" that which *seems* to be true

The City of
Provo, Utah



George O. Stewart
Mayor

November 22, 1996

Mr. Phillip Kunz
3040 Navajo Lane
Provo, Utah 84604

Dear Mr. Kunz:

On Tuesday evening the Municipal Council approved my recommendation for your appointment to the Board of Commissioners for the Housing Authority of Provo. We appreciate your acceptance of this appointment. Your term officially begins November 20, 1996, and will end June 30, 2001. We hope you will find your participation on the Board a rewarding experience.

As you know, the Housing Authority monitors the housing needs of the low-income residents of Provo and plans and administers programs to fill those needs. As a Commissioner you will serve as a policy maker and also make necessary recommendations to achieve the goals of the Housing Authority.

Doug Carlson, Executive Director of the Housing Authority, will be in touch with you to explain more about your new duties. Again, we thank you for your willingness to serve the citizens of Provo in this manner.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "G. Stewart", with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

George O. Stewart
Mayor

cc: Doug Carlson

351 West Center Street
P.O. Box 1849

Provo Housing Authority Appointment

Provo City Housing Authority Board of Commissioners



The Provo City Housing Authority has a Board of six Commissioners appointed by the Mayor of Provo. Currently serving on our Board are:

Gregory A. Hudnall, Chairperson
Marvin Watt, Vice-Chairperson
Kathy Froerer
Phillip Kunz
Cindy Richards
Julia Jacob

The Board of Commissioners serves as the governing body of the Housing Authority. While the Executive Director is responsible for the implementation of programs and for day-to-day operations the Board of Commissioners are responsible for setting Housing Authority policy and for furthering the goals of affordable housing in the community.

provo city housing authority

4

Armed with 1960 Census data, a BYU assistant professor and an associate are preparing to explode the myths that the "rich get richer and the poor and blacks have children."

Dr. Phillip R. Kunz and Dr. Merlin B. Brinkerhoff, who is on leave this year to the University of Minnesota and Macalaster College, will present the paper, "And The Rich Get Children" to the National Council on Family Relations in Washington D.C. this week.

They also will be publishing "Differential Childlessness By Color: The Destruction of a Cultural Belief" in the "Journal of Marriage and The Family" in the future.

The presentation this week will show that while poor families have relatively more children than higher income families, the opposite is true when comparing people with the same education and occupations.

Y Sociologists Hit Offspring Myths

"In other words," stated Dr. Kunz, "a better educated and wealthier baker is likely to have more children than a poor baker. You tend to compare yourself with others of the same occupation and education and after you have purchased all that you can, you start having children or rather additional children."

Dr. Kunz and Dr. Brinkerhoff also found that the rich, as a group, have a lower rate of childless couples than the poor, as a group.

The statistics gathered by the two men show that for families with income under \$4000, 16 per cent had no children. Families with incomes under \$7000 have a rate of 12.7 per cent childless couples.

Childless couple percentages



DR. KUNZ

continue to decrease slightly as income rises, until for the income bracket for \$10,000 per year or more the childless rate is only 11.1 per cent.

Dr. Kunz and Dr. Brinkerhoff have developed several possible

reasons for this decrease in childlessness as the income rises.

"First of all, the poor have poorer nutrition," stated Dr. Kunz, "which could effect them getting pregnant to begin with." "Secondly, their rate of miscarriage is higher when they do get pregnant than the wealthier group."

"The poor also have a higher rate of venereal disease and thus a higher rate of sterility than the rich. The rich further have an advantage in that with their money and education, they can get help from a doctor and simply know to go to a doctor if they are childless."

Finally, many times to get ahead, the poorer couples will just not have children because of the drain of their income."

For the study to be presented

in the "Journal" soon, Dr. Kunz and Dr. Brinkerhoff point out that non-white couples have a higher rate of childlessness than white couples.

For example, for wives between 35 and 54 years old in the U.S., the rate of childless couples for whites is only 12.7 per cent while non-white couples have a rate of 21.6 per cent.

Dr. Kunz said that there were several practical values to the research that he and Dr. Brinkerhoff had undertaken.

"To begin with, this new information should be aired," he explained. This data is contrary to what most people believe. Secondly, this lack of information breeds discrimination concerning non-whites. Too often people simply believe the saying 'Everyone knows the Negroes have a lot of kids!' It's not always true, and our research shows that."

Daily Universe

Nov. 13, 1969

Front Page -

BYU Professor Elected To Population Study Unit

Brigham Young University sociology professor Phillip R. Kunz has been elected to an international population study organization.

The International Union for the Scientific Study of Population, headquartered in Belgium, includes worldwide population experts who share papers and findings and hold consultation with such organizations as the World Health Organization (WHO), UNESCO and the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, according to Dr. Kunz. Members are elected by the association membership.

"The organization works to stimulate research on population and develop interest in population balance and its capacity for expansion or decline," he

said.

Dr. Kunz added that it also fosters positive relations between those involved in population studies and dissemination of scientific knowledge.

"I feel that I can bring a unique perspective to this organization," said the sociologist. "There are many in this discipline who think we are past doomsday. I hope to bring a more rational approach to this study," he stressed.

Dr. Kunz has been active in demographic (population study) research, particularly in the areas of marriage, fertility and morality. He is currently involved in research on the relationship between birthdays and death days.

Many topics were of interest to me and pursuit of these topics provided me with many wonderful opportunities around the world

Mission Call

Sept 22, 1989. Last night was a hard to sleep night! Yesterday we got a "don't worry about it, but please come to see Elder Faust meeting – you and your wife." We thought of a lot of alternative reasons for such an invitation. Our appointment was for 11:30 a.m. We circled the block, having missed the entrance to the underground parking, but connected with the east drive. We announced ourselves to the Security desk and watched him check his book of appointments and call Elder Faust's secretary. On the way up we saw a few people but contrasted the vacant halls when I had been there earlier in years past on various occasions. [The time was when there was little security and one could enter without an invitation and seek out what one was there for. That is no longer possible because of some out there who are *crazy with hate* for the Church and all that it stands for.]

We were greeted by a secretary who opened Elder Faust's door and said we were there. She said to go right in. Elder Faust shook hands with a "Sister Kunz, how are you?" He then called me Phil and remembered the work we had done together some years ago, before he was a General Authority. The meeting was introduced by the reading of a letter from Elder Hunter, President of the Quorum of the Twelve, instructing him to talk with us re: what I have felt for some time. [I remembered the dreams I had about being a mission president.]

We had a fine visit and were told to act as if nothing had happened as he has been interviewed two times to be a Mission President, and nothing happened until his call to be a General Authority.

October 8th 1989. Last night we got a great call from Jay, reporting that thy have a new little daughter – Rachel Kunz, is to be her name. We are pleased to now be grandparents of a grandson and a granddaughter. We are thankful that Rebecca is well and that they are doing good.

Oct 25th. Last Wednesday I was in Seattle for the NAHRO [housing] Annual Meeting. While there, the earthquake quaked in California and it was a terrible loss of life and property but I think just a taste of what is to come before the great and dreadful day of the Lord. While I was there Joyce was called to be a counselor in the [Edgemont South] Stake Relief Society.

Nov 12th. Johnathan got his mission call to the Germany Munich Mission. He will report early in February.

Saturday, December 16th 1989. Thursday, the 14th came a memo in my box at school which said for me to call Brother Hardy at the office of the First Presidency. The brother Hardy was Ken Hardy's son, who was in the psychology department at BYU, and he said that President Hinckley wanted to know if we could go to Salt Lake so he could talk with Joyce and me at 2:30 on Friday. Of course we could make it! We assumed that it had something to do with Elder Faust's interview of the 22nd of August.

We drove under the Church Office Building into the parking garage and then went to his office. Vernon Tipton was just going down the hall. He is the President at the Jordan Center. He greeted us and asked us if I wanted to lecture at the Jordan Center, not really knowing that our next three years would be filled with a number of appointments.

President Hinckley said, "Come in, Sister Kunz. How are you Phil? It has been a long time since I saw you." He visited a little and then called us to preside as Mission President. He asked that we tell no one except our family until it will be announced in the Church News. He will see President Rex Lee on Monday and tell him first, as a courtesy, and then we will receive a formal written letter to call us in a couple of weeks.

I responded that I would do whatever he asked and he said, "I know you would." He then asked Joyce and she said she was overwhelmed. He recalled our early work together when I worked for the Church and an *ad hoc* Committee on the *liquor by the drink issue* in Utah. He said that it was not over yet as we knew it wouldn't be at the time..... We had a good, short visit and he said he was leaving that night to go to Las Vegas for the temple dedication. As we stood to leave he shook our hands and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "The Lord bless you."

December 29th. All of our family were together in the kitchen as I read the letter [calling us to our assignment]. There were a few tears, tons of joy. After I finished Matthew, who is not yet three said, "That was a good meeting."

Jan 28th [1990] Today was Johnathan's farewell. The program in Sacrament Meeting was especially wonderful - all of the family participating, except for Jay who was in Texas. He spoke well – being more like a returned missionary than one just about to leave.

9 April 1990. Yesterday I called Naomi. She was wonderful. Saturday she had an interview with Elder Pinegar and he, acting under the direction of the First Presidency, restored her blessings. I was so happy for her. My joy was full when she said that Elder Pinegar showed so much love and as they knelt to ask the Lord's will there was a great manifestation of the Spirit.

27 May 1990. Yesterday we (Joyce, Jody, Jenifer and I took some flowers to Kaysville to place upon the graves of her parents, Homer, Harriet and some ancestors. Jenifer then returned to Provo and the three of us went to Logan where we placed a plant on the grave of my great-great grandmother, with her little tombstone. What a family she left behind. [Each year we try to visit the graves and make sure they are alright and put some flowers on them.

16 June 1990. On the 14th I was set apart to preside over the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission by Elder James E. Faust, Apostle of the Lord. He said, among other things, "The Lord is pleased with you for great service in many capacities. You are now the legal head of the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission. I bestow all of these keys upon you. You now have all of the gifts of the Spirit."

Joyce was set apart by Elder Gardner Russell of the Seventy. He set her apart as the companion of the Mission President, as a missionary, and blessed her that, "You will be near your family. I bless the members of your family and bless those you meet. You will now worry about your family while on your mission."

18 June 1990. There were three farewells for Mission Presidents yesterday in our ward building. Next Sunday will be the fourth. We had a packed building—choir seats and a row of chairs along the back and up the aisle. Many of our sociology people, relatives and friends were there, and at the house afterwards. The children did well with their talks and in addition Jody with her music. Jenifer read a letter from Jay and Jana did one from Johnathan. Joyce spoke well and had great composure. I felt good about my talk.

So today we pack the bedroom so the girls can begin to move about a little and prepare for their stay here.

Mission President Days in the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission

I will only include a few of my comments on the mission to give a flavor of what went on there.

Baton Rouge, LA, June 22, 1990.

We are now over three weeks into the mission, so I will begin to relate something of our activities. We have found ourselves very busy - we have not yet unpacked everything - and we are very much involved in the missionary work.



Jody came out on the 29th of June, as she had an economy ticket from having obtained an American Express Card in college, which entitled her to two discount tickets to be used during the year, each of which had some restrictions. As we arrived, we were met by Jody and by President and Sister Barker. The Barkers came from and are returning to Oregon, where he has retired as the Vice President of Cost Less Stores. They had already made Jody feel welcome and there they all were with the Mission Van, ready to pick up us, our suitcases, and boxes and deliver us to the Mission Home.

We went to a fast food place and had some chicken and beans. We then went to the Mission Office and met the staff, a wonderful couple, two missionaries who take care of the ordering, history, and shipping of supplies, and our two Assistants to the President. There was a round of picture taking as the outgoing President said "goodbye" and the new one said "hello."

Sister Kunz and Jody went with Sister Barker to figure out the Mission Home and the two Presidents spent the afternoon working in the office making the transition.

We had dinner with Barkers and then President Barker and I returned to the office to complete the transition. Sunday we went to Church and then began to unpack.

During the following week, we had two groups of missionaries, with about half of the zones in each group so we could meet them and they us.

We have been very busy with moving in and a round of Zone Conferences. We have ten zones and we are with each most of one day. In addition, speaking in various meetings and just taking care of planning for the missionary work takes a great deal of time, but I suppose that part of it will come easier as time goes on.

Everything is very green and lush. It is not uncommon for it to be clear in the morning, cloud up and rain **very hard** for an hour or so in the middle of the day, and then sort of clear up again in the evening.

Our missionaries are wonderful! We have seen some come in and some leave already. Yesterday we got three elders and one sister who have not got visas yet, consequently they will be with us for two days to six months - who knows? The sister is going to France, two of the elders to Brazil and one to Spain. We have several missionaries who are in an area where they teach in Spanish so that will work out alright. The two going to Brazil may find it a little tougher.



Today we went about ten miles away and the four of us spoke in the Denham Springs Ward. They have a good ward and the blacks and whites are rather well integrated. Tonight I have a meeting at 5:00 in another stake to meet with the Stake Presidency about the missionary work in his stake.

Joyce has been very busy. Wednesday we had new missionaries come in so she prepared a wonderful dinner for them, after which we had a testimony meeting. They stayed here in the home for the night. The next day was transfer day so missionaries came and went all day from various parts of the mission. That night we had another dinner for the missionaries going home. There were about 20 or so each night to cook for. Friday morning we put the old missionaries on the plane and then Joyce prepared a desert for the people who were coming here for a cottage meeting that night. **[All of the group were Black members, except for the two missionaries and us. At the beginning of the meeting, which the missionaries had arranged to help strengthen the black members more, one of the elders asked the members to introduce themselves. The first one started with, "I am ___ and I am black." The rest of them laughed a bit but then each of them introduced themselves in the same manner beginning with, "I am a black member..." When it got to Elder Craig Kaluhikaua, one of the missionaries who**



President and Sister Harris of Plaquemine, Louisiana Branch. They met us in the MTC and invited us to their home for dinner when we got to Louisiana

organized the meeting, he said, "I am Elder Kaluhikaua and I am a brown member from Hawaii." At that point one of the black members spoke up and said, "Oh, Elder Kaluhikaua, you know you are a spook like the rest of us." Joyce and I thought that they members were self assured and integrated. It was great.]

We ate a pancake and then worked in the mission office until about 1:30, when we left to pick up the no-visa missionaries. We oriented them and took them to the

home where they were to have dessert and then leave for their places. Somehow our communication got mixed up so Joyce, on the spur of the moment, prepared an excellent dinner and then we sent them off. Today we spoke in the ward and now it is now. In the morning we have 22 missionaries coming for Zone Leaders Training Meeting for a five or six hour meeting, which will be interrupted for lunch, which Joyce has and is preparing. They will leave at about 3:30 and then twenty-two older missionaries, mostly couples, will come in for dinner and a meeting Monday night, sightseeing half a day on the 24th and then a testimony meeting in the afternoon. The following morning the Zone Conferences begin again. As Joyce speaks at each, she gets extra to do. That, of course, does not account for the sheets to wash, beds to keep prepared, and other things such as food shopping, preparing, and cooking, washing and ironing and answering the telephone. In addition we write letters home regarding each entering and leaving missionary. Special problems are dealt with in the night at times and sometimes with extra travel.

July 17th 1990

Did some work in the office, completed the transfers, and then Elder Wilson and I left for Cutoff to see Elder Peterson. I interviewed him while I send Elder Wilson and Elder Johnson off to get us a hamburger. I got him to commit to stay in the mission field. As I had already done the paper work for transferring him, I told him that. We had prayer together and I told him that I was somewhat overwhelmed with the mission work and needed a blessing. I thought it would be good for him to service someone else. He gave me a blessing in which he promised me the added insight to make the proper transfers and to help the missionaries work through their difficulties.

As we returned home I went back to the office and called his much relieved mother. Joyce and I then went to the airport to pick up Jana, who will be with us for a while. We got lost going and coming as there are no mountains to help orient us.

July 18th I worked in the office early on. I wrote a note to Carol, daughter of Evan Peterson, who lost her husband in an airplane crash. Also this morning I called Jack and Karen Brotherson to express our love. They had a car accident, swerving to miss a deer, and their son who has just been home from a mission a couple of years, was killed and his funeral is today.

The new missionaries came into the airport and we picked them up, oriented them, interviewed them and I assigned them a new companion, but did not tell them until the next morning. We had a testimony meeting with them. They are great.

July 19th Today the missionaries were in the office off and on all day as it was our first transfer day. The new missionaries had been here the night before and the old ones came in, starting just before noon. I interviewed each one of them, discussing their missions with them, giving them a final instructions and advice for their future lives. The missionaries were great. I knelt with each one and asked them to pray. At the end of the 30 to 40 minute interview I interviewed each for a temple recommend and then knelt again to pray, this time I said the prayer.

Sister Kunz had prepared a wonderful meal and we all ate together - our family, the outgoing missionaries: Sister Susan Allen, Elders James Tucker, Raul Casares, David Reiche, Todd Balling, and Spencer Heward, the Diamonds - George and Jessie, who are our office couple, and

the Assistants. After dinner we visited a little and then Sister Kunz cut Elder Balling's hair, which needed it prior to his going home. As she was cutting the hair I saw that he needed his shoes polished so I got down on the floor and polished his shoes - We would have been embarrassed to send him home the way his hair and shoes looked.

We had a testimony meeting with them and each bore our testimony. They have been good missionaries. I love them.

Owen, my brother, called early in the morning and sang happy birthday to me. He is great. The missionaries gave me a sign for my front license plate. GLBRM Seek the Spirit President Kunz, all in color. I had no idea that they were doing that. It was special for them to do. My children gave me an alligator head and some after shave potion. Jenifer send a card and also called me in the evening. Johnathan had also written to me. Joyce worked hard all day getting the meals ready. I had a good birthday.



President Phillip R. Kunz and Sister Joyce Sheffield Kunz -
Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission

20 July The missionaries left early this morning. We left the home for the airport at 5:00. I then worked in the office for most of the day. We will be getting four missionaries without visas tomorrow. My wife was looking for a switch. Elders Roberts and Wilson, my assistants, put some kind of red junk in the shower heads to vex the going home missionaries. As it turns out, my wife had to clean one of the showers and I had to clean the other one. We may both use the *switch* on them. After it dried and set it was pretty time consuming to get it all off. We talked with them and that will not happen again.

Tonight we had a cottage meeting at our home and had about 30 or 35 people. One of the missionaries, Elder Wilhelm, gave the lesson and we had a good discussion. My wife had made her ice cream desert and it was great.

Sister Kinikini abandoned her two companions and went off with a member. I think that they had had some kind of misunderstanding and I caught the brunt

of it. She called later on tonight and I told her to get things together so she could be a missionary, doing some effective work for the Lord.

21 July We had one sister and three elders come this afternoon while they are waiting to obtain their visas to go to other missions. Because of my miscommunication, Joyce had to work extra hard to come up with a dinner for them at the last minute. She is burdened at the moment with meals for various things, in addition to some regular work and speaking assignments. I will try to be more careful with the assignments and invitations that we accept.

Early this morning over a hundred balloons rose into the air for a big competition that they are having here. Joyce and I went out to take a few photos. As we stopped by the side of the road in one of the housing areas, Elder Brooks came running over and said they were at a member's home. The member was Brother Easley, whose sister married Eddie Kunz, who had been a missionary earlier on in the south. After returning home, he met and married her. They had prepared some breakfast for the cub scouts and were in the process of eating and watching the balloons when two of them landed in their yard. The boys were given short rides in the balloon and the crew was given breakfast and some copies of The Book of Mormon with the names of the cubs, leaders, and missionaries in them.

The new referrals coming from the Church now have information that makes the processing somewhat easier. I had called about getting this changed, so as to save us time here in the mission field and the change was already in the works. I am now in the process of getting some more of the kinks out of the plan here in our own mission so that we can process these referrals more rapidly. The referrals are mostly from spots on TV, ads in magazines, and from visitor centers. I hope to see some baptisms coming from this effort.

22 July Dirk left at 7:00 this morning to return home to Washington D.C. area. They have had a good time together - Jody and Dirk. We are about to go to Denham Springs to speak in Sacrament Meeting. We did go and had a good time. The girls bore their testimonies and Joyce spoke on her Grandfather's missionary experience and I tried to build relationships of trust and bear my testimony, but the time was very short by the time I got at it. Tonight I had a meeting with the Baton Rouge Stake Presidency and Bishops. All went well and I thought they ended my friends, although they had some tough questions that I had to treat.

23 July During the night I got a call from Elder Signs indicating that he had taken Elder Leavitt to the hospital for a possible appendectomy. I made some calls about that. As it turns out, he was later released without the operation.

We had all of the Zone Leaders in for a Zone Leaders' Training Meeting. It was wonderful. The Zone Leaders are a real strength in our mission. Sister Kunz fed them well and also spoke well on the topic of personal righteousness. Elder Wilson spoke on the Missionary Training Cycle and Elder Roberts on How to Teach the Investigators how to feel the Spirit. I dealt with planning and some general questions.

About an hour after the Zone Leaders left all of our couples came except for the Martins. As he has been ill, they decided to remain there and rest. We had a wonderful dinner, which Sister Kunz prepared, and then had time for them to share their experiences. Israel Heaton worked us up first and entertained us for a while. He really has a gift for that! Sister Edwards and Hoyt also joined us. Sister Hoyt just got out her on her mission, but already asked a woman for baptism on

the 2nd discussion and got a commitment. I pray that it goes through for them. She is wonderful - and 80 years old and worried about pulling her fair share.

24 July We went to the Nottaway Plantation this morning and then toured the capital building. Sister Hoyt gave a woman a copy of The Book of Mormon and then got the address. She is a **great** missionary. I was going to take a photo of the group and a young black woman asked if she could take a photo for us. I said yes and gave her my camera. Sister Hoyt came right over and started talking about The Book of Mormon and did some great missionary work.

We had a wonderful testimony meeting with the couples this afternoon and they left for their separate assignments. They seemed to really be thrilled with the conference. I was happy that we decided to do it as some of them are going home very soon.

Elder P send me a letter and has me worried. He has indicated that he has thought of suicide and I don't know whether he is really feeling that way or if he is trying to get sent home. They have a baptism lined up for Thursday night and I will see him on Friday at Zone Conference so I hope to have a good talk with him at that time.

July 28 Yesterday we had Zone Conference in Kenner. The Zone is in good shape generally.

July 29th The days are going so fast that I can't believe it. Today I took Elder Bingham who finally got here from the MTC, after two operations on his knee, and he is ready to work. He came in while we were at Zone Conference so I took him with me to West Bank where I interviewed a woman for baptism. I had to go down because she had had an abortion. As it turns out, the abortion took place over twenty five years ago. She was from Guatemala. She is a sweet woman and needs the burden to be lifted from her after this long time. She is going to come unto Christ tomorrow through the waters of baptism.

Worked in the office for a while and then ran a few errands with the family.

I have found out that Sister K and J had terrible telephone bills, over \$500 per month during the past couple of months. They have made calls all over the world. It is no wonder the Spirit of the Lord has withdrawn from their work. Sister J went home early with medical problems and now I am trying to salvage Sister K. Sister P continues to have problems and part of it is that she is now working and not keeping the rules as well. She needs to exercise more faith. I hope that I get her to work.

note: [Part of my journal is in my journal and part here. It just depends on where I am and when I get the time to write]

Sunday the 29th Today we went to Plaquemine and all four of us spoke at Sacrament Meeting. We attended the rest of the meetings and then we went to President Harris' home and Sister Harris prepared a wonderful meal for us. We had a good time visiting and eating. I have never seen watermelon cut so large.

This is the Brother and Sister who visited us at the MTC. We just had a delightful time with them and with Elder and Sister Heaton who were there for dinner as well.

Monday the 30th Worked in the office today. I helped get the zip code file in order so we could process the referrals easier and more accurately. We had a staff meeting early on, and then I talked with the New Orleans Stake President re: Gregerson. The Branch President called me last night late to talk about the problem in LaPlace. I hope that we can soon get it all cleared up.

It was a busy and full day. Elder Davis will go home next Tuesday and Wednesday to be sworn in as a citizen of the U.S. I can not believe that the government would not let him do it closer here. Such is the bureaucracy.

Tuesday the 31st Zone Conference in Baton Rouge West today. Everything went fine. Brother Rencher from the Church Office, in charge of the Church fleet was visiting in the afternoon so I had him speak for a few minutes. Sister Kunz was cut in the time she had as a consequence. Afterwards we went out to order some stationery for Joyce to write parents, missionaries etc.

I feel badly that some of the missionaries are wasting away their time here on their mission. It is too bad that they can't see the significance of it. Tonight I am trying to get the arrangements made for the four young missionaries coming up here from Slidell Stake on next Sunday or Monday.

Wednesday the 1st. Zone Conference in Baton Rouge East today. This is a large Zone as it includes the office staff and some of the couples. We had a good meeting and tried to get the missionaries enthused about the finding methods, and especially the new form to be used with members. We are hopeful that the direction will soon be turned.

In the afternoon Sister Perkins told me that she wanted to go home. The doctor told her that her problem was all emotional, but she refuses to believe that. She thinks that she is very ill and that she is slowly dying. I think that she is just wanting to be gone from here. I will meet with her tomorrow. I called her Stake President at home and alerted him that she is near his door. I have a couple of things yet to try and then the decision will be hers.

Elder Peterson also called and thanked me for sending him to LaPlace and then hit me with a bombshell that he also wanted to go home at the next transfer. I told him that I needed him in the office as I was short handed. He will think of it for a little while and then respond.

Today is Jana's birthday. We had Elders Roberts, Wilson, Steele, and Nelson over for dinner, which we ate in the formal dining room. Joyce prepared a good meal, which we enjoyed. Elder Steele ate several helpings; I can't believe his appetite!

Aug 2 This morning I dropped Jody and Jana off in Walker with the sisters there so they could do splits with them today. I think that they sort of excited to be there with them and to see how the missionary really works out there in the field.

Aug 4 Saturday Arranged for Sister Perkins to go home on medical leave. She left this morning. I worked with the assistants on the transfer board for a while and then took the girls and Mom for a ride to LSU, to lunch at Popeys, and to the state capital building.

Sister Perkins had decided to go home, but Brother Arnold helped me steer her to a medical leave. I hope that she will come back.

Elder Peterson came up with his companion to see me, and to tell me that he was going home. I told him he couldn't because I needed him to be a leader in a district. He left saying he would stay with me. Just a couple of hours later on he called me back to say that he was going home and that he was tired to doing what his parents wanted him to do. He has switched positions about ten times now and I am not knowing what to do with him. Missionary Department, HELP.

Aug 6 Monday We held Zone Conference in Alex West today. They are doing well and generally are working hard. After conference we went to dinner in order to take Elder and Sister Dormon, who are leaving the mission on the 12th to return to Canada. They were to leave on the 14th, but to do so would have been difficult closing down the apartment and they did not want to begin another rent month. We had invited them down to the mission home with the other leaving missionaries, but they have a large motor home and car to tow so they did not want to drive all the way down and then back. I think that it also fit into their arriving home schedule better. We took the Assistants, two elders riding with them to Zone Conference, Elders Van Sheer and Zander. It was good for them to go with us.

Aug 7 Tuesday Today we had Zone Conference in Alexander East. The Zone is in top notch shape. Today and yesterday I have spent a good amount of time talking with Elder Peterson, who is bound and determined to go home, much to my dismay. We have talked with the Mission Department, his Stake President, his parents and over and over him. He has scheduled his departure and bought his ticket.

Both of the couples in Alex East Zone have just baptized. We are so proud of them. The Bells had met with a family that had an inactive mother and twin daughters who were old enough for baptism. They met with the Grandpa who had been inactive for 30 years and invited him to prepare his life so that he could baptize his granddaughters. He at first declined and then decided to shape up his life. As he went to testimony meeting he bore his testimony and had a difficult time but did so. While he was in Priesthood Meeting the Branch president began to tell the other brethren about his just completed vacation when the Grandpa spoke up and said, "Look, I have fasted for the first time in 30 years and I think we should move on to a more important topic." I love it.

At the same time the Bells were meeting with another woman whose granddaughter was visiting and they gave her a copy of The Book of Mormon, taught her, took her to Church, etc. She bore testimony in Sacrament Meeting and thinks very deeply about the Church. They baptized her.

At the end of the day Elder and Sister Bell were "pumped." As they returned home they got a call from their son who had married a Korean woman and she had joined the Church soon after their marriage but both were rather inactive. He announced to his parents that they were going to go to

the Temple and be sealed as a family. What blessings for them. Being on a mission does bring blessings of various kinds.

Elder and Sister Stewart had baptized a Salt Lake referral in a matter of ten days since going to meet her.

At the end of the day we returned to Baton Rouge, visited with our children (Jay and Becky and their children Matthew and Rachel are with us for a short visit), opened the mail, signed reports and checks and then had a call that Elder Howten's Grandmother had died. I attempted to call him starting about 6:30 and from then until 12:30. I was very worried about them. In the meantime I had the bike missionaries in the same town calling everyone and the hospital etc. I was really worried. They had been to a man's teaching and he got off on the Middle East and last days and had kept them too long. My guess is that after I spoke with them, they will not do that again. The missionaries need to be in at 9:30 unless there is a legitimate reason and their leaders have approved it.

8th Had Elders Johnson and Darby come into the office today for some interviews. They have quit working and are not on the plan. I am hopeful that I can get a little more out of them with some transfers, but we shall see. In the afternoon we took Jay and Becky and their family to see the Rosedown Plantation. I think that they enjoyed it. We have not had the time to do things with them as we would have liked to do.

ZZZZ

Thursday: 9th Zone Conference in Slidell. We had a great conference and came home feeling blessed. The Missionaries there are motivated, although the sisters have been feeling a little down because of the illness during the past month of Sister Crossley. I am hopeful that she will soon be on the mend. The sisters over there provided a great dinner for us - too much really. They are great and I hope that we thank them enough for their kindness.

Tonight we have played a few games with the children as they are leaving tomorrow for Texas. Jody will leave on Saturday and Jenifer is coming on Sunday night.

Friday 10th Zone Conference in Denham Springs. We had a good conference. Most of the missionaries are doing well and interested in the work. Elder Wutkee was acting like a nerd, as did Sister Malloy, who was sitting near him. In general, the missionaries are working, however. Those in the mission who work do well and feel good, while the others are having a difficult time and either can't wait to go home or just try to sit it out. I feel badly that they are willing to waste the Lord's time as they do.

Saturday, the 11th We put Jody on the plane early this morning and then worked some more on the transfer board, as the Assistants and I had started last night. Today I have to go to New Orleans to check on one of the sisters. She was somewhat depressed and needed a blessing. We had a good day.

Sunday, the 12th Today the missionaries in the Zone sang at both Baton Rouge wards. Joyce and I sang with them although we had only practiced with them this morning at 7:30. As a consequence we were in the Stake Center from 7:30 until 4:15. The music went well. We met

some more of the saints from the other ward and that was good also. After Church we went to an open house for Elder Roberts who is going on a mission to Holland. Joyce took some cookies for them and we met Bishop Roberts' parents who are not members of the Church, but wonderful people.

Also we met a young couple there who were just married recently. He had been a member - on and off activity - for a while and was living with the girl when the missionaries contacted them. They got them married and tonight said that she wants to be a member. Elder Kaluhikaua introduced them to me and I told him to baptize them tonight. She didn't say anything, but in a few minutes Elder K came and asked me whether she could be baptized tomorrow night. She had had one discussion. Elder K is going home on Tuesday or rather on Wednesday morning. I told him to give her the rest of the discussions tonight and tomorrow and if she was worthy to baptize her. I also asked him to talk with the Bishop about it and then I did as well. Since they had been living together the bishop was concerned, and rightly so, that she needed to repent of the living together and be in tune that way with the Spirit. We will just see what happens tonight and tomorrow.

President Baker of the Alexandria Stake called to invite me speak in Stake Conference next Sunday, but to also be with them on Saturday night. I accepted and then as we spoke about the stake he indicated that many of the bishoprics are dissolving as the men are called to the Middle East due to the problems over there. As we talked about Natchez, Mississippi he said that he was in a meeting there and voiced that it appeared that the elders must have pronounced a priesthood curse on the area at one time. One of the older women there, who has since passed away, indicated that indeed that had happened in about 1912 or so. Under the direction of the Area Presidency President Baker cast Satan out of the area and rededicated it for missionary work some time ago. I asked him for a copy of the meeting, which was held out on an old Indian mound, which Sister Kunz and I plan to visit some time. I indicated to President Baker that we ought to reinstate the missionary program there then, to which he agreed.

It is now 8:15 and we will soon leave for the airport to pick up Jenifer, who will visit with us for a while.

Monday the 13th The new missionaries came in and we picked them up at the airport and brought them to the office for orientation and then to the mission home to spend the night and eat. Elders Littlefield, Hope, Anderson, and Eddington came from the MTC and they were joined by Sister Blalock, who is awaiting a visa and by Elder Bingham who has been here for a while, following his knee surgery.

Tuesday the 14th We had transfers all day and I interview those missionaries going home. They are great elders and most have been leaders and the mission will miss them a lot. Tomorrow we go to Atlanta and I have to prepare for an upcoming Mission Tour by Elder Curtis.

Wednesday the 15th Sent the old missionaries off for home. They are wonderful. Sister Kunz and I then left by air for Atlanta for a training meeting with the Area Presidency.

Thursday the 16th From 8:00 to 5:00 we trained and then had a dinner together at 6:00. It was great to see the Area Presidency and also the other Mission Presidents and their wives, who we had been in the Missionary Training Center with. We had an enjoyable day in which we obtained many new ideas to further our work here.

Detailed notes of the conference are in my loose-leaf binder.

Friday the 17th We completed the session and as we awaited for time to go back to the airport we met some of the Regional Representatives who were coming into Atlanta for a meeting from around the area. We had a extra time for a visit in more depth with President and Sister Johnston. They are great and full of ideas too.

Saturday the 18th We are about to leave this afternoon for a conference in Alexandria with the Stake. We will meet with them tonight and then I will speak tomorrow in the main session - probably Joyce as well.

It has been great to have Jenifer here with us. We have left her alone here in the Mission Home while we were in Atlanta, but plan to have her with us up there.

We attended the evening session of Stake Conference. It was a wonderful session. I am impressed with the Stake President. After the session two small girls - probably two and four - sang "I am a Child of God." I was impressed.

Sunday the 19th Joyce and I both spoke in Stake Conference. I thought that it went very well. We then had a little lunch and attended a baptism. It was a fine experience up there. When we returned home we went to a mission open house for Elder Long. He is going to the Ogden, Utah mission.

Monday the 20th We had the Zone Leaders Conference at the Mission Home where we presented some materials relevant to the Zone Leaders responsibilities. Sis Hoyt came in about 4:30 for a conference with me relative to a program she is writing for some group teaching. It seems to be pretty good and I think that it will be of value.

Tuesday the 21st

Worked on various office and household concerns

Wednesday the 22nd Zone Conference at New Orleans. This is a good Zone, but lacks some of the fire needed to get the job done. We had dinner with the Holman's tonight and then visited with the Wimmers for a while as they lived next door to the Holmans. Earlier on Joyce and I inspected a couple of apartments. They were fairly grim.

Thursday the 23rd Zone Conference at West Bank. A Good Zone but they also need to work a little more. We also looked at a couple of apartments there.

Friday the 24th

Stayed both the previous nights near the Airport in New Orleans. Today we had Zone Conference at Kenner. It went well. During this round of Zone Conferences I am interviewing all of the missionaries and we are using a new scripture challenge round that involves more of the members of the Zone. It works better in my way of looking at things.

Saturday the 25th We took Jenifer to the airport early in the morning and tonight will be our second night alone in the mission home, as we have had daughters and Jay and his family here off and on all summer for which we are very thankful. It has been fun although we have had little time for them to visit etc.

Spend the day writing letters to the Stake Presidencies and also to invite them and their wives to the mission home for dinner in September.

Sunday the 26th Joyce and I spoke in the First Ward Sacrament Meeting. It went well but there was not much time to develop my thoughts as I wanted to. Joyce did well and cooked a good - no a great - meal. We had the Assistants over for dinner as they seldom get invited out. We also had the nearest missionaries to us - those who live about three blocks away and they was plenty for all of us.

Tonight I have a meeting at the Stake regarding missionary work and also Public Communications. After that Sister Kunz will host and speak to a youth group at the mission home.

Monday the 27th Zone Conference in Baton Rouge West today. It went well.

Tuesday the 28th Zone Conference in Baton Rouge East today. All is well.

Wednesday the 29th Worked in the office today, signing checks and working on some letters. Joyce and I also spent some time thinking about the President's book and the transfer board. She is going to redo it for me.

Thursday the 30th Some interviews and work in the office and running errands.

Friday the 31st Zone Conference in Lafayette today. This is a good zone. We had a fine conference. Elder and Sister Martin, who labor out there, are about to go home and their mission has been a little rough. They felt that the previous president had little time or concern with them. Elder Martin said that they wished they were just beginning their mission with us. He is rather shy and quiet.

He told me how one of the veil workers in the temple "got after him" rather harshly for not knowing what to say. He didn't go to the temple for twelve years on account of it, although he got his temple recommend each year. What a pity. He recognizes that he should have risen above it, but was too shy and offended. At the close of the interview I hugged him and told him that I loved him and he wept.

Elder Martin told us of being in an accident in which his neck was broken. He saw himself in the accident from above and knew that he was in the process of death. He asked the Lord to permit him to stay on earth and promised that if such were the case, he would devote his time to the service of the Lord. Elder Martin was a miner in Colorado and after retiring he went to the Bishop and told him that he did not want to go on a mission and that he did not want the Bishop to call him. While his wife was interested in a mission he did not want to go. Then another Bishop was called and again Elder Martin went to the Bishop and told him that he did not want to go on a mission.

He said, "My mistake was that I did not tell the Stake President. He came to my door and invited himself in. I am a quiet man, but I started to talk and kept talking because I knew why he had come. I talked until I had to come up for air and then the Stake President asked me to go on a mission and would not take 'no' for an answer."

"We served in Dakota among the Indians and had a good time. We went back home and was with our family for a few months and then were called again and we came to Louisiana. Now we are going home and my wife wants to serve a temple mission, but I do not. I have a hard time memorizing, but if they call me I guess I will do it." What a man!

Saturday the 1st of September Today I worked on the transfer board for a while and then attended the marriage of Christopher Scot Wilson and Jennifer Lyn Dedon, which I performed. It went well. I thought although the marriage ceremony was a bit hard to memorize this time for me. It seemed to be changed a little from the previous time some twenty years ago or so when I married someone.

2 Sept Sunday We attended meetings at the Baker Ward in Baker. These people are a great ward who have worked together to build what they have. Over the years they have had the clean-up contract on the LSU Stadium to raise money to build their building. They also sold hamburgers etc and this has been a blessing to them as a people. The ward is about half white and half black. The black are in positions of leadership, as are the white. They intermingle and hug one another in the halls and one tall young (perhaps 16 years old) black boy kissed Sister Kunz on the cheek, as is the custom in the ward. My what strength in the ward!

3 Sept Monday Zone Conference in Alexandria East Zone. We awoke early and left early. The Zone is in generally good shape. I think that they will be the first to have all of the companionships in the Zone baptize. I have felt very badly about one of the missionaries here who wants to keep one foot in the world and one foot out of the world. This is his last opportunity as far as I am concerned.

4 Sept Tuesday Zone Conference in Alexandria West. They are also a good zone and will perhaps also all baptize this month. We have agreed to bring the zone that has every companionship baptize into the home for something or other. One of the companionships were having some difficulty with one of the members, with whom they were living. That is, they lived in the top apartment, with an outside entrance. Over the years the missionaries have pretty much trashed the apartment. There are big holes in the walls with calendars etc covering their work. I feel that we ought to have the zone or district work on the worst apartments.

One of the missionaries had converted a fellow who was a fisherman. As he was shown a copy of The Book of Mormon he flipped it open and then closed it and said that he knew it was true. The missionary asked him how he knew and he told him about his belief about the East Wind. He said that the "East Wind" was really a problem for fisherman. He had just happened to run into a verse that talked about the "East Wind." Because of that verse he had closed the book and said that it was true.

5 Sept Wednesday Today I worked in the office with various concerns. Joyce worked on the book with my material in it on the missionaries. It is going to be wonderful.

6 Sept Thursday We left at 6:15 for Slidell for Zone Conference. We had a good conference. Sister Hymdahl came into my room for an interview. I had obtained a full length mirror, as suggested by Elder Lasater and had each of the missionaries look at themselves and tell me what kind of missionary they saw. It is a good way of getting into an interview. Sister Hymdahl looked at herself and began to tear up. She was not able to speak it seemed. I asked her to sit down and then asked her if she would like a blessing. She nodded that she would. I blessed her and especially told her that the Lord wanted her to teach and to bring people into the waters of baptism. During the blessing I could sense her relax and stop trembling. Afterward she indicated that her Stake President, in setting her apart, had told her that her mission was to be good friends with her companions and that she would not baptize. She was always concerned about that because so much stress is placed on baptism. She voiced that the blessing was like a statement to her that she should not or could not baptize anyone. She looked like a heavy burden was lifted from her.

After Zone Conference Joyce and I looked at a couple of apartments and then she went back to Baton Rouge with the Assistants and I stayed to meet with the Stake President, President Thomas and the Mission President, President Goodman, in the Stake and Brother Powell, a counselor. We had a very good meeting and I think that they will do anything to further the work here.

President Goodman told us of one man in Mississippi (the southern part this time) who said that he did not want a *Nigger* coming into his home to home teach. The Stake President was upset about that and said that perhaps a Church court needed to be held.

I expressed my thinking of having a Black man as my Counselor and they expressed full support and thought that it would be a wonderful idea. I must still ponder about it and have a confirmation from the Lord.

7 Sept Friday We had a zone conference in Denham Springs. I think that it went well, but some of the missionaries still have a ways to go. I need to work on how to get them there.

8 Sept Saturday Worked in the office and the home and then we watched the BYU Miami football game. I thought that many of the missionaries would do that anyway and then feel guilty. I decided to tell them to work extra hard during the week and then try to watch it in the home of an investigator.

9 Sept Sunday We sent to Natchez to attend meeting and to speak at a fireside that night. I also spoke in Sacrament Meeting and then we both did at the fireside which had about 40 people out. I think that the visit was helpful with the members and I hope that it will break down some of the barriers that are there. One of the women had watched the Miss America contest on the TV the night before and was commenting on the fact that a black won over the whites who were much prettier. She told Joyce that perhaps she sounded prejudiced. Sister Kunz agreed with her that she probably was - but with a smile, knowing Sister Kunz.

10 Sept 90 Monday Worked on the transfer board and other things in the office.

11 Sept 1990 Tuesday

Worked in the office most of the day and then Sister Kunz and I went to a baptism in Baker. It was a very special baptism. Elder Lindquist baptized an older Black woman whose daughter is the Relief Society President in the Ward. A talk on baptism was given by her grandson who is a twelve year old tall boy - the one who kissed Sister Kunz on the cheek, when we attended up there. Elder Lindquist was so tender with her and just did an outstanding job. Slowly the family is coming into the Church. The interesting thing to watch is the love among the blacks and whites in the ward.

12 Sept 90 Wednesday Today we had ten missionaries come into the mission. As Sister Kunz and I went to the airport to wait for them in our car (the Assistants to the President has already gone with the Mission Van) I stopped in the airport lobby to get my shoes shined. I had seen the young black man there on previous occasions and just thought that I ought to get my shoes shined and talk with him. I asked him about his knowledge of the Church and asked him if he wanted a copy of The Book of Mormon. While I had one in my car, I thought that I would let one of the new missionaries give him one when they got in. I told him that they would bring him the book. Two of the sisters took a book to him and talked with him about it. I will talk with him more as I go there again - we go a couple of times a month.

We took the missionaries to the office for orientation and then to the home for dinner and a testimony meeting. It all went well and I was impressed with the new missionaries. One of them joined in Sun Valley about a little over a year ago. He had one arm that was withered and part of his insides had fallen down into the cavity of his body but he said that his health was good. His parents (non-members) told him not to testify to them nor send the missionaries, but they would not fight his going on a mission, but that he would have to support himself with the Stake support. He will do alright. We had a good dinner prepared by Sister Kunz and then a testimony meeting and took some pictures.

13 Sept Thursday Transfer day. Ten new ones into the field and 7 preparing to go home. In the afternoon I asked a tall elder, Elder Kartchner to clean the chandelier in the hallway. It was too tall for any of us to reach and I suppose the way it looked no person had cleaned is since the house was built. He reached it with a tall ladder and it looked so much better.

Four of them came to go home, following their honorable mission. They have been good missionaries and we are proud to send them home. I interviewed each for a half hour or so to see

if I could help get them sent off right and approaching life in a manner that will continue to use some of the faith and skills they have developed here.

We had a fine dinner and testimony meeting with them. Elder Roberts and Wilson stayed on the phone after everything else wound down for an hour or more. They were lining up someone to go to the airport in Memphis and in Seattle to make sure that Elder Rutter got on his plane connections. This meant that some missionaries from each of those places sat in the airport with him for a couple of hours. His span of attention is not too great and they had real love for him and concern. I was proud of them. I suppose that it was near midnight when they got home and then had to get up early the next morning by about 4:00 to come and help take missionaries to the airport.

Tonight we had four of the five Stake Presidents and their wives come to the mission home for dinner and an evening together. We had a wonderful dinner - the assistants helped in the kitchen - and then we plowed some ground with the Stake Presidents so that the future will run as smoothly as possible with the mission and the stakes. We had a very enjoyable evening. One of them told us of their child in high school - a sophomore - whose teacher asked the students about what religion they belonged to and he was the only Mormon. The teacher then said that the students should all invite the Mormons into their homes as the missionaries came around for they were great role models and had something to teach them that was significant. The assistants worked in the kitchen and helped serve. They are great!

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15 Sept Saturday Developed a report form for the missionaries that I will probably begin to use soon. Worked on a gambling project and made plans to work with the ministers in the area to upgrade the relations with them.

16 Sept Sunday We left home at about 7:00 for Lafayette. We attended all of the meetings and then went to get a bite to eat. While there I asked the young lady working there about her knowledge of and interest in the Church. She didn't know much. I gave her a copy of The Book of Mormon and got her name and address for the missionaries in the area. After we finished eating Sister Kunz and I went to New Iberia and saw the elders' apartment and I interviewed them. We then returned to Lafayette and looked over one of the areas that was of concern right now. We then picked up two of the missionaries and took them to the church, where Sister Kunz and I spoke at a fireside. It was a good fireside and we both felt good about our presentations.

17 Sept Monday Zone Leaders' Conference today. They came into the Mission Home from all parts of the mission. We had a good meeting and covered some important matters. During the opening song everyone stood in a circle and sang. It was a moving experience.

At the end of the day we rescued Elder and Sister Haines from the motel where they were sent to sleep - we wanted them to stay in the Mission Home but they were already checked in and could not get out without paying so they decided to stay there. We did take them out to dinner so that they could get a little better acquainted and we could know something of them before they go down to New Orleans to microfilm in the bottom of the library.

After dinner we brought them into our home for a couple of hours for a visit and we pretty much visited in the kitchen as Sister Kunz had to prepare some food for the next day's District Leaders meeting.

18 Sept Tuesday Today for the first time the District Leaders all met. We spend a good amount of time working with the baptism interview and some related items. We sent them home with information about their duties and about their blessings. We want them to meet a minister without bashing him and to help their companionships baptize.

Two sisters had changed apartments with the elders and the elders had not paid their electric bill so the power got cut off and the sisters came to stay with us in the middle of the night, although we had invited them earlier on, I think they had declined because of fear. Eventually heat overcame fear I guess.

19 Sept Wednesday Met with the New Orleans missionaries and stake and ward leaders. I think that it went alright.

20 Sept Thursday We went to Plaquemine to interview a 72 year old man for baptism. As we got there, he had left his home so we waited for a while for his return and then interviewed the four missionaries there and looked at an apartment there and then had to leave, as I had a meeting in Denham Springs with the Stake Presidency.

Under the circumstances I authorized one of the Zone Leaders to interview the older man, inasmuch as the crime to which he had referred was one that had been taken care of many years ago and one from which he had repented. He should be baptized tomorrow.

At 10:20 p.m. Sister Kunz and I picked up a missionary that was returning from Portugal after being there only three or four weeks. He had earlier spent some time in the Alabama Mission while awaiting his visa. Anyway, he is now assigned to our mission for the duration and seems to be a fine young man from Ogden, Utah.

21 Sept Friday

Sister Kunz and I checked out a couple of apartments and I interviewed the missionaries. We then did some work in the office. In the afternoon Elder and Sister Davis came into town and I spent a little time with them. We had them stay in the mission home and had dinner with them, the Diamonds and the Assistants. The Davis' stayed overnight with us. They will be taking the place of the Diamonds in the office.

The Davis' were interviewed for their mission by their son, the Bishop and then they went to the Stake President, who was another of their sons. What a blessing! My guess is that this has to be a first in the Church.

22 Sept Saturday I took the Davis' to Denham Springs and to a couple or three trailer parks here to see where they could set up their rig - a large, beautiful motor home. In the afternoon Sister Kunz and I went to Covington to interview a young lady who will be baptized tomorrow. She is a nanny from England and will be returning there. One of the member sisters had gone into the

home where she worked and began to talk about the Church. She got her interested and the missionaries taught her. She will be returning Monday to England to the Eastern part where they have a small Branch.

We then went on to Slidell and got to a motel about 11:00 p.m.

23 Sept Sunday We picked up the Zone Leaders here and took them to Picayune, Mississippi. We spoke in Sacrament Meeting, along with the Jensens, who are about to leave there just a bit early from their mission in order to take care of Sister Jensen's parents who are experiencing some health problems at this time. While we had been scheduled as the speakers I told Jensen's yesterday or the day before that they should ask the Bishop to reschedule us and let them speak. They would not hear of it so I asked the Bishop to at least let them take part of our time, which is how it went. They have done a marvelous job there.

After the three meetings the ward had a lunch in the multi-purpose area and it was wonderful. They had a cake there for the Jensen's and it was a wonderful send-off.

One of their reactivation was Brother Gill, who was inactive for the past 20 or 30 years. His grandfather had been the first baptism in the area and the current Bishop's father the first Branch president, and the current Bishop the first Bishop. I thought that ought to be worth a story in the Church News. I hope they write it up and send it in.

Many years ago, the grandfather was sitting on the front porch with a couple of other men and his children, after lunch resting a little until they were again to go to work. Two Mormon missionaries, not known by them as such at the time, were walking down the lane towards the house. As they approached, the Grandfather said, "Here comes the Church." His children did not pay too much attention and were still noisy, so he said again, "Here comes the Church." He had been told by an angel - a forerunner about the Church.

As the missionaries approached they had their jackets over their shoulders and each had a sack. They put the sacks down, brushed the dust off their clothes and put their coats on. The gospel was taught and accepted, inasmuch as the grandfather, Brother Gill, was prepared before hand in a miraculous manner.

Now all this time later here is his grandson - inactive all these years. One night he dreamed that he heard his father (now dead) over and over saying "Here comes the Church." The next day a car, bearing license plates from Idaho, pulled into the yard where inactive Brother Gill was sitting on his tractor. As Elder Jensen got out of his automobile, Elder Jensen said, "I have come 2500 miles to see you." In light of the message Brother Gill had received in his dream, that statement had a real impact. As now this active Brother Gill told us of this happening, the tears dripped down his cheek and he led us into a small room there in the Church to finish telling us about it.

At the lunch following, I asked Elder Jensen what he would take from me to let me have the credit for this man. Elder Jensen was overcome with emotion and the tears ran down his cheeks. He knew what he had come here for.

24 Sept 1990 Monday At 6:00 Sister Kunz and I left Baton Rouge for Opelousas, LA where we went to see the apartment of Elders Watson and Walek, who are laboring there. They live in a trailer house, small, but probably ok - if the windows can keep the cold out this winter.

We then went to the Church and talked with brother Bush, who I have wanted as a counselor in the Mission Presidency. He has served as the Branch President, has been on the High Council, and is now working one week per month in the Dallas Temple. I asked him and his wife to think about it and let me know in a few days. He is a good missionary minded man.

During the afternoon we were in Baton Rouge resolving some problems. Sister Kunz is working on some plans for the Sisters' Conference.

25 Sept Tuesday Today we had Elders and Sisters Holman, Jensen, Diamond, Heaton, and Smith come into the Mission Home for dinner prior to their going home soon. They have all served well and we had an enjoyable meal together and then a testimony meeting with them.

26 Sept Wednesday A day of preparation. We had Sister Johnson and her companions come in from New Orleans to work with Sister Hoyt on her production. She plays the piano beautifully.

27 Sept Thursday All of the sisters came into the Mission Home for a Sisters' Conference, the first one for years and this may be the last one when the Brethren find out I had one, but the sisters were down and needed a shot in the arm.

Sister Kunz prepared dinner and we had some music, introductions and a couple of talks. I had not prepared, but felt the Spirit of the Lord in my talk, for which I am very thankful. Elder Smith also spoke and did very well for them.

28 Sept Friday The Sisters' Conference continued with Sister Kunz conducting all sessions. Breakfast was prepared for the sisters and then they received instruction from Sister Kunz and Sister Smith. Each made presentations and had their hair dresser come and give some instructions on makeup and hair style.

After lunch, hosted by the Smith's, we had a testimony meeting until almost 4:00, after which the sisters eventually retreated. And so it goes....

29 Sept Saturday We worked at the office and home today. During the day we administered to Elder Davis, who has some problems with a tooth and he will have surgery later on. Joyce went to the Women's Conference tonight.

30 Sept Sunday We got up at 5:00 and left for Rosepine, where we spoke in the 2nd Ward in Sacrament Meeting. After the meeting we attended a baptism for a sister and her daughter. They had been contacted by the missionaries after seeing one of the Salt Lake City ads on the TV. In this case it was the one on "Hands" which Elder Stone's father produced. It is interesting that He was also the one who baptized them.

We then checked out the apartments of the sisters and the Zone leaders, where Sister Kunz left her loaf of bread, which all of the missionaries enjoy a great deal.

We then hurried back to the Church and spoke in the Rosepine 1st ward in Sacrament Meeting. I think that our talks went fine. After the meeting we went to dinner with the Russell's to their home, where Sister Russell had prepared a wonderful dinner for us. They have three little boys, six years of age and under, to whom Sister Kunz read some stories while I tried to make some phone calls.

We returned to the Church and had a fireside at which we both spoke again. We get lots of occasions to correct our techniques. We enjoyed the Spirit very much during the day. We stayed in DeRidder.

1 October Monday Returned to Baton Rouge and continued my work on the programs that I want to introduce. Joyce is almost completing the book and transfer board.

2 October Tuesday Joyce and I worked on several projects during the day. Tonight I was concerned with the sisters who are nearby. We could not get them on the telephone and knocks did not bring them to the door after 10:00 and then 11:00 and then 12:00. Their car was there but they were either deep in sleep or not there. The latter possibility concerns me a great deal. There will be some close interviews soon.

3 October Wednesday We left at 6:00 am for Alexandria in order to interview all of the missionaries in those two zones. On the way up we stopped at Marksville and picked up Elder Kissle and went to the hospital to see his companion, Elder Bettinger, who was there for a stomach problem, which I think now was invited by stress and difficulty with his companion. He is doing better and will be out today.

The interviews went well and I got some good ideas for some needed changes in the assignments.

After the zone P Day and interviews Sister Kunz and I went to the two apartments in Pineville to check them.

At 6:00 we met with President Breman Baker, his second counselor, Brother Dutile, and Ralph Bush and his wife. The President and his counselor joined with me in setting Brother Bush apart as the First Counselor to the Mission President. It will be good to have counselors. Now I need to obtain another one.

5 October Friday Sister Kunz and I went to New Orleans early this morning for a District Development Meeting. We followed the directions pretty well, but because the numbers got bigger when they should have been getting smaller, we went the wrong way a long ways and that made us late for the meeting. We did not know that the numbering started over again after getting big.

One thing worth knowing was that if you put flour in a bowl and then tip it upside down and but a coin on the top of the flour - after the bowl is removed and have a group who one at a time cut off some of the flour, you have a good game. The one who makes the coin fall is "it." Later on in the day we worked on transfers and new apartments to open.

6 October Saturday We attended General Conference, along with two zones worth of missionaries, in the Baton Rouge Stake Center. Great Conference. The assistants and I worked on transfers for a while.

7 October Sunday Even greater sessions of conference. One of my zone leaders was talking with one of the sisters on the front row and at last Elder Roberts had to go up and call him down. It was too bad to be such an example for the whole congregation to see.

At lunch we had something to eat in the Church. Each set of missionaries brought something.

After Conference the Assistants were on their way home when they passed the Circus. They thought they would stop and take a picture of the elephant standing outside. They then decided to take a photo of the tiger and went toward the big tent. The ringmaster beckoned for them to come toward him. He saw their badge and recognized them as missionaries. He said, "Your friend Laura wants to see you." They asked who was Laura. He pointed to the woman up in the air doing the tricks. As she came down she came right over and asked them to give her a blessing. They went into her dressing room and blessed her as she was afraid of the elephant, which had killed someone and she had to perform with it. She also had a friend who was investigating the gospel. She had joined a couple of years ago in New York.

8 October Monday Early this morning we had breakfast for the Smiths as they go home today. They stayed during the night and have completed their mission. Sister Kunz and I then went to Covington where I needed to interview an elder who slipped past his Bishop and Stake President. He will be alright.

9 October Tuesday Elders South and Johnson came into the office for some materials and I had each separately into my office to interview them. They had just taught a woman who had been dreaming about The Book of Mormon, although she didn't really know anything about the Mormons, nor knew any members that she was aware of. She had seen the ad on the television and had also dreamed of her father who had died. She thought a lot about it and then went to the Church in Denham Springs to get a copy of The Book of Mormon. Then she called for the missionaries. Quite an experience for the missionaries. They also had a man write from the jail asking for a copy of The Book of Mormon.

I think that this is especially interesting as Sister Kunz and I have been asking the missionaries to pray that the honest in heart will be led to the missionaries, instead of the missionaries being led to the honest in heart. I think that we will have more baptisms because of it.

10 October Wednesday Three new missionaries came in today. Elders Blair, Harward and Rivera. They will all be wonderful missionaries.

13 October Saturday I went with Presidents Clark and Witt to Memphis for a meeting with the Area Presidency. As we went through Liberty, Mississippi, where Sister Kunz and I will speak in a couple of weeks. President Clark, whose roots were there, told us of the missionaries who were preaching on the porch of the court house, when a mob approached to lynch them. Brother Blaylock, a butcher, brandished a knife in each hand, and said, "You will have to go through me first to get to the missionaries." That cooled the mob off and they dissipated.

We had a fairly long drive up to Memphis, where we retired, each in a room.

14 October Sunday We heard instructions from President Lasater and Elder Curtis. They instructed us on many things regarding the mission of the stakes and Stake missionary work. They did much good for our work as Mission Presidents. I think that we will get good cooperation from them, but already they have been great to me.

Elder Lasater told of a couple who finally thought of going on a mission, but only a short one. After their interview with the Bishop and Stake President, they were on their way home when they thought that they ought to apply for the full 18 months so that their missions would be unrestricted and the Lord could use them as he would. They called and had the Stake President change what months they had put on the application to 18 months. They were sent to South Africa and as the President who was in the MTC with us was killed in an accident over there. The Lord called that man and his wife to preside over the mission vacated by the man who was killed. What if they had not been willing to serve?

15 October Monday Last night we arrived home late to several telephone calls that seemed urgent. I had some missionaries who were breaking the mission rules and I decided to do something about it. I called three of them up and asked them to pack their things and come into the mission office. I called four more this morning and also had them come into the office. I interviewed each this morning and found out the circumstances and asked each if they wanted to be a missionary or go home. Each answered that they would be missionaries. I then called them into the office all together and instructed them about what I would not tolerate again and we then knelt and had prayer in which I blessed them to go back to their area and work. I told them that if they went to work I would forget the problems and not find myself prejudice as to any future assignment they might receive.

Tonight I get a call from one whose brother reports a companion with transvestite characteristics. I didn't think that I needed another problem tonight.

20 October Saturday The week has passed us by. We had a mission tour from Elder and Sister LaGrand Curtis, of the Seventy. Sister Kunz and I picked them up at the airport on Tuesday afternoon, went to the mission home for a little while and then to the office, where he met the staff. Sister Kunz and Sister Curtis remained at the home to rest and take care of some things.

I had Elder Curtis interview Elder Peterson and then we returned to the home for a wonderful dinner which my wife had prepared, for which we were joined by the assistants.

During the next three days, we went to Alexandria, Baton Rouge and New Orleans for conferences. Elder Curtis was a master with the missionaries and everything went well. I was most impressed and obtained many good ideas from him which I hope to implement into my mission. It is late Saturday night and we have had a Zone leaders conference today and now we are tired but will leave tomorrow for Nashville for a Mission President's Area Meeting with Elder Faust and the Area Presidency. We are looking forward to it.

The meeting in Alexandria went well. In Baton Rouge we had the meeting, attended by a couple of Stake Presidents and a counselor and mission counselor.

Following that meeting we began another at about 4:00. Or rather Elder Curtis did, in my absence as I was interviewing a missionary who had a serious problem.

Friday we had the meeting at New Orleans and during the space of time following the meeting, while the Assistants took President and Sister Curtis to the hotel to freshen up, Sister Kunz and I went with the Sister missionaries to the Spanish Ward to a viewing or wake. This brother was just baptized last Sunday. Within 24 hours he was laying on the ground in New Mexico as a result of a fatal auto accident in which he was killed. His wife and children had been members for nine years or so and he was a prominent radio announcer here in New Orleans. but had resisted the Church until Sunday when two of our fine missionaries took him to the font and his returned missionary son baptized him. It was sad for the family, as he was not very old of course it was unexpected.

He was thrown out of the car and out went a Book of Mormon with him. The book told the troopers who investigated the accident that they ought to call in the Church, so that part of it worked out well.

Sister Kunz and I hugged the widow and said what we could. I think that being there meant a lot to her and to her family. Because he was prominent as a radio announcer, the radio and Television told of his death and of the Mormon Church to which he belonged.

We then quickly went back to the Church and then over to President and Sister Brown's - one of the other Stake Presidents. We had a delicious dinner with the two Stake Presidents and with one of the counselors and with the six of us - Curtis', Kunz and Assistants. Following the meal, Elder Curtis got up and took his dishes and those of his wife and headed for the kitchen. He got an apron and washed the dishes, to the initial protest of Sister Brown. It was a good lesson and I took a photograph to show to the missionaries.

A bit ago we began to pray that the honest in heart would be led to us. Since that time we have had several very interesting cases where people literally called, knocked, and asked for the teachings from the missionaries and for baptism. It was an inspired move.

October 25th Thursday Sister Kunz and I went to Nashville, Tennessee on Sunday after Sacrament Meeting for our Annual Meeting with Elder Faust and the Area Presidency. We stayed until the 24th -- part of four days. It was a very instructive meeting and I think that I learned a lot from the brethren.

During our absence we had a number of people who came forward to identify themselves to the missionaries. I hope they are all going to be baptized.

As we met, and spoke with the other missionaries, I was impressed with the stress that the mission presidents in the islands have to put up with. In the Dominican Republic they have power perhaps for only two hours per day. They have a hired man who does nothing but look for fuel or gasoline all day. The living conditions are pretty stark. We will return to our own set of concerns and challenges.

Tonight we picked Elder Burns up from his apartment and the three other companions there to bring him to the mission home. He now has his visa and is ready to go on his way. He has been a wonderful missionary.

October 31 90 Wednesday It has been a while since I have put anything into this operation.

Sunday we went to Liberty to speak in Sacrament Meeting and then quickly went to McComb for the last meeting there. The missionaries had a baptism, after the block of meetings, and we attended that with them. A woman who was 87 years of age was baptized. Her son was there with his mother. He had recently retired in Kansas City and was back here in the area. We have hope that he will become interested also, along with his family.

Sunday night we attended the open house for the broadcast of the prodigal. It went well, although the missionaries had to take much of the lead - no they essentially did most all of it. The local members did little except make some invitations, which I guess was significant in the end anyway.

We have worked on getting letters out to all of the parents of the missionaries asking for a letter that we might use in our Christmas Conference. It took some time.

Yesterday we went to the Marchand's home for breakfast, along with the four missionaries down in Gonzales and the assistants. It was a great breakfast. They are solid people. The Bishop and his wife were also there.

Joyce and I went on to New Orleans, where I interviewed one missionary and then another in Slidell, with some pretty serious problems. I hope that they will do what they have to in order to remain in the mission field.

31 October Wednesday We attended the three zone preparation day at the church today. The zones met at noon and had activities during the afternoon and evening. In the evening they had a talent show and then showed Sister Hoyt's video which she has been spearheading. I did quite a bit of interviewing during the day.

1 November Thursday Sister Kunz and I went with the Stake President and his wife, the Richardsons, to Morgan City to meet with President and Sister Albert, the Branch President. We went out to lunch, which I bought. He had some concerns which I think we made some satisfactory solutions too.

President Albert is a doctor down there and well respected. He comes from Micronesia and went to BYU Hawaii and was unwilling to break any of the rules there as he had signed a pledge. His wife was from Samoa and her grandfather was scheduled to be the next king but chose to join the Church and was put out of that position as a result. They are a great couple.

We got home about 4:30 and then left soon after for the meeting with the Stake President in Slidell. It turned out that only the Stake President and his Mission President were there but it was a fruitful evening I think. We got home after 10:30.

2 November Friday We had two couples come into the mission home today: Elder and Sister Haslem and Elder and Sister Toale. We talked together and then had a fine dinner prepared by Sister Kunz. After that we went to the ward where the Elders Quorum had a program for the ward and they were to discuss three topics: well being spiritually, emotionally and socially. I was invited to cover the topic of social well being.

When we got there we found that no one had a key, as a consequence, we began thirty minutes late. There were about 15 in attendance, 6 of whom were us. I think that the elders struggle in this ward.

We got home about 9:00 and then had a short testimony meeting. We have two mature couples who will do much good here.

6 November Tuesday Sunday we went to LaPlace and inspected the missionaries apartments and then went on to New Orleans and attended the block of meetings. We were invited to dinner by President Hansen, Counselor in the Stake Presidency and we enjoyed ourselves.

After dinner we attended the Spanish Ward and I interviewed Sisters Timiney and Collins who are not getting along well at all at this time. Following the meetings we attended a baptism for a young Spanish mother and it went well.

Last night I had a couple of unusual dreams. In the first I was on some kind of train and while in the stopped car, I was aware of the men surrounding the train with guns. I knew that they were after the few persons on the car and was aware that I was going to be killed. I wondered how it would feel to be shot - whether there would be pain etc. Then I saw the gunmen and their guns at the windows of the car on the far end near the side. I was shot and killed. I began to become dust and was on the roadway or pathway. I was aware of my existence in that I thought and knew it was me that was the dust or part of the dust on the ground.

Cars traveled over me, cows walked over me, men trod on me and sometimes urinated on me, but I felt nothing. That is, there was no pain as they walked upon me, however I felt my existence there and was aware that I was nothing, just a speck of dust on the ground.

The next part of the dream found me in a setting where a couple was receiving grand treatment - like the inauguration of a king and queen. Another couple were present who appeared to be a kind of hosting couple and I at first wanted to get into the event but was kept away by a guard. I then got in and was sort of a fifth person in the group. There were thousands and thousands of

people bringing gifts to the couple. We traveled among them and received praise and adulation of the people. The couple were royalty in every sense. I was treated very well as part of the group. The people gave acclaim and part of that I was able to feel as part of the group.

At the end of the dream, as the event was to close, I began to see it a scene at a time and in one scene, like a flashback, I say the five of us going around a corner in a house or building and as we got to the corner I dropped the cards, and my name-tag out of my shirt pocket. The hosting man said something as I stopped to pick them up and put them back into my pocket. He called me Lieutenant. I'll have to ponder the meaning of the dream, or the food that I might have eaten prior to bedtime.

9 November 1990 Friday We had new missionaries come in (one Elder and six sisters. They are Sisters Low, Shingleton, Hill, Rosell, Parrish and Reynolds, and Elder Nelson. At the same time we had two sisters, one couple, two English elders and two Spanish elders return home this week. I believe that they all went home feeling fine, but a couple or four of them pretty much shut down during the last part of the mission. I have a difficult time not contrasting this with the experience of our son, Johnathan, who reports his long hours of work and his extra hour study time.

Elder Darby went home feeling better. I was happy for our talk and the blessing that he received from Elder Curtis. Elder Walek finished well, but has lots of back pains that he used to his advantage.

This transfer was rather difficult and ended up being more transfers than I had really wanted to do. I keep thinking of the counsel for Presidents to transfer sparingly, but one triggers another and soon quite a number are involved with the transfers.

17 November Saturday

We have just returned from the three zone conferences in the New Orleans area. In general, I felt better about the conferences than I did last time around. One night we visited some apartments and the next night we did the same and then went to speak at a meeting for the stake missionaries and Bishops, conducted by the counselors in the Stake Presidency.

One of my missionaries has requested a transfer. He wants to come into the office and finish the mission. He will not do that. If he must sit, let him sit. He only has three more weeks and just does not want to work.

Today I also found out that the zone leaders stopped at an apartment and found the missionaries looking at some videos. I wonder how many are off the plan so far? It is a constant struggle to keep things going.

We had a little girl (7th grade) that disappeared from her home up in Alexandria a week ago or so. She and her sister and their mother were investigators for Elders Stoddard and Skinner. She was selling candy bars on some school project and had stopped at a friends home for a bit. At 4:00 she said that she had to go as she had to be home at 4:30. She never got home. It is tough for the family as you may well guess.

Last Sunday I went to interview a fellow who was in prison for a rape charge. He had been hunting with cousins and a grandfather and was strung out on drugs and alcohol and did not think that he had committed the crime, but was told to sign a confession so that the lawyer could plea bargain the sentence down for him. Now he is very interested in the Church and goes all the time and pays tithing through his wife, but can't join the Church. I have written to the General Authorities and we will just await their decision.

Today I worked on the budget for next year, as it had to go into the mail today. Mom did some food shopping for Thanksgiving dinner as we will be in Alexandria area for zone conferences on Monday and Tuesday. She works hard.

We had a referral for New York - Rochester area, so I called up there this morning and spoke with Scott Wrigley. He is an Assistant to the President and is doing very well. He said to tell everyone hello. He sounded fantastic!

Sunday November 18th We attended a baptism in Gonzales for a young woman 21 years of age with a five year old son, and a husband who is up in New England area (not doing too well in their marriage.) Her dad was Catholic and her mom Baptist. The missionaries tracked out her mom and she sent the missionaries to see her daughter who she felt was searching for something as she had never been happy in church in either place.

It was Ward Conference in Gonzales and they had a dinner afterward, as was their tradition, and then the baptism. They are a good ward.

Also in the works for next week, perhaps, is a woman who started to dream of Joseph Smith. She has taken the discussions and done a lot of reading and then her husband said she could not be baptized. She got him to the open house when they showed the video on the Prodigal and he has softened his heart and now will allow her to be baptized.

Wednesday the 21st We have had zone conferences in the two Alexandria zones. We have a day today to catch up here, eat Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow and then on to the next zone conference.

One of the brethren (I think Elder Curtis) told us about two sisters living in a trailer house. Each was in a room at opposite ends of the trailer. The one nearest the door went to see what the other companion was doing and found a man had tied her up with rope and held a knife over her and was about to rape her. When he saw the other companion he told her to get on the floor and he would take care of both of them. The senior companion began to hum, "I am a child of God." Both joined together and then sang it. The man began to cry and then untied the sister. They actually taught him a first discussion!

I have one elder about to beat up on another elder. I had to do a little emergency transfer today.

24th of November We spoke in Gonzales as a region single adult program on personal revelation. One woman there spoke on her bout with an alcoholic husband and then with rheumatoid arthritis. She went to Arizona where she felt good for a while and then it seemed to

have gotten worse. Elder Mark E Peterson was visiting the stake conference and she asked if she could have him give her a priesthood blessing. He asked her why she wanted a blessing. She held out her hands and said for him to look. She made her living as a legal secretary and could not straighten out her fingers. He gave her the blessing and she was healed almost at once. She was an interesting speaker - with quite a lot of humor as well.

Elders Galbraith and Peterson came at 9:00 in the evening for an interview. I must decide what to do with them.

Today we spoke in Gonzales Ward and it went very well. The Spirit seemed to be with us. We then attended a baptism for a woman who was baptized as a result of her Grandmother dreaming about Joseph Smith, although she was not and is not a member of the Church. She sent her grand-daughter to look up material in the library on Joseph Smith and the Library sent her to the Mormon Bishop who sent for the missionaries.

We then had a fine dinner with Bishop LeBlanc. He and his wife told us of the bike trip their son and a friend took last summer from California - ocean - to the East coast ocean. For part of it Bishop LeBlanc drove the car along, but for most of it Sister LeBlanc drove. They had many interesting experiences and the boys developed good legs, as well as raised some money for the homeless. Quite a project. Too bad they did not get a little more publicity for it.

26 November Monday "The Rowan family in Natchez were found by Elder Strong of the Jackson Mississippi mission. They were praying to find someone to teach. They opened the telephone directory and were directed to the Rowans. They taught the Rowans the next day. The missionaries said they would come back the next week. Brother Rowan practically broke out in tears as he told us what he told the missionaries. "No, we don't want to set up an appointment for next week. We want one sooner. Can you come twice a week?"

Sister Rowan said that the night after she prayed she had a dream. She told us that much of what she saw in that dream is coming to pass. It was hard to understand her but I grasped a few parts of her dream. She said that she was in a large white building with people who were dressed white. There was a man higher up above them who waved to her. It was Jesus. The people she was with were very friendly to her. They dressed her in white clothing. To me it kind of seemed that they wanted her to be like them."

November 29 Thursday Yesterday we had zone conference in Slidell. At 6:30 we met and had a fine breakfast by one of the ward mission leaders. He was great. He had hurt his back and cooked on two crutches. After zone conference, which went well, we went with the zone leaders to talk with two different people that they are teaching. Sister Kunz and I spoke with them while the elders took care of the children in the first case, and in the second they took the husband and went to our car along with the Assistants who stayed in the car in both cases.

The Lord was with us in both cases and we were able to commit them baptism this coming Sunday. Sister Kunz was awesome!

Tuesday we had zone conference with the other Baton Rouge Zone.

Transfers are about here and I am needing the blessings of the Lord this time. I don't know what to do about a couple of situations.

December 2 1990 Sunday It has been a busy week. Yesterday I drove to Rosepine (360 miles) for an interview. A fellow had been taught in Germany and wants to join the Church, but needs a clearance from the First Presidency. He had a friend as a teenager who was on a motorcycle with him and crashed. The friend was very mangled and near death so by previous discussion, this fellow snapped his neck. He feels very sorry about it now, but thought that he performed according to their agreement. He had also been involved in some black magic and had paid for and helped arrange an abortion for a friend of a friend out of compassion as he saw it, but now sees that he was misguided on all three counts.

Sister Martin and her companion were driving down the street when Sister Martin stopped the car and walked across the street to GQ a man who was walking. She asked if he wanted to know more about the Church and he said yes and will be baptized today. She is just new in the mission field.

We have been having zone conferences every day this week and that is a pretty tough schedule.

Elder Homes was admitted into the hospital. He has had very painful experiences with his ulcers - left over from his early teen years. We talked and I know much of the source of his stress and pain.

The messages of the zone conference and the interviews were of value and I was happy to make the rounds with them once more.

December 2, 1990 We attended our own ward today for the three regular meetings. After that we left for Slidell, with the Assistants, to attend the baptism for Jean Marie Cockfield and Jessica Baradell. We were happy to be there as Sister Kunz and I had the opportunity to go visit with them a few days ago, which led to their accepting baptism. We were both able to bear strong testimony to them and show love and concern for some of their concerns. Sister Cockfield's two children will probably also be baptized next week when we are in that stake for stake conference. I was so pleased that Sister Kunz could be there as it was the first major event for her own teaching and influence.

Afterward we stayed to watch the Christmas Message broadcast from Salt Lake City, from the First Presidency. It was wonderful to see the Prophet again attending this meeting following his illness.

December 8, 1990 Elder Peterson was transferred to the Kentucky Mission and then came back one day later, with a changed attitude according to his report. I am hopeful that he will complete his mission the way he should.

Yesterday I attended the Priesthood leadership session of Slidell Stake Conference. I spoke there and also attended the meeting with the Stake Presidency and the Stake Mission Presidency, both being fully represented.

We have decorated a little during the past week, brought in new missionaries and send some home at the end of their missions. As I had the final interview with Elder Roberts we both found tears as he had served well and faithful. He was the Assistant to the President that carried the main load as we came into the mission.

Elder Payne was released as an Assistant to the President to go to Gonzales. He should do well there. Elder Hovley was called to serve with Elder Wilson.

Another elder that I have spend some great time counseling seems to have finally found himself.

These are busy days! The time is going by so rapidly. I fear that we are not communicating with some of our family that needs to be written, but where is the time?

Sunday. Both Sister Kunz and I spoke in Slidell. After the Stake Conference we stayed for the baptism of Albert Cockfield, whose mother was baptized last Sunday. We are hopeful that the sister will be baptized next Sunday.

At the end of the baptism I took Elder Bettinger aside and Sister Kunz and I told him that the First Presidency had approved the baptism of Errol Guillory. He wept like a baby. He was so touched!

After the baptism we returned home and went with the Zone Leaders, who are going to stay all night and have a conference on the morrow, to the State Capitol to sing in one of the half hour slots. It went quite well I think.

Later in the evening we had a testimony meeting with all of the junior companions bearing their testimony.

December 11, 1990 We had a Zone Leaders Conference and then Sister Kunz and I and Elders Bettinger and Jensen went to Alexandria for the baptism of Errol Guillory. It was wonderful. He hugged both of us again and again. His wife was so pleased! I believe that he had waited long enough and it was time to baptize him.

While there some of the elders and I helped President and Sister Bush move a couple ton of corn and wheat into the High Council room as the wards had not shown up to obtain their purchase. It was a good service project for us.

December 16, 1990 Sunday The days have been slipping and I have not written anything in this history. We have been getting ready for the All Mission Conference, which has taken plans for food, photos, program, place to stay, place to meet, and the last minute decision to sing at the State Capitol Building with all of the missionaries. The lights there are quite a drawing card and this should help bring some attention to the Church.

I have heard from the First Presidency regarding the man who had taken his friends life following an accident. They want to extend love to him, but wait for a while before baptism. I

am sure that that is good counsel. I don't know exactly how long one is to wait before resubmitting the request, but I am sure that the Lord will provide.

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Sister Kunz had a birthday on the 14th. I got a cake built at the store and we had cake at the office for her and sang Happy Birthday. She is 51 years old. She tells me that I am to be 55 this year. If that is what works out from 1936, it must be so. We went out and obtained a coat and a couple of dresses for her as she had none from the time of our call. She makes anything look good on her.

The past few days have been foggy, but in the daytime it warms to about the 70's.

Tuesday December 18th Last night I got a call, while soaking in the tub, prior to washing all of the little pieces of hair off my head which were left there from the hair cut I received from my wife, which was one in the long line of haircuts, the first beginning prior to our marriage and continuing on until now with the exception of two which I obtained from a barber, who I rewarded with the going fee at the time; when the telephone rang and my wife answered. Elder Brown was missing. He had ridden off on his bike and his showering companion found him not, upon leaving the shower. We called, looked and continued on in this fashion until about 1:00 a.m., at which time I said that we should all go home and get to bed. Soon after beginning a sleep, which I needed, the telephone rang to announce that said Elder had called his companion to announce that he had ridden some 20 miles or so and had then called a fellow, John, who has by now given us a fair amount of trouble, and had him pick him up.

After calling John, I fell asleep again and then this morning I went for Elder Brown, who was wanting to go home. After talking with the missionary department he has indeed gone home, with a health release - which I think was necessary because the last time we sent him home for help, he seemed to receive it not.

In addition to all of this we are trying to get ready for a conference which will start in two days.

December 18th Jenifer came to be with us for the holidays. We are happy to have her here with us. We will miss Jody and Jana, as they will not be able to come, but will spend Christmas with JoAnn and Ned.

December 19th We went to New Orleans where I married Alexis Javier Cubas and Liana Judith Pagorga in the home of his mother. He is a son of the man who was baptized on Sunday and died in an auto accident on Monday on the way to Salt Lake to see his children.

We spend some amount of time preparing for the Conference.

December 20th We saw the missionaries begin to arrive about noon today. I interviewed three who were going home in this transfer.

At 3:00 we arrived at the Baptist Church for a group photo. We went there because they have ten steps in front which helps with a group photo of so many people. As we began to set up, it became obvious that we had a very limited time prior to the arrival of the rain, so we hurried

every so fast. We loaded in the cars on the way to the dinner appointment, when the rain hit. We had completed the photo a full two and a half minutes before we needed to. I think the Lord looks out especially for missionaries.

We went to Hunan's for a dinner. Prior to the dinner the missionaries practices singing some of the Christmas carols that would be sung later that evening at the light display at the capitol building. During this time it was discovered by Sister Kunz that one missionary had split his pants "completely" and had stayed in the car during the photo and was prepared. It was a little slow with all 180 getting through the dinner line, but we did it with everyone eating all they wanted and a full ten minutes to spare prior to having to leave for the state capitol to sing.

The music at the capitol went very well with the 180 missionaries singing. We had a electronic piano and sang for 30 minutes with a good crowd listening on and we finished with "I Am A Child of God." They really quieted down for that.

After the singing we went to the Denham Springs Stake Center for a program which went from 8:15 to 11:00 p.m. I felt a little badly that the program ran so long, but then it was a fine program with the missionaries letting their hair down a little and having a good time.

21 December Last night we had about 20 sisters in the mission home for the night and we left by 7:15 again this morning for conference at Denham Springs. The conference went very well. As we were into it about 20 minutes or so, Elder Wilson said something about some visitors and the back door opened and in came Jody and Jana. The missionaries had paid their way to come for Christmas and we had not known about it. We thought that they were going to Kaysville to be with Joyce's sister. Needless to say, it really broke us up. What a surprise!

The conference went very well and we finished by about 1:00.

23 December Last night we had an open house at the mission home and a lot of people from the two wards here came. After it was about over, we had an impromptu program and it was fun.

25 December 1990 Yesterday Johnathan called and gave Jenifer a number, which we were to call later on. Later on, when we attempted to call, we discovered that we could not make it ring. Too bad! This morning early I called an old Branch president in Erlangen and he gave me the correct number, which indicated that the number Jenifer copied was one number short.

10 January 1991 By now we are into 1991 by ten days. We have had new missionaries come and go and a couple of disciplinary councils, enjoyed our children at Christmas time and then had Jay, Becky and the children, Rachel the youngest, and Matthew, the elder, come for a few days to be with us as well.

We have spoken at a stake conference in Denham Springs, which seemed to go very well, and have another one coming up in a couple of days. We have essentially been so busy with the end of the budget year, the changeover to the new financial system, and all of the comings and goings that we have not had time for any journal writing at all.

Last Sunday night we had 56 missionaries come in for the night and the next day - zone leaders conference. We had a contest also and brought in two sets of missionaries from each zone and barbecued hamburgers for them. It all went well and I hope that it makes a difference.

13 January 1990 Sunday Five missionaries left on Friday and the Wednesday prior to that we had eight come in. We sent two home just prior to that for disciplinary problems and Saturday Sister Kunz and I went to the airport where we met the Assistants and then three missionaries coming into our mission - one transfer, and two visa waiters.

We only talked with them for a few minutes before we had to leave for New Orleans, where Joyce talked in the Saturday evening session of Stake Conference. Elder Horn, our Regional Representative was the visitor.

We arrived one hour early to eat with those stake leaders who had been in a prior meeting. They served jumbilia and salad, along with French Bread and then Mardi Grai King Cake for desert. These cakes have a small doll in them, which means the eater gets to not swallow it, but is the "winner" and then gets to buy the next cake.

I spoke in today's session of conference and thought that the Lord blessed me in the talk, for which I am most thankful. Joyce also did very well in that she told her Grandfather's missionary experience and as she mentioned the name "Sheffield" two different persons came forward, one having been taught by her father in the Seminary and one couple having know Erwin Sheffield in Springville, Utah. After conference Sister Kunz and I went to the home of President and Sister Brown for dinner. They have three fine young children and we enjoyed ourselves.

Monday 14 January 1991 Today was our regular Zone Leaders Conference. We had twenty-two Zone Leaders from the eleven zones in addition to the three Assistants, who labor here in the area. The Conference went well from my vantage point. Now, tonight, we have a little time to make some final preparations for the first our Zone Conferences, which will begin tomorrow.

A check from Dale came today. We have sold the land which we inherited from our parents to Utah Power and Light Company. They had a desire to buy the land so that they could flood it at will rather than to keep paying damages for the excess water which they turn loose at times. I hope that we will be able to leave some inheritance to our children as well - at the appropriate time, of course. My parent worked hard for that which they received and the amount of the check times twelve was quite a bit. Owen did not participate in the distribution as he had been given the home and the two lots that it is on by the other children at the time of Mother's death.

January 18, 1991 Had an encounter on the telephone with Elders Hope and Pierson, both of whom lied to me in part about some activities in their previous assigned place. I think that we resolved it alright until I meet with them at Zone Conference.

January 19, 1991 Worked in the office on several projects and then started for home to work on a talk for tonight. At that time I began to think about the tickets and passports for the Visa Waiters for tomorrow's flight. As it turns out, the Secretary had not thought about it either and we began

frantic calls to the Murdock Travel and to the overnight carrier etc. Something jarred loose after a couple of hours and the delivery was made in the nick of time.

Tonight we both spoke in Stake Conference. The general theme was on the fast. We both addressed that - from different angles and I think that it went very well. After the session I gave a blessing to Sister Phillips and then gave the sealing part of the blessing to Elder Bingham.

January 20 1991 Early this morning we arose and got the two visa waiters off for their mission. The three (temporary) assistants to the President came over for breakfast so there were seven of us to eat together. These missionaries have been with us only one week. I had planned on their being here longer than that.

Today Joyce and I are to speak in the Baton Rouge Stake Conference. I trust that with the Lord's blessing we will do well. Without it, I am confident that we would not be of much value to the people in this stake. Later: The program went rather well. I thought that I probably did not do as well as last night seemed to go however.

While two of the Assistants took the visa waiters to the airport, Sister Kunz and Elder Hovley and I picked up Mary, an investigator of the Assistants. Following the meeting, I introduced her to the Stake President and as she said her last name, it turned out that he knew her father and her sister who are also in the insurance business, as is the Stake President, President Larry Richardson.

Last night President Richardson told of my asking the missionaries to pray that the honest in heart would be led to the missionaries so that faster identification would lead to an increase in the productivity of the mission. He indicated that since they have been doing that, two people have identified themselves to him and his wife. These were people who neither of them thought of prior to that.

23 January 1991 Monday and Tuesday we had zone conferences in the Alexandria zones. The West zone is especially doing well and may have all companionships baptize this month. The East zone is not moving quite so rapidly.

Elder Greggerson and I went from the Church to examine a home which the missionaries have been offered. It is beat, run down, and in need of paint and other attention. Whether we use it or not remains to be seen.

We found out that the little 13 yr old girl that was reported to be missing from her home, reported missing some time ago by the elders who were teaching her has now been "found." That is, a man, her neighbor, left a suicide note in which he confessed to having killed her and then attempted to take his own life, but in that he proved not as much killing success. Her body is apparently in the city dump or landfill. I don't know whether they will be able to recover the body or not after this length of time. What a terrible tragedy! She was just ready to accept the gospel and be baptized too.

January 24th. Thursday. Today we had a zone conference in Lafayette and tomorrow we will go to Denham Springs Zone, which will meet in Hammond. The conference today went well. I interviewed all of the missionaries and for the most part they seem to be doing rather well, but nothing spectacular. We need to somehow increase the number of convert baptisms.

We have more reports of investigators coming in off the streets as we pray for this to happen.

Sunday the 27th of January, 1991 This morning Joyce and I spoke in the Baton Rouge Second Ward, she upon faith and me on the general topic of why missionary work and how the members can be of service in the missionary program. I think that it went well.

The missionaries had some 7 or 8 investigators out for the service. I hope that they will all be baptized.

We will eat a little dinner now and then we are going to Natchez for a fireside tonight. We will try to visit the apartments of the missionaries up in that part of the mission prior to the Church service. It has been raining a little all morning, but I suppose as long as the car functions properly the rain should not be a concern for us.

Monday the 28th we had Zone Conference for the Baton Rouge West Zone. It went well. Tonight Elder and Sister Davis were making a turn and a man plowed into their side and caused totals on the cars and a lot of pain for Sister Davis.

We sent a car over to them for temporary use while they are getting things squared away.

Tuesday the 29th. As it turns out, Sister Davis has a lot of bruises and a broken rib. She will not feel well for a few days I am sure.

We had Zone Conference for the Baton Rouge East Zone today. Elder and Sister Davis were not there, of course, but it went well. We were fed by three of the women in the Baton Rouge First Ward. I had the three of them tell about their entrance into the Church. One was Sister Long, who is not yet a member, but I am hoping that she soon will be a member.

Wednesday the 30th Elder and Sister Davis has a wreck with their automobile last night in which both cars were totaled out. Sister Davis had a rib broken and in general just feels bad.

The other night I dreamed of my Grandmother, Elizabeth Boss. I was near a temple and was told that she was in the temple. I thought that the work she was there to do must be significant inasmuch as she has been dead all of these years, but now was doing what she could for her family. I was pleased that she was there and felt close to her and that I loved her a great deal, although I had never known her in this life, inasmuch as she had passed away in childbirth when my father was only a few years old. It was the first time that I have ever dreamed about her or perhaps about any of my grandparents.

Thursday the 31st Today we held a zone conference in the Slidell Zone. The zone seems to be doing very well, but needs to baptize more.

Elder and Sister Browning were there. He was the road engineer in Montpelier years ago. He was the one who hired Harvey Kunz as the supervisor or foreman or whatever the position is called. He had been inactive for many years, since his deacon days. Brother Pugmire, Pat's father, was the many who reactivated him and he went from deacon to Bishop in two years. They are a fine couple and will do much good in their area.

Friday the 1st of February 1991 Zone Conference today in Pride, Louisiana. This is a little rural community in which the Mormons got an early start, but there is not too much to grow. The women there prepared a wonderful lunch for us and we were most thankful for that. Following our lunch I had the two women come into the group and tell us about their conversation to the gospel or about when the gospel came into their families life, sometimes generations ago.

The zone is small, but I think has some potential for increased baptisms.

Tonight Sister Kunz cut hair on the heads of Elders Hovley, Walter, Wilson, and Kunz. There was a pile left on the floor when the other elders left. I hope that she has not started a tradition for which she will get too much work.

After discussion with Brother Arnold and with a General Authority, we decided to send Elder Peterson home with an honorable release on the next transfer. As I called him about it he was very dejected in voice until I told him and then he seemed to be very happy, but said, "Well, I need to pray about this." I said that would be proper and that he should call me back on Sunday night or Monday morning, which he said he would.

Saturday the 2nd Today we picked up four new Toyota cars for the mission. These will be used in place of some that we will be selling now very soon.

Tonight Joyce and I went up to Alexandria to speak in Stake Conference. We both spoke tonight and the meeting seemed to go very well.

Sunday the 3rd

I spoke in an early meeting for the youth, as did President Nielson of the Dallas Temple.

In the regular session Sister Kunz and I both spoke. We then had lunch with some of the leadership and their families and then returned home to Baton Rouge very tired, but went to a baptism. While there we were asked to participate in the baptism for a young lady that will be baptized in a couple of weeks. Mary also was at the baptism and we took her home so that the elders could go to their dinner appointment. We are hopeful that she will get baptized this week before Elder Wilson is transferred.

Tonight we got work that the elders had a auto wreck in Alexandria as they were about the leave for Opelousas and Ville Platte. No one hurt apparently, but too bad too bad.

Sister Baker told us that her father had not joined the Church but as the elders were working the city where they lived, the elders were arrested and when the father heard of it he "came unglued" and went down to the city headquarters and said that he had lived there for his life and had voted

for many of them, but if necessary, although not a member, he would go door to door with the missionaries and they would have to arrest him as well. That resolved the problem.

President Baker was about to be on his way for a meeting in the stake. A telephone call inquired whether he was the Mormon preacher. He said that he was and the man on the phone said that his family had no water and were in need of help. President Baker found out where he lived but then decided to go on to the meeting and forget the young man. After he had gone past the turnoff to where the man lived the Spirit told him to go back so he did. He asked why the young man had called the Mormons inasmuch as he was not a member. The young man replied that his buddy in the military was a Mormon and told him that if he was ever in trouble he should call the Mormons and he would get help. President Baker was happy that he had heeded the call. His counselors could take care of whatever had to be done at the meeting. The young man had no interest in the Church per se, but that was not the significant thing.

One of the Stake leaders had grown up in Boise with none of his family being Mormons. The father moved outside of Boise to try to make a living on a farm and worked hard and then moved on to Meridian. His boys loaded hay with the pitch forks as we use to do as well. The Mormon Bishop gave a hay loader to the man and he fixed it up and got it working. When the mother died the Mormons rallied around the family. As the loss of another child, a twin, in childbirth, the Mormons again helped. At the death of the mother the Mormons again helped out. The man then wanted to join the Church and this has been a blessing to the family.

4 February Monday Elder Peterson called early this morning to say that it just wouldn't be right for him to go home early and he asked if he might remain with Elder Nielson for another month. What a young man! What an answer to prayer.

5 February 1991 Worked on material for the District Leaders.

Sister Williams is helping us temporarily in the office. She and her husband are from Utah, but have been on assignment in Atlanta for quite a while and how long they will be here I don't know, but it would be wonderful if she could help us.

6 February 1991

Today we had a training session for the District Leaders in the Northern end of the mission. The session went very well, with the topics of the baptism interview, District Development Meetings, Following up with leadership assignments, Baptisms and communication being covered. Brother Yost prepared a wonderful lunch for us. He is good to the missionaries.

Brother Arnold called indicating that they wanted to send 7 to 9 missionaries to me from Haiti, inasmuch as they have some political problems there at the moment and need to relocate some of them. We will do what is possible with them

7 Feb 1991 District leaders training in Baton Rouge. Things are looking up.

As we were in the stake center the two elders there came riding up on their bikes. They talked to Sister Kunz for a while and then after I got out of the meeting I found that they had the 6th discussion for a mother and her three boys, with the father showing signs of promise after while.

They were really feeling good. We took them out for dinner and it was good inasmuch as one of them had been disciplined by me earlier, along with some of the other missionaries.

8 Feb 1991 District leaders training in New Orleans today. They are also doing well. We will definitely be getting 8 more missionaries from Haiti. They will come at various times over the next two week period.

10 February 1991 This morning Joyce and I worked on the directory, she on the photos and me on the computer name printout. Then we went to Church, after which I was going to go to the Baton Rouge Stake Correlation meeting, but I was two weeks too early. We then went to see Merry Whitlock, who is to be baptized tomorrow. Sister Kunz and I both talked with her for a time and tried to resolve some of her concerns which center around such things as early history, polygamy etc, but in the end I interviewed her and feel that she is ready for baptism. We met her parents, both of whom seem to be fine people. Their house borders the golf course in the country club.

Tonight two calls brought news of coming baptisms. Things are going well for us just now.

11 February 1991 We picked Marie Whitlock up and took her to the church where she was baptized by Elder Hovley and confirmed by Elder Wilson. There were just the three of them, her and the two of us. She did not want a lot of people around as she wanted to keep it sort of private. The baptism went well and she will do well in the Church.

The couple in St George that she had some contact with were important in her conversion.

12 February 1991 We visited four apartments in the area and Sister Kunz took them each a loaf of whole wheat bread, as she is doing with the visits. Like a spoon full of sugar, it helps the medicine go down I think. She does tell them what cleaning needs to take place as well.

While Joyce worked on the pictures for the directory, I worked on letters for the missionaries who will be the trainers starting this Thursday at transfer time.

Tonight we went to Relief Society! They had invited me to make an hour presentation on the keys of an effective family. After we arrived there, I found out that Sister Kunz was introducing me. We had brought Merrie Whitlock with us and afterward she stayed to visit a little and then was going to be taken home by one of the sisters, which will be good for her fellowshiping.

We then went to the Florida apartment and took the elders to the home of a member who had her male friend there. Her children had spent the day picking up all of the leaves and put them into bags and the bags were neatly piled out in front for the garbage pickup when we got there. The three little children were proud of their work and had a right to be proud. The man, Charlie, had been taught all of the discussions, but just needs to make a commitment. He came very close to making that commitment, but needs a bit more time. We should keep him moving right along.

13 February 1991 Today we had nine new missionaries come in to the Mission. They look great! Each group looks better and better.

The missionaries that were in New Orleans last night (the Assistants) reported something interesting. Last Stake Conference in New Orleans I invited the members to pray that the honest in heart would be led to the missionaries. One of the Counselors went home that night and did so pray. The next day he was working on a basketball net on an outdoor standard when a man came up to him and began to talk. The man said that he was not happy in his Church and was looking for one that was better. President Smith said something like, "Have I got good news for you!" He got the missionaries meeting with him and he is to be baptized this Sunday.

14 February 1991 General transfer today. Elder Parry has run out of medicine and is very high this morning. He ended up with a lot of watching from the missionaries and then went into a hospital to get his chemical level sorted out. They plan that he will be there about a week.

As we were eating and waiting for our testimony meeting to begin with the missionaries who are going home this month, we had Elder Weaver come from Haiti. What a sight! His shirt was black and he was unshaven and worn out. He is the first of our eight transfers that will be coming this month. We told him to sleep in as long as he wants to and that we will see that he gets what he needs tomorrow, in the way of things that he had to leave behind.

Sister Kunz and I talked with him together. He reported that during the take over down there they had many people killed, men women and children. Humans were eaten and the spirit of the Devil ran loose. A Church was burned and they had rocks thrown at them. The people had a very anti-Mormon and anti-American spirit. They would stay in some days and not dress as missionaries other days. We were happy to have him arrive here and will be even more happy when the rest are out of there safely.

Jody and Brian called late in the night to say that they were engaged. We are happy for them and wish the best for them. Brian Roberts is the son of Bishop and Sister Roberts of the Baton Rouge Louisiana First Ward. He was a missionary who was newly come home as we arrived here in the South. Jody was here with us and met him and they just sort of hit it off from the start.

They are excited and we are excited as well. I know that it will take a lot of long range planning to get the wedding accomplished.

16 February, Saturday We went to see Elder Parry, who is in the hospital. He appeared to be doing fairly well, but is still not well. His medication will probably not be stabilized in his system for a few more days. Elder Walter and I administered to him.

This was a tough day. First came a call that Elder Hope had stole some weights and taken them to his own apartment. He had not admitted this to anyone yet, but was observed by another elder who was with him at the time.

Second, came the information that Elder Norman had been speeding and was pulled over, to find out that his driver's license had expired last July. He had not been driving, but was just assigned. We assumed that he had the license inasmuch as Elder Davis had told him about it in January and he announced that he would take care of it. He was hand cuffed, taken to police headquarters, fingerprinted and photographed, and then released until his hearings come up.

Third, Elders Williams and Galbraith were playing basketball on a Saturday morning with three or four boys and one of the boys wanted to go get some of his friends. Elder Williams let him go with Elder Galbraith, himself staying without another Priesthood member, and sending Elder Galbraith, without another Priesthood member; knowing that the 14 year old boy wanted to drive the car and that they were going to be on some back roads. Elder Galbraith let him drive and they stopped to get something to eat and the kid drove the car into a fast food eating establishment and broke a \$2000 window and did some other damage. The police arrested Elder Galbraith for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and took him to the station in handcuffs. He initially told him that he was to be charged with two felony counts, but then was charged with two misdemeanors and released. Tomorrow they are to baptize four of the boys in one family, including the 14 year old who drove the Church car. Elder Williams is an ex Zone Leader and as of today is an ex District Leader as well. I can't believe what he allowed his companion to do. He even gave him the keys to the automobile!

Tonight Sister Kunz and I went to Covington to attend the open house held there. This open house was introduced by Sister Hoyt. She is doing well there. A number of non-Mormon friends were there and I am hopeful that some of them will be baptized.

17th Sunday We went to the Morgan City Branch today. Elders Peterson and Nielsen are doing well there. The Branch was glad to see us and we each spoke in sacrament meeting. Afterwards we went to President and Sister Albert's home for dinner. Also there were the elders, a couple from Gonzales, who are attending the Branch and helping out, and a recent convert who was to be interviewed by President White, who, along with President Richardson, had just come there from Holma or Tibadeaux.

We visited the missionary apartment, with some protest from them. It turned out that it was a mock protest, for it was the cleanest apartment we have visited.

18 February 1991 The Zone Leaders came in today for the monthly Zone Leaders' Conference. We discussed the regular material on the training plan for this year. The conference went very well. I thought that there was a good spirit there. We have 45 baptisms to date this month and still have one week and a half to go. I think that we have 39 commitments for the rest of the month so we should have a good month. We have worked hard and attempted to raise the productivity with a couple of contests. I would like to see us keep increasing our efforts and the results of it.

19 February 1991 Today we meet in Baker for the Pride Zone Conference. It went well. The missionaries are in good spirits. The couple that we sent up there, Elder and Sister Cox, seem to like the rural area fine as it is much like their home country.

I spent some time on the phone sorting out the situation with the missionaries who got into trouble last Saturday and that certainly could have been much worse than it appears now. It could flare up again, however.

We called Elder Lasater in Kentucky this afternoon to ascertain whether we both might go to Atlanta for the May meeting in order to be there for the wedding of Jody and Brain if they

choose to marry there. Sister Kunz could go home for the wedding, but I could not. I would be able to attend in Atlanta however. They would probably have a reception here and one in Provo. Depending upon the time frame they work with, I could attend the one here, but not in Provo. Everyone knows that already and seems to accept it fine.

It has rained most of the day; sometimes hard. We are still cutting and pasting on the annual. It takes too much time to suit me.

20 February 1991 Today the entire office staff went to the Denham Springs Zone where their preparation day was a boiled crayfish feed. The food was prepared by a man who has only recently become active. He baptized his wife just last Sunday. I had interviewed her and given her a blessing. The feed was wonderful and the program was a man who was Cajun and who presented some stores in the Cajun way. It was very entertaining for us all.

21 Feb 1991 Zone conference in Lafayette.

22 February 1991 Two missionaries came into the mission today from Haiti. We took them out to dinner, inasmuch as Sister Kunz had no time to prepare anything at home for them, plus they were late getting into Baton Rouge. We spent a good night together and then they retired as did we, or I should say that I retired and Sister Kunz stayed up into the night working on her presentation for tomorrow's meeting.

23 February 1991 Saturday. We left early for New Orleans, where Sister Kunz spoke in a Women's Conference, giving the same presentation three different times to different groups of women. From the comments of the group I know that she did very well.

While she was doing that I read a little from the scriptures and was in a parking lot by K Mart when I saw a fine looking man and his wife and two children get out of a new car and go into the store. They were black and I thought that it was too bad that they were not members of the Church, for he looked like middle class and would be good Bishop material. That the thought struck me that I should leave them a Book of Mormon. I wrote a note in the inside where I told them that I had seen them go into the store and knew that they ought to be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I also indicated to them that by joining the Church they would experience much joy. I signed my name and put my telephone number on the book. I expect them to be baptized.

24 Feb 1991 Early this morning we went to La Place for meetings. Sister Kunz and I both spoke and I judge that it went very well. We then stayed to attend the baptism of Brother Grayland Ceaser, a fine black man who went to President Smith for direction on finding the Church, after President Smith, the night before, prayed that the honest in heart would be led to the missionaries. That day I had spoken in the New Orleans Stake Conference and invited the members to pray in such a manner. He thought about it and decided to do just that with his evening prayers. Grayland will be a fine member.

After the baptism we went to the home of Brother and Sister Brooks, the Branch President, for dinner. She had a splendid meal for us and we enjoyed their family along with the new convert and another couple and their friend.

Upon seeing Sister Kunz he said, "I can just feel the Spirit with you." That happens very frequently. She does have the Spirit with her so much with the new people. She just looks at them when she first meets them and the tears kind of well up in her eyes and she just has an immediate love for them.

We returned to Baton Rouge to the Church where we both participated in the baptism of Tamara Marie Boeaux Peyton, who bore testimony that she felt of the spirit of us both in the meetings where she had heard us preach, especially Sister Kunz. She said that Sister Kunz just glowed and sparkled. Sister Kunz said that she sparkled when she first saw her and that made her feel good. Sister Kunz gave a talk at the baptism on the Holy Ghost and I was able to baptize and confirm her. What a special privilege for us both.

25 February 1991 Zone conference in Baton Rouge East
26 Feb 1991

Zone conference in Baton Rouge West. Four more missionaries came from Haiti. They all look good.

28 February 1991 It is hard to believe how fast the month has gone already. Zone conference in Alexandria West. They are doing well there.

March 1, 1991 Zone conference in Alexandria East. Sister Bell told us of a seven year old girl whose parents were just married, so that they could be baptized. The girl was blessing the food and said, "Father bless all of the food that we have eaten in the past. Bless the food today. Bless the food we will eat later on, and Lord, aren't ya"ll so excited because my parents got married?"

This evening we went out to dinner with the Roberts, Brian's parents, our Bishop and his wife. We discussed the marriage in May and got to know one another a little better. They are fine people. Sister Roberts is an avid missionary and does all she can to help the missionaries, who live in her area, do as they should.

We then hurried home so that we could take care of the book. Elders Walter and Weger came over and we worked on it for a while - until they were supposed to be asleep.

March 2, 1991 Today we worked on the annual, for which I am happy that it is at the printers. It took too much time for my good feelings. Sister Kunz worked especially hard on it, and had some help from Elders Walter and Weger.

It rained rather hard for a couple of hours. Last night or yesterday it stormed hard here in the city, while we were gone. The phone and lights did not work for a while. It tipped some planes over and caused other types of trouble.

In today's Church News we saw that Eliott and Ann Butler have been called on missions to preside for three years. It will be an experience for them as well.

Yesterday we became aware of a man in the Alexandria stake who was wanting to be baptized later on in the summer when Elder Bettinger goes home. He still had to sock away a few beers now and again. We arranged for Elder Bettinger to call him on the phone, the other missionaries who are still there to go and see him and give him another discussion, and then arranged for all of them to call us. It was finally determined that he should be baptized this Sunday night. We much be a bit more aggressive with the people.

March 3, 1991 Sunday: Attended the Second Ward Fast Meeting.

March 4, 1991 Zone Conference in West Bank. The zone is doing well. Sister Kunz and I went down to Luling to check things out. We inspected the missionaries apartment there.

March 5, 1991 Zone Conference in New Orleans. A small chapel, but two fine congregations meet there. The Zone Leaders had either not scheduled the building or the schedule had not been read by the custodians, but in the end it went well.

March 6, 1991 Zone Conference in Kenner. President and Sister Smith prepared and served lunch to us. We had both of them speak during the lunch regarding their conversion and experience in the Church. They did well and it was uplifting for the missionaries.

March 9, 1991 Zone Conference in Slidell. We met in Paycaune and there had a fine conference. Elder and Sister Jensen had gone home from there a bit early because of her ill father and ill mother. The father has since passed away and they had brought the mother to Houston to visit a brother of Sister Jensen. They had left the mother in Texas and come on here for a visit. We had not expected them so it was a pleasant surprise.

March 8, 1991 Zone conference in Denham Springs. Irv Rencher was visiting and we had him take some time to speak with us. Elder Allen came into the mission home in the evening so that I could interview him and decide what to do with him.

Early this morning we bade Elder Allen goodbye and Sister Kunz offered our morning prayer as he left the mission for his home in Idaho (Malad). He will be there one week earlier than the other missionaries, who will return next Friday.

March 9, 1991 Today we took Elders Hoopes and Wilson to the National Park on the West Bank. We saw a few small alligators, but nothing too much. On the way home we stopped out of Covington to get some strawberries and to buy an alligator head.

March 10, 1991 We spoke in Slidell to a group of young people. Sister Kunz and I both talked about the Priesthood and its significance to the youth. I think that it went very well.

March 11, 1991 The contest winners came into the mission home and we fed them hamburgers and had an evening together. I am going to evaluate the contests to determine whether any lasting thing comes from them.

March 12, 1991 Preparation for the incoming missionaries.

March 13, 1991 We had 12 new missionaries come into the airport along with Jody who is here for a few days to plan her wedding. The missionaries look great and so does Jody.

We picked up the new year books and Joyce and the three missionaries that worked on them did a good job: Elders Wilson, Walter, and Weger.

March 14, 1991 Transfer day. It began early. Each of the missionaries that were to go home came into the office and I had the opportunity of interviewing them. They offered a prayer at the beginning of the interview and I did at the end of the interview. There were some tears shed. I especially had a hard time saying goodbye to Elder Wilson who has worked with us for so long - ever since we arrived here.

March 15, 1991 We began to work for the next round of zone conferences which are to begin next week.

March 16, 1991 Attended meetings in the Baton Rouge First Ward. After the meeting were over, we went to the Roberts' home for dinner and then Sister Roberts and Philip came to the mission home for some high powered planning with my wife and Jody.

Transferred Elder Spader up to be with Elder Wheeler. He is very homesick and I hope that we can keep him here. He is quite unhappy at the moment.

March 17, 1991 Zone Leaders Conference.

March 18, 1991 Prepared for Zone Conferences.

Two elders down in Holma we having trouble and were not able to get along with one another. They had argued in front of K-Mart and then one had left the other and gone home. When the other followed the first wanted to call the police to make them stay separated. I called the Bishop and he took his counselor and went and worked with them for a couple of hours.

March 19 1991 I had the above elders separate with the District Leaders and then separated them into separate apartments.

21 March 1991 After midnight I got a call that a companion was out of the apartment in the night. The same thing had happened prior to that time one time that I was aware of. I awoke my Assistants and took one of them with me. We staked out the apartment so that we could see the missionary returning with a girl as I had assumed. We positioned ourselves and awaited for 1, 2, 3, 4, and then at 4:45 the car went by us. We followed the last two blocks with no lights on our car and he was let off just around the corner from his apartment - probably 100 yards away. We

pulled up and told him to get in the back seat of our car. That was one surprised missionary as he saw us pull up. We took him by his apartment and had him close the garage door - as he had hid the opener so that he could get in if someone closed the door on him.

That day I interviewed him, his former companion, two other companions that were is some difficulty as well and reassigned about ten missionaries to cover the mess. During the day two missionaries and I spoke with their Stake Presidents as home and got them recommitted to do missionary work.

March 24th We got up early and went with the Assistants and Elder Simister up to Liberty for Church and for a baptism. Three members of one family were baptized following the Church services. It was a very spiritual occasion to see these three black people come into the Church the week following the death of the Bishop there inasmuch as he had plead with the saints to overcome their prejudice.

March 25th Monday Began the Baton Rouge Zone Conferences.

The sisters up in Marksville gave a policeman a copy of the Book of Mormon. A few days later they were pulled over by the police, with flashing light etc. The officer said that he was aware that they had given a Book of Mormon to his friend and he wanted one as well.

March 26th Tuesday

Completed the Baton Rouge Zone Conference. It went well for us. After conference I went to an interview, thinking it was Wednesday, and was complaining to myself that the elders were not there as they were scheduled to be with a man for me to interview. Then it dawned on me that it was not Wednesday, but Tuesday. Then on Thursday morning early I went out with the garbage, thinking that since the day before was Wednesday it must be Thursday morning. Well, I was still wrong.

March 27th Wednesday Today I went for the interview and the man had not arrived, nor did he, inasmuch as he had an emergency at work and did not come. Quite a day really.

At the moment I am working on the marriage guest list for Jody's wedding.

March 30, 1991 We just returned from a dinner with the Bishop and his family in Gonzales. They love missionary work and the missionaries. We had an enjoyable afternoon - the first that I have seen Sister Kunz just sit for a while. Oh, she wasn't just sitting. She was sewing on a baby blanket as she rested and visited. We had a fine visit with their son, who biked from California to Georgia - from sea to shining sea with his younger friend. He is a mature young man and will make a good missionary.

This past week we went to zone conferences in West bank and then the Kenner and New Orleans Zones were combined.

Following the West bank zone the zone leaders were scheduled to take the missionaries back down Port Sulfur way and interview the man who was to be baptized there on Sunday. One of

them wanted me to do the interviewing so they would not have to go down. I said that my wife and I would be happy to take them all four, to save their miles and that I thought he should do his own interviewing as that was his calling. I also told him that if the man's wife was ready to interview her as well.

We had a fine ride down the long narrow strip of land which is much like a bathtub, with water on each side. On the left, going down was the Mississippi River with boats above us. On the right was the Gulf of Mexico, with boats above us. The levy on each side kept the water out. The landlord for the missionaries said that 22 years ago the levy broke and 35 feet of water came in on the people and houses. Some people had gone up into their homes to the top and then into the attic, but could not kick out the roof so they were drowned. Others drowned in other ways and some escaped.

We then sent two missionaries in my car down to the Southernmost part of the strip of land and the four of us went to the interview. The lady of the house was the first to hear a discussion and had had a stroke some 6 or 7 years before but was getting along pretty well. Her son had since married a girl and moved into the home to help take care of the mother. The wife had done much for the mother, while her own daughters did little. Then, last fall his wife had been in an accident and lost her eight month baby in a still birth following the auto accident from which she was cut by the rescue crew after about an hour. Then, recently, the young husband had slipped and has had two operations on his back.

Well, there they were. My wife played with the two little boys, got them to sing and read to them, while the missionary interviewed the husband, who just in the afternoon was having some Satan placed doubts. There was no indication that the wife was to be spoken to about baptism. Sister Kunz went into the kitchen and made some good talk with her. She asked if she had heard all of the discussions? "Yes." Did you feel the Spirit? "Yes." Do you know that it is true? "Yes." Why don't you get baptized with your husband on Easter Sunday. "Because I don't have anyone to tend my children." The interview was done in short order and the baptism scheduled. How we much be willing to ask the questions necessary. That baptism belongs to my wife.

April 7, 1991 Now some time later. Illness last week prevented the baptism. This week Sister Kunz called them up and the little boy answered. Sister Kunz asked him if he knew who he was speaking to. He said, "Sister Kunz." And that after only the little time with him all those days ago. She had an impact on him.

Great General Conference with some significant issues being taught as usual. A baptism was held this morning before conference and another one this evening after conference.

April 8, 1991 This morning Joyce and I went to the Institute to meet with Sister Roberts relative to the coming wedding. The women were trying to decide how to set the area up.

April 9, 1991 Worked on my assignments, transfers etc.

April 10, 1991 The new missionaries were picked up at the airport. We got one Sister and five elders. With the missionaries from Haiti that brings our total over 200. I don't know what we will do after the large group goes home in June and July.

I had one missionary pack his things and come into the Mission Office with his companion. He had apparently had a very extended difficult time of sin from home and not taken care of it properly. This had strongly impacted his work here. I am not sure what will become of him here as pertains to missionary work.

April 11, 1991 Transfer day. We had quite a large transfer. We rented a trailer and used that with the van to take larger loads South and North. I had some missionaries in the office for interview. One I had speak with his home Stake President and think that we got him to commit to work this last couple of months of his mission. The other is on hold while the Missionary Department takes care of some interviews on the home front to see whether he will stay or go home.

April 12, 1991 The missionaries left early this morning. We spent some time working on the upcoming Zone Leaders Conference which is to be next Monday.

Later on in the day one missionary called me to say that they had found an air gun, purchased by the missionaries - I don't know who, but it was expensive and just left - probably by a missionary who thought that he was on his way home early.

April 13, 1991 The office was pretty much vacant this morning and I am trying to get it to stay that way. I want the missionaries out working with the people. There is too much office work to do, but the amount will increase with the amount of time that I am willing to let them stay in there.

Brother and Sister Bradford came over to the home for a while tonight and we had a little visit and signed a work order for some work on the home.

April 14, 1991 We are going over to the Denham Springs Church today. I am not sure which ward meets there on the early schedule, but that is what we plan to do.

April 15 1991 Zone Leaders' Conference. We had some good instruction and it went very well.

April 16, 1991 Zone Conference in Denham Springs and Pride Zones combined. Sister Kunz and Elder Walter and Livingston went to West Bank for a baptism for the couple from Port Sulfur.

April 17, 1991 Met with the group at the Church and attempted to move the work along for the VISN cable TV program. The Church has several hours of broadcast and it would be good to get it in every area.

April 18, 1991 Slidell Zone Conference. We had a good conference. Afterwards I met with the Stake Presidency and the Stake Mission President. The possibility of a group meeting in East New Orleans is looking up.

April 19, 1991 Zone Conferences for the three zones in New Orleans: Kenner, New Orleans, and West Bank. It was a good meeting and we changed some assignments at the close of the conference.

April 20, 1991 Worked on the office and then on the list for Sister Kunz's Mother's Day letters to the mothers of the missionaries. It is sort of easy to run all of it off on the computer, but it does take some time.

April 21, 1991 Breakfast is about ready and then we leave for Alexandria and their meetings. We will stay there tonight and be ready for 7:00 interviews in the morning.

We attended meetings in Alexandria and they were very fine. Afterward we went to the Taylors for dinner. They are special people with connections to El Paso, The Mormon Colonies, and to The Robinsons.

We found out the following circumstances:

Elder Eddington, from San Diego, a neighbor of Bud Kunz's is here on a mission. His guardian is his brother and wife, inasmuch as his parents died early on in an auto accident, about ten years ago or so. Recently Elder Eddington was transferred to Alexandria. He was invited to dinner to the Taylors, who will be leaving the area soon since he is retiring from the military. In the course of the conversation Sister Taylor said something like, "Eddington? My sisters best friend named one of her girls after an Eddington who she really loved. The girl's name is Elizabeth Eddington - ----. Elder Eddington's mouth dropped open as that was the name of his mother. Sister Taylor then said that the friend of her sister had been killed in an auto accident some ten years ago. Elder Eddington said that this was no accident. The Taylors were about to move and knew of that connection with his parents' good friends, who just happen to be coming for a visit before the Taylors move from here. That Sunday was about the only time he would have ever made that connection. Now the family coming for a visit are bringing scrapbooks and other items that were the dead parents. He is so excited with it all. The tears just fill his eyes as he tells about it. He knows and we know that the Lord really directed me to transfer him here for a special purpose.

April 22 Zone Conference in Alexandria for the two zones up there. The conference went very well for us.

April 23 Zone conference in Baton Rouge for Baton Rouge and Thibodaux zones. I interviewed a lot of missionaries, one of whom I had to deal with Salt Lake and arrange a homeward bound ticket for the next morning. Too bad! Wickedness never was happiness.

April 24 Worked on Sister Kunz's project for Mother's Day, and on the wedding list, and on many other things in the Mission Office.

April 25, 1991 Went to New Orleans to interview an elder who had not told me all of the truth in an earlier incident and as a result may have contributed to another being sent home. Loyalty to a false cause!

We heard that President Lasater will be coming for a tour in May. That will be a wonderful thing for the mission, but a little awkward in that we will have the wedding around that period of time. We will manage, however.

Sister Long came over tonight to visit with Joyce. She has a son in Centerville, Utah. He was teaching a young woman who had a dream in which she was told by a man named Nahor that she should not have anything to do with the Mormons or her child would be harmed. She had an appointment to visit with the elders but did not keep it for fear from the dream. Again she had the same dream, but decided to keep the appointment and explained to them her problem. They gave her a blessing and are now teaching her.

He is also teaching a young man who has parents who are not happy with the Church, and are inactive, but he is interested very much. Had another member of the family answered the door when they went by they would not have got in, but he let them in and is preparing for baptism.

April 28, 1991 At 5:00 a.m. we got out of bed. We got ready for the Sabbath day and then drove to Picayune, MS, where the elders were to have five baptisms. They only had four, inasmuch as one wanted to wait until his father could be present next Sunday. The service and all of the Church meetings went very well.

I stood in on the confirmations and was voice for Brad Marrero. He and his mother were baptized. In the gospel essential class one of the women said that she was an inactive Mormon and that she had seen the commercial on TV for The Book of Mormon. She had called saying that she did not want The Book of Mormon, but just wanted the missionaries to come and see her. The sisters did go to see her but quit. She told her other neighbor that she wanted to get going back to Church. The neighbor asked her which Church she belonged to and she said, "Mormon." The neighbor indicated that she was a Mormon too and also wanted to go back to Church. So they got with the missionaries and went and had some of their children baptized and soon hope for their husbands as well. The sisters in the first case were not out of bed and caring enough to get their baptisms.

April 3, 1991 During the past few days we have been attending DDM's to try to encourage the missionaries and move them forward in their work. We are working to get 100 baptisms this month and to have each companionship baptize. We pray that it will happen.

May 4, 1991 I put on my overalls for the first time on my mission and went out and cleaned out the rain gutters, which I dare say have not been cleaned in the time period since their installation.

Worked on addressing invitations for Jody's wedding.

May 5, 1991 We attended the Second Ward today and then worked on the transfer board for a while. Most of the afternoon was spent on the task of getting invitations ready to send out. Joyce also worked on some other of the materials which have needed to be sent to the missionaries.

Tonight I attended the Priesthood Restoration Broadcast in the Stake Center. The locally assigned full-time missionaries constituted about 1/3 of all of the attendees. Without some investigators with them, I wondered as to the reason for their being there at all.

Had communication with Brother Drane in Natchez regarding the conduct of one of the missionaries up there. It is too bad when one missionary pulls another down with his lack of commitment and diligence, his arrogance and short temper, and his lack of interpersonal skills in dealing with other people.

May 11th Went to Slidell to the Gill home where they had the area Public Communications meeting to which they invited me to speak. It went fairly well, but the Priesthood Leaders in general do not seem to support the public relations program.

May 12th Mother's Day and a good occasion. Late in the day we got some telephone time with our son Johnathan, who serves in Munich Germany. He is doing well and we are proud of him and wish that some of our missionaries were cut from the same type of cloth. I think of my own wonderful mother and give thanks to God for allowing me to be born into her family. She truly loved the Lord, blessed her large family and provided a worthy role model for other women. My mother-in-law is of the same quality. Joyce is not one bit behind them.

May 13th Monday Worked on the car assignments after our Zone Leaders' Council, which is held once per month.

May 14th in 1991 We are trying to attend to the business of getting 100 baptisms, but it is not an easy process. Many of the missionaries do not do their full potential, but slacken their pace at every opportunity it seems.

Nevertheless we have put forth strong effort with the missionaries to obtain baptisms, but they are not coming any more rapidly than before.

Today Sister Kunz and I took Jody and Brian out to lunch. We didn't eat a lot, but the cost was fairly high - nearly \$50.

Tomorrow we will pick Jenifer and Jana up from the airport and then within a short period of time we leave with the Roberts in their van for Atlanta and the marriage which is to take place.

Last night Joyce and I went over to the Roberts for dinner. The two sets of grandparents, one great aunt and Brian and Jody were also there.

We still have not heard any specific plans from Elder Lasater for his mission tour. We will just do what we can, pending his instructions.

May 15th 1991 We - Joyce, Jenifer, Jana and I went with Bp and Sister Roberts in their van for Alabama on our way to Atlanta. We arrived outside of Montgomery late and retired without anyone having to sing us to sleep.

May 16th We went on to Atlanta and checked into the hotel and then prepared for the temple. Jody received her endowment in the afternoon session beginning at 7:00. Prior to that the Roberts and I went to a session and then went through again with Jody and Bryan. It was a fine occasion.

E B Harris was the endowment director and told the family members that I was known as John the Baptist in the time of my mission. I had baptized him and his wife and other members of their family.

We called Billy Cantrell sort of late in the night and then had a little visit with him. He is still going to the Church and doing what he should be doing, as I would expect. He is teaching early morning seminary and we just delighted in speaking with him.

May 17th 1991 At 10:00 we were ready in the temple for the marriage of Jody and Bryan. We had a short delay, awaiting the arrival of the Temple President, President Goodman, and then we had the fine wedding there. It was a special occasion. Dave and Joan Shumard were there with us. She was the Williford girl, whose mother I was able to baptize many years ago. Many of the extended family were baptized as well.

Following the wedding we had time for photos around the grounds before the rain began to fall in the afternoon. It was a lovely day. We are so proud of Jody and Bryan. They have done well and are worthy to be in the House of the Lord.

22 May 1991 Elder Ward came into the office and I interviewed him and he has now gone home for a while to work things through with his Stake President. Part of his problem is his own mouth and part perhaps the ward members who may have painted a bleaker picture than really existed.

21 May 1991 Jenifer and Jana left early this morning for Provo. Jenifer has to be back with her school teaching and study and Jana will leave in a couple of days for Japan for part of the Summer and then will be on the way for Europe and Israel.

May 31, 1991 Held a disciplinary council this morning and send a missionary home. It breaks my heart to do it, but it is required. Wickedness never was happiness.

June 2, 1991 Early this morning Sherman (Joyce's brother) and Karma Rae left for the airport to return home. Sherman had a meeting in New Orleans and was accompanied by his wife. We have spent part of two days with them and it has been a good experience for all of us. We have had a wonderful visit with them.

They reported on their family and we went to see a few sights that they were especially interested in - the alligator farm, Louisiana State University, the capitol and then we just visited.

We are again in the midst of the transfer process and we are going to be happy to have this over and get into the work inasmuch as President Lasater will be visiting us soon this month.

June 5, 1991 This morning Joyce and some of the missionaries boarded the plane and headed West. Joyce is going to Jody's reception for a few days and the missionaries are going home. I think that I would not make a very good "living alone sort of person."

We had 7 mini missionaries come into the office today to begin a mission with us for ten days or two weeks.

June 6, 1991 Today I went to Bogalusa for an interview. I had one Elder pack and both come into the office. In the evening we held a disciplinary council and send one Elder home without Church membership. The other missionary stayed overnight.

June 7, 1991 Interviews with four missionaries, and all of them instructed on the difficulty of not keeping one's companion in view. Each much bear some of the responsibility for the two who have recently gone home.

June 9th Joyce was still in Provo for Jody and Bryan's reception and I was here to speak in Conference in Slidell. I thought that it went very well.

June 17th, 1991 (Monday) The last ten days are gone - they have passed so quickly! During this period of time (June 12th thru June 15th) we have had a mission tour from Elder and Sister Lasater. He whipped on us in as nice a manner as possible and I hope that we will now go forward, making commitments and testifying of the truth as we should. He and Sister Lasater were warm and we found them to be wonderful companions on the tour.

The first night we had a shrimp and red beans dinner (Prepared by the Assistants). They did a marvelous job and continued on in that manner during the rest of the tour.

He told us of a pair of sister missionaries who had the courage to go up to a minister's home and bear witness of the reality of God and Christ. The minister tore into them because he thought they need not tell him of such a thing inasmuch as he was an ordained minister, who had gone to theological seminary.

His wife heard him doing he bad talk and "got after him" when he went back into the house. He hunted them, after his conscience got the best of him and was taught and baptized and became what was probably the first Black Bishop in the Church, but now had passed away. He had to give up his salary, his home, his church etc and take a blue collar job after he was baptized, but was happy for what he had.

One of their companionships were tracting when they came to a yard with a "beware of dog" sign. They didn't see a dog so they went up to the front door and knocked. A 300 pound man came to the door and asked what they wanted. Behind the screen door with him were two Doberman dogs. He told them they had 30 seconds to get off his property. They testified as to their mission and said that they would be back as he let the dogs out. They had already began to move back toward the gate. Each raised their hand to the square and the dogs circled them but did not attack. They went through the gate and the dogs crashed into the gate as they closed it.

The following week they went back and again knocked on his door. From behind the screen door he said, "Get in here. I want to know what you did to my dogs." They sat down and taught him the gospel and baptized him.

June 18th, 1991

Today we worked on the upcoming training meeting for the District Leaders and on the Couples' Conference which will both happen within the week.

It has been raining every day for a long time. I guess we are in need of it or else why would it come to us?

We got word that Elder Hester was being released from his mission. He played ball on an occasion which was not on the plan and suffered extensive knee damage and went home for work on it. Because of the long period of time necessary to recover, he has been released. So much for the problem of not obeying.

June 23, 1991 We had a meeting with one of the Regional Representatives in our mission area - Elder Hill from Florida. He asked me to speak in the opening session and then train in the meeting with those who were there for missionary related instruction. I had Sister Kunz, and the Assistants: Elders Walter and Hoopes assist in the instruction. We had the Assistants over for lunch, which Sister Kunz got into the oven prior to the session. I peeled the potatoes and carrots.

This afternoon we went to the Slaughter Branch where both of us spoke to a youth group. It went well I thought. After the meeting we had some refreshments which the young fellows had cooked. They are led by a man who has just moved in from Houston Texas area. He was the Bishop of Elder Hope in Texas. He seems to be making a positive contribution in that Branch.

Following the meeting we went to Gonzales for an open-house, (or whatever the appropriate name is for such a thing) for Elder Richardson, who will be leaving the first part of July for the Mission Training Center, prior to going to Eugene, Oregon.

June 24, 1991 We got 8 visa waiters. They are all sharp looking missionaries.

June 26-27 Couples' Conference. It went well.

June 30 1991 Today - one year ago - we came out into the mission field. In some ways the year has gone very rapidly and in some ways very slowly. It seems like 39 days and also like 39 years all at the same time. So the first year is completed! I think that we have made progress, but not as much as I would have liked.

This morning the five missionaries who are going home are showering, packing, being nervous, and other.

July 1991 We have a few "mini-missionaries" beginning a two week program in this mission. These young men, mostly priests, are splitting with the full time missionaries to work in one area of the mission for the specified time period.

2 July 1991 Worked on various projects and tonight we had a bar-b-que at the Long's household. One of the elders was going home and they decided to honor him and his mother, who had come to pick him up. As it turns out, there were a number of missionaries gathered there from the Baton Rouge area. I thought there were too many and I think that the Longs probably thought the same.

3 July 1991 New missionaries came today. As it turned out we went to the airport and the plane had not yet left Dallas so we returned to our home. The plane came in later on and only one missionary was on it, as the rest had missed it, thinking that he had gone from the airport. We finally got them all in by just before midnight.

4 July 1991 Transfer day, with a lot of coming and going missionaries. No time to celebrate.

5 July 1991 The missionaries left early this morning. They were a good crew.

6 July 1991 I went to East New Orleans to interview a sister who was to be baptized tomorrow. It turned out to be fine occasion. There was a baptism in the afternoon for the couple that the Nix's have taught - the Jones.

10 July 1991 Zone Meeting in New Orleans. They have strong missionaries now but not much has come from it in recent times.

11 July 1991 Zone Meeting in Kenner. They have a couple of pair of slackers.

12 July 1991 Doctor appointment in which I got a few liquid nitrogen hits on my head and hands in the early morning after an hour's interviewing and then Zone conference in Baton Rouge, following which I had a physical for some life insurance purpose for additional life insurance that I am obtaining from Deseret Mutual.

13 July 1991 Worked on assignment of mini-missionaries and on the vehicle safety meeting for the month. I also caught up on some of my writing. We attended a baptism tonight and then an open-house for Whites who are going to Logan to teach at the University. He has been a member of the Stake Presidency.

14 July 1991 Spent a fair amount of time this morning looking at some long-term changes in the transfer process.

15 July 1991 We had Zone Conference in Leesville Zone. We stopped by Natchitoches on the way to Alexandria and the elders committed Bobbie to baptism on Friday, if Elder Stoddard could attend and do the baptizing.

Zone Conference in Alexandria Zone. Sister Tingey came into the mission - a transfer to us. She looks like she will be a fine missionary.

21 July 1991 Attended the meeting in Cutoff. They had a rather sparse attendance because of some families being out of town. We went to see Norris and his family. I think that the family is

not being properly fellowshipped. I was disturbed that the elders there are so laid back about teaching people who want to be taught and baptized - just no urgency.

22 July 1991 Zone Conference in Lafayette.

23 July 1991 Zone Conference in Thibodaux.

28 July 1991 Attended the Correlation Meeting in the Baton Rouge Stake. It was a fine meeting and I believe that some good will come of it for the missionary program here.

7 August 1991 We obtained 11 new missionaries today. They look great! One of them came from West Jordan and in his home Bishopric is Ferrell Swink, who was a mission companion of mine, but one who I have lost tract of for over thirty years. He was from Price, Utah and each time we passed through there I would attempt to call him or find out his whereabouts, but always to no avail. Now I will have to call him on the phone.

8 August 1991 Transfer day and we had our share of problems with a blown tire on the trailer and other minor difficulties with the transfer process. Most of it stemmed from non-communication.

9 August 1991 This morning we sent off a large group of our very finest missionaries. Many had been Zone Leaders and there were two former Assistants among them. They were a select group who have done much good in the missionary activity. Elder Walter will be especially missed.

14 August 1991 Zone Conference in Hammond for Denham Springs and Slidell Zones.

15 August 1991 Today my sister, Geniel, passed away. She went into the hospital last night after having not been well for some time and having lost a lot of weight. Last night Dale and Rosi called and indicated that she was in the hospital and this morning Dale called to say that she was gone from this earth.

Geniel was always wonderful to me and I loved her. She has a good husband and a fine family of which she was very proud. We will all miss her, but she has gone on for her reward. Farewell, my sister until we meet again - perhaps soon!

Jody, our third child graduated, or at least started the process today. We would have liked to have been with her but it is not possible except in our minds. We have seen it before and now are thankful that she has done so well. We love her and are proud of her accomplishment.

16 August 1991 Zone Conference in Thibodaux Zone. I felt to prophesy that Elder Larson would have a baptism before he goes home if he so desired and that his companion Elder Ayers would have six if he applied himself in this last 6 weeks, and that a temple would be built closer to Gonzales than now exists.

The family history sisters have processed some thousands of names for the temple.

22 August 1991 Jenifer has come to be with us for a week or so and we are enjoying her a great deal. I am struggling with the mission a bit at this time. I have one missionary who wants to do well, but is immature. He has disconnected the speedometer cable to save on his mileage. He will now be walking through the rest of his mission. Two other missionaries had the unfortunate event of going too fast and turning from the pavement onto a dirt road and rolling the car. Neither was injured, but it could have been very serious. The car, a new 1991, is apparently totaled.

31 August 1991 The end of August already. Today Elder Ingram goes home. He has been here for six months and has just decided that he no longer wants to be a missionary. I hope that the exposure which he has had on the mission will help him to remain active in the Church as he returns home. I tried to do everything that I could to keep him here, but he was determined. Thus, we can only say, "The Lord bless you."

8 Sept 1991 During this week we have received eleven new missionaries and sent four home. In addition, we have planned for the next round of zone conferences.

Last night Jay said that Becky had been to the hospital and had a miscarriage. Sometimes that is the best in every way, but still hard if a new addition is desired.

Yesterday I worked a little in the yard, pulling some weeds and putting down some fertilizer. While it may look better, it may not smell better.

15 September 1991 We have called a couple of good missionaries, Elders Albrecht and Hansen, to work with the Assistants on splits in both zone conferences and with some companions in the various zones to try and increase our baptisms, which have fallen a little. If all goes well the Assistants may complete their missions in the field and the new ones become the new Assistants.

In general the missionary program is going well. This week we had a special transfer inasmuch as one of the elders had asked a non-member girl for a date and she had told another girl who she did not know was a Mormon, so the whole thing became public knowledge at a fast clip. The same two elders were doing some "service" work by spending time in a convenience store, where a young woman was the manager. They were helping her serve the customers on a number of different occasions. They did not see the difficulty that presented for the members and non-members alike who thought them to be working there. It, like many establishments here, also has alcohol. Well, they were moved in a hurry. We now have sisters up there and hope that they will work out better in that area.

16 Sept 91 Zone Conference in Leesville. All went well. We met a sister in the ward there who is a daughter of the Crookston's. Ray and Marva, I think it is. One of her brothers married into the Christian Kunz family as well - that was into Eliza Rigby's family.

17 Sept 1991 Alexandria Zone Conference. This zone is going to do very well in the near future. They have had their share of difficulties however.

18 Sept 1991 Lafayette Zone conference. The Bundy's have three commitments for this week. I pray that they will see the fruit of their labors.

19 Sept 1991 Slidell Zone Conference. All was fine.

20 Sept 1991 Pride Zone Conference. This is a small zone, but some of the missionaries are the tops. We have opened up New Roads and the sisters there are not housed quite right. I hope that we can get this taken care of soon. They both need some success.

21 Sept 1991 Pulled weeds in front of the mission home and then went on an errand to the mission office in my overalls. A man, the husband of a sister recently baptized came driving up and was livid. They have separated just before her baptism and he is now calling everyone he can think of to try and get her to reconsider. She has suffered abuse and alcohol during her life and needed out of it I guess. He has seen the "Godmakers." What a piece of trash! But the work of the Lord will go forth boldly and without restraint.

22 Sept 1991 Sister Kunz and I spoke in Baker Ward. They treated us royally and we had an enjoyable time with them. Also attended a baptism in the Baton Rouge Ward. That is, Joyce did. I was in a meeting with the Stake President and Bishops, which I had forgotten about until I saw all of them come into the building. What a reminder.

23 Sept 1991 We went to Gonzales for our zone conference. This was the biggest group in the mission. We many have to realign a little or even split the zone. The problem with that is that it makes more zone conferences to cover and we have eleven already

24 Sept 1991 Zone Conference in Denham Springs Zone. They are doing very well with ten baptisms already this month and some more committed for this week. If each zone would produce like the best one each month we would reach our goal of 100 baptisms in a month.

25 Sept 1991 Today the missionaries take their Preparation Day. Sister Kunz and I are spending the first part of it getting ready for the sisters who will be coming in this afternoon for a Sisters' Conference.

26 Sept 1991 The sisters all came in for sister's conference. We thought that it would be of value to them and help to build them up again. The evening meal and program went very well. Sister Kunz did a good job organizing and executing it.

27 September 1991 The second day of Sister's Conference, which turned out as well as the first day.

28 September 1991 Sister Kunz attended Women's Conference tonight and I spent some time working on the scriptures. I read in the Pearl of Great Price and had a very spiritual feeling as to its truthfulness.

29 September 1991 Attended services today in the Baton Rouge Second Ward and then Sister Kunz and I went to Hammond for a meeting of the Public Communications People. We did our part early in the meeting and then went to the Institute building in Baton Rouge for a Singles' Meeting, where we both spoke. I thought that it went fine.

30 September 1991 We completed the transfer process on the board and made the final decisions as to where the new missionaries and the moving old ones will be working.

1 Oct 1991 Today we had the trainers for this next transfer come into the mission home and we gave them instructions and helps which we hope will motivate them to be better missionaries and excellent trainers. At the end of the day our office secretary informed me that one of the incoming missionaries will not be coming for another month, as she had just listed him on the wrong place. We have prepared for him and have his trainer ready, but now with no companion. We don't need many if those kind of mistakes.

2 Oct 1991 Received out new missionaries and had training for them. We ate very well at the mission home and had a good testimony meeting.

3 Oct 1991 Interview the missionaries who went home - 17 of them, each with about half an hour discussion. Transfer Day all day.

4 Oct 1991 Old missionaries left Louisiana

5 Oct 1991 General Conference. It went very well and was enjoyed by all who I observed, including me. Priesthood session of General Conference. Very good.

6 Oct 1991 General sessions of Conference. Taped them for Johnathan and for Jana, who are out of the country.

7 Oct 1991 Zone leaders and District Leader's training.

10 Oct 1991 Last night I went to bed tired, and with the expectation that Joyce would come to bed before too long. She stayed up for some time, however, working of a number of things, as is her hard working practice. At any rate, at last sleep came.

At about 2:00 in the morning I received a telephone call from the missionaries in Opelousas, who had just been shot at with a pistol. At near 9:30 or so as they were in front of their apartment, a woman 19 years of age who had joined the Church about a year ago, but has not been permitted to associate with the Mormons because of the wishes of her family, came by and asked to talk to them inasmuch as she was having trouble with her family. They talked for about 20 to 30 minutes in the yard in front of their house and then the younger brother and his friend came to get the sister indicating that the mother wanted her home at that time. The request was accompanied with insults, swearing and other thing not appropriately described here.

The member requested that the elder remain outside because she did not feel safe to go home and wanted them to make sure that she was alright. She returned home and for the next half hour of so the swearing, yelling etc coming from the trailer where the family lived was unbelievable. Then at once the girl was thrown through the front door with the mother right behind her with physical abuse. Also the brother and friend were there, presenting themselves in a similar manner.

The missionaries feared for the member and started for the trailer. About half way there they were suddenly the object of curses etc from the brother and his friend, who was about 18 years of age. The 18 year old friend then drew a pistol and shot at the missionaries, who had the good sense or the fear to run back to their own apartment. They then called the police, who came and got things calmed down. The missionaries called me to indicate that they were not willing to stay in their home, but wanted to stay with a member, which I thought was good wisdom and recommended my counselor, President Bush.

Today I called them and they were about ready to go file a complaint against the man for shooting at them. I told them not to do so until I had given it some thought. I then called the mission department and talked with Merv Arnold and with the legal counsel, Brother McConkie, who advised as I had thought which was for them not to file charges.

I moved them from the apartment, closed the apartment and had them in another apartment in another city within a short period of time. I feel better about it all tonight.

12 October 1991 Tonight we participated with the High Priests and wives from the Baton Rouge First Ward, as they held a progressive dinner. They began at the Church, went to Ponds home, then to Long's home and with smaller groups at the later two, and then all of them came to the mission home for desert. They had asked me to speak a little and I did, although I may have spoken too much. I talked about the Kunz family and some of my findings that I thought might pertain to families in general. It might have gone better.

13 October 1991 We attended Sacrament Meeting in the Baton Rouge Ward and then left for Alexandria, where we attended the baptism of a sister from Marksville. It was Elder Stephenson's first baptism and he was really excited. We were happy to be there for his sake. We stayed there overnight to be ready for the zone conferences the next day.

14 October 1991 Zone Conference at Alexandria for that Zone and also for the Leesville Zone. I thought that it went well and was pleased with their reaction. I hope that the work will continue to go forward there.

15 October 1991 Day of work about the office, followed by a trip to West Bank. We do have some problems there, especially with Elders Moore and Littlefield. They have not got good spirits for the work just now and I must deal with that. I then asked for directions to the nest missionary apartment and arrived to find them dressed and ready to go to work. (A week later, I found that the previous elders had called to warn them or I would have also caught them in bed.

16 October 1991 Zone Conference in the three New Orleans Zones. These zones have had lots of problems with the work and the work has gone rather slowly at times. Many of the missionaries down there are somewhat off the plan and that is discouraging to the work. I interviewed a number of them and think that that helped somewhat.

Following the conference Sister Kunz went home with the Assistants and I remained to visit Sister Tingey in the hospital (Sister Kunz had done so in the morning while I was in the interviews).

In the evening I attended the meeting with the Counselor in the Stake Presidency (President Smith) and with the Bishops and Branch Presidents, as well as some of the ward mission leaders. Two of the Zone Leaders in the three zones represented there were with me - Elders Harward and Hellbusch. The meeting was designed to consider some of the concerns that the local priesthood leaders have and they had plenty, some of which we can treat, and some of which are stake problems, and some of which are endemic to the area and probably will take years for solution.

17 October 1991 Today I worked on reading the letters from missionaries, writing a number of notes back to them, filing some papers, and other types of office work. I went with Joyce to see Doctor Reynolds, inasmuch as she has infection and other upper respiratory problems, including loss of most of her voice.

18 October 1991 We found out today that we would be getting four missionaries reassigned from Haiti to here. This will take place tomorrow.

The Zone Conference was held for Baton Rouge and Pride. We have so some strong missionaries here but also some problems that we have to work out.

19 October 1991 The missionaries arrived and Sister Kunz ran their clothes through the wash two times to get them clean. Three of them were only able to bring part of their things and had to leave the rest in the apartments where they were because of the situation down there. They were glad to be here I thought. We will try to make them feel at home.

Jana called and is doing very well in Israel. She is having a lot of good, spiritual experiences and we are happy for that.

20 October 1991 Went to 2nd ward so that we could feed the four missionaries and send them on their way to their new assignments. All is well. They had a very find group of investigators there. Some were the missionaries and some Brother and Sister Hilton's. They had a big family who seemed to be interested. We are pleased with how things are going in Baton Rouge.

26 October 1991 The other day I had an inquiry from Salt Lake from the Mission Department regarding one of our missionaries who had told a man that he was a . The man reacted to the missionaries unwise statement and tried to call me all day, but we were having one and one half hour sessions with the three zones in the New Orleans area, to resolve some concerns that

they have been having. He then called the mission department and Brother Arnold, my contact, attempted to call the missionaries. Their answering machine was rigged with an inappropriate message and the mission department led me to believe that it should be taken care of at once, which I did.

As it turns out, the man was not wanting his friend to be baptized into the Mormon Church, and has a lot of power over him. I suspect the type of relationship they have had in the past. In any event, the missionaries will not be part of the conversion process any longer for the man in question. It just is too dangerous for some very negative publicity.

Then, lo and behold, just two days later a message came from me to call a pair of missionaries and listen to their message and call the Bishop in the ward in which they were working. The message was very offensive. I questioned whether it was the message of the missionaries there however. I asked the Bishop to go to the apartment and obtain the recorder and not allow the missionaries to take the tape. The Bishop's nephew, I think, had been splitting with the missionaries and was the one who put the bad message on the machine, supposedly without the missionaries knowing anything about it. The young fellow's mother went to the apartment and got in somehow and took off the tape. So much for mother's instinct.

This morning we went to the Hilton Hotel for the 6th annual prayer breakfast, which was the joint effort of the National Society of Christians and Jews and of the association of something and synagogues. I think such efforts are of some value and that the Church is moving in a good direction to be a part of such efforts.

Heavy rain today.

We are working with the Stake in Baton Rouge to man a display in the FAIR, which is currently underway. I fear that most of the effort is that of the full time missionaries, but it appears to be going well. We are distributing quite a few copies of the Book of Mormon and are getting some referrals.

October 30, 1991 Today we had 19 new missionaries come into the mission. Finding trainers was something else.

October 31 1991 Transfer day and some of it broke down. I think that the Assistants are just learning and I should have given them a little more direction, inasmuch as they both came at the same time and observed the previous Assistants for only one month.

I interviewed the missionaries going home. For the most part they were strong missionaries. One of them had to have a Disciplinary Council at the last night following testimony meeting. It was too bad and a sad way to end a mission

Following the interview of Elder Hoopes, who had been in the field for one month following his release as an Assistant, I felt that I should give him a blessing. I promised him through the inspiration of the Spirit that he would have the necessary use of his eye when he got home. He

was promised that because of his exceptional work in the mission field, the Lord would pour out blessings upon him and that he would have use of both eyes. He had a dart blown through his eye in high school and was not able to see out of it. [Today, he sees with both eyes.]

"November 3, 1991

Dear Family,

We received the letters yesterday and have just read them as we sat at the kitchen table. I read while Joyce worked on another project. It was fun to read and comment on them to one another. The ward we attend when here in Baton Rouge does not meet until 1:00 so we have some time to answer the letters. We are in this "home ward" about once every other month or so. I was out of town a few weeks ago and Joyce attended without me. When she went to the Sunday School class, the teacher, who was relatively new, said, "Oh, we have a new Sister here today. Will you please introduce yourself." The missionaries got a good laugh out of it.

The new mission calls are wonderful! Amsterdam will be great, but a little cold this time of year, with the damp wind biting pretty firm. Tara Lynn will need a good set of thermo long johns to wear. Kenneth will enjoy England too. It is good that the Church has gone to a plan of equalization on missionary work inasmuch as that mission is one of more expensive ones. They will both be fine missionaries. It is too bad they can't both come into this mission, but good missionaries are needed everywhere. I guess that as we stop and think about it we have already had two missionaries from the family here. Kelly Kunz and Kevin Kunz both served here. If one goes out a little further, Eddie Kunz, Leland's son was here also. The day before yesterday Jason Hoopes from Afton left here. He is one of Christian Kunz's Great....Grandsons and without question one of the very best missionaries we have. We also have one of Annie Boss' husband William's (nephew). That also makes him Elizabeth Boss, our grandmother, half sister's great-grandson. Annie was my teacher in Junior Sunday School and we use to sing, "Give Said the Little Stream." I have thought of that since:

WHEREVER I GO

"'Give,' said the little stream, as it hurried down the hill."*
This song was taught years ago, but I remember it still.
With Annie Boss in Bern; we sang it in Junior Sunday School.
Over and over we repeated and sang until it became a rule.

"I'm small I know, but wherever I go the grass grows greener still?"
At times me thought the green grass greened because of Phil.
Now I know that the plowers plowed, the sowers sowed and water
came from above. It was not Phil that greened it, but others' love.

*With apology and thanks to Fanny J Crosby

Carol and Donovan! Four missions! You will soon be like Ben Rich, and LeGrande Richards, and other unique church missionaries. What a blessing you will be to those people in the Philippines. They know so little and have so little. When we were there, the American couples

did much to take care of the temple inasmuch as the people have no retirement over there. They cannot quit work and go work in the temple.

Last Sunday I was in a meeting in Tennessee with the Stake Presidents and our Area Presidency. President Lasater had just been to Florida, where all of the rest of the missionaries from Haiti have been transferred, along with their Mission President. We have already had some ten or eleven of their missionaries, but now they pulled out the few remaining ones for a temporary time, until the situation gets stabilized down there. It is so sad to have so much poverty and so much greed along with it.

In a week or two we go to an area meeting in Monroe, Louisiana, and then from there to Orlando, Florida. Following that, we will stay home for another year I guess. When the Brethren set up meetings and call for us to attend, we attend with happy hearts. The meetings do so much to lift us and to answer questions that may be pending.

Last Wednesday we got 20 new missionaries and sent home 13 on Friday. Good ones come and go, although a lot of experience goes home as great missionaries leave for home.

LaVarr and LaVaun, we offer our prayers and sympathy. You have had a lot of burden this year. Bless you. We are so proud of all of you and of your families. It will be wonderful to get together for a few days again and talk about things.

We have a display at the State Fair. Last night we went to check out how the missionaries were doing. Joyce got talking with one man who said that he was not interested in the hypocrites in the Churches. She spoke with him for a long time and left him thinking more positively about things. We worked with them for a while, passing out old copies of the Friend, New Era, and Book of Mormons. It was fun.

It is about time to get ready for Church and I have some things to prepare for a meeting tomorrow morning as the Zone Leaders come in for training. We love all of you and wish the best for you."

[end of family letter]

The other night we received a telephone call from Elder Hoopes, who has returned home after a wonderful mission. He called to indicate that he got into BYU. Inasmuch as he had not sent in the application fee etc, he had been rejected, but both Sister Kunz and I talked with Brother Pugmire, who took the case before the Admission Committee again. He can really be happy that he got into the University as they have seldom ever made such an exception.

6 Nov 1991 Pride Zone Conference. We got there a half hour before time to begin and were starting to wonder if we had gone to the wrong church building for the conference. It was a good conference. Sister Kunz and I left early so that I could work on the budget prior to leaving town.

7 Nov 1991 Leesville Zone Conference. We have four missionaries in one place there and that has to end. It is too much social time. Two baptisms fell through when the young lady, who referred the two became inactive and anti-Mormon in a strong way. She returned and talked the two out of joining the Church. I hope that they can be salvaged through it all.

8 Nov 1991 Alexander Zone Conference. They are working hard, but are having struggles. Following conference, we went to Monroe Louisiana for an Area Conference.

9 Nov 1991 I went to Priesthood Leadership meeting of the Conference at the Stake Center. Elders Faust, Nadahl, and the Regional Representative were there at first. Elder Faust greeted me warmly and thanked me for the letter I wrote him following conference in which I spoke of his talk. We were instructed by the three visitors. I gave the opening prayer.



Sister Joyce Kunz and President Monson

After a break, President Monson came.

The other three spoke and then President Monson spoke as well. He said that he was there as a visitor, because he wanted to be there, although only three stakes were meeting together. He was going to complete a story that he started some time ago.

Some years ago he was scheduled to go to a conference in England I think, and at the last minuet he was changed to a conference in Louisiana. He thought that was odd inasmuch as they had no special business to conduct at the conference. During the Saturday session a man asked him to go and bless the man's daughter who was ill. President Monson thought he could not do it as the conference schedule was always so busy, but thought to have the Stake President go and have it taken care of. During the song in the meeting he said that the words came into his mind, "Suffer the little children, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

He told the Stake President to go ahead with the meeting on Sunday without him, as he was going to see the little girl who was some 50 or so miles away.

He went and found her confined to bed in the last stages of cancer. After the blessing, he found out that the mother had asked the little girl who she wanted to bless her. The girl had studied a picture of all of the General Authorities and then pointed to President Monson. She had literally prayed him there. While she did not get well from the administration, she was saved from further pain as she passed away. The family were blessed to have President Monson there.

After the session, we went to the West Monroe meetinghouse where the sisters had prepared a wonderful dinner for the General Authorities, Stake Presidents, Mission Presidents and their wives.

At the dinner we sat at a table with President Monson, whose wife was not there. Sister Kunz sat by him and during the dinner he stood and had his hand on Joyce's shoulder and told all of those there that her father was "Mr. MIA June Conference." He paid him and her a fine tribute. We had a good time together. Following the dinner we drove back to Baton Rouge late in the night to catch the plane the next day for Orlando, Florida.

10 November 1991 We flew to Orlando and in the evening had a light buffet with the other Mission Presidents and wives and with the General Authorities there.

11 November 1991 We had a fine session with the brethren in which we received instruction from them. During the instruction, Elder Faust had me write some notes on the blackboard, and at one point had me read a scripture indicating that the height of man from the ears upwards was more significant than from the ears downward, or words to that effect. Afterwards, we went to the Church Ranch in Orlando and toured it and then had a fine meal prepared by the ranch employees. The employees then entertained us with a mini rodeo, air boat rides on the swamp, which was beautiful, but cool. During this event, one of the boats got lost and I think that President Lasater was quite worried about it all. His face brightened as the boat load of people returned.

12 November 1991 Another good day of instruction.

13 November 1991 We spent the day at EPCOT Center. Met a young lady from Germany and we got a photo to send to Johnathan, so that he could go see the young lady's parents in Munich.

14 Nov 1991 We flew home and went right to Slidell for zone conference and a meeting with the correlation group from the Slidell Stake. It was a busy day. We spent some time talking about the needed training of stake missionaries.

15 Nov 1991 Zone Conference in Baton Rouge. This is a large zone and therefore takes a lot of interviewing.

16 Nov 1991 Saturday.

17 Nov 1991 Somehow I missed the Baton Rouge Stake correlation meeting. I can't believe it. We attended church in the Second Ward.

18 Nov 1991 West Bank Zone Conference.

19 Nov 1991 New Orleans Zone Conference.

20 Nov 1991 Kenner Zone Conference. We, Sister Kunz and I, attended the Family Program in Slidell, which was established by the Church. Sister Gill is the Public Relations person in the Stake and has set up the program to honor an outstanding family in that Pearl River - Slidell area. The program went well, with many religious and community leaders present for the program, but Sister Gill would have liked to have had some more representation from the local leaders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She feels like they do not support her very much.

23 Nov 1991 We went to New Orleans and spent the evening with Wilford and Ruth Smith. They were in the area for a tour, and as it ended they stayed on for a little while, and we were able to have a good visit with them.

24 Nov 1991 Stake Conference in Slidell. I was asked to speak on the subject, "How Christ lifted the downtrodden and gave hope to those who needed it." I thought that the conference went well and I felt that the Lord blessed me in my talk.

25 Nov 1991 In come the new missionaries.

26 Nov 1991 Transfer Day. We did the transfer from the Baton Rouge Stake Center and in general, with all of the missionaries that we shipped, it went well.

At 12:00 All of our missionaries were assembled in the various building in the mission, where they have a satellite dish, so that they could watch the special missionaries broadcast from the Missionary Training Center. The broadcast was good and I thought that they stressed those aspects of the program that we have been working on in Zone Conferences recently: obedience, opening one's mouth, planning, and use of the media referrals.

We had a good dinner and testimony meeting with those going home, Hansen, Nasman, Weger, Stiles, and Rothlisberger, but I was very tired, inasmuch as I took a Contac pill for the hay fever problem that I developed in the Stake Center while watching the broadcast.

27 November 1991 Some preparing, in some final manner, to go home. It is interesting to watch the various behaviors that they go through as they begin to make this transition.

We began a planning session for the upcoming Zone Leaders Training session to be held on Friday.

28 Nov 1991 I worked on the back light this morning, installing a photo-electric cell so that the lights would come on in the back of the house for security purposes, and to make it more convenient for us when we come home in the night.

Elder Weger brought his parents by for a little visit in the morning. They will be touring through the mission until next Sunday, at which time they will go to Kentucky when Brother Weger was on his mission, to Washington D.C. and then return to California.

At 12:00 we went to Gonzales and had Thanksgiving dinner with the Bishop and his family. Keith is the son and Yvonne the mother and the Bishop is the father. We had a fine time. They had other friends there for dinner with them as well.

29 November 1991 Zone Leaders Training session in the mission home. It went well, and it was significant inasmuch as we have a lot of new Zone Leaders.

1 December 1991 We went to Morgan City for a baptism with the missionaries there. Elder Weger had his parents and some 10 investigators there for the meetings. It went well. They baptized the lady who was taught when 17 years of age, but whose father would not let her be baptized. Now, some 20 or 25 years later, she is able to do this.

2 December 1991 Today was Monday.

4 December 1991 We brought about fifty missionaries into the mission home for a "A Day in the Mission Home," as a method of getting the work moving forward. We invited all of those who could baptize in November to come.

I am not sure about the change in productivity, it is hoped that it helped. The day was spent in playing games, getting acquainted, personal interviews with some of the missionaries and with eating. I found that the Assistants have been a little disappointing in that they work more with "being one of the missionaries," rather than becoming real assistance to the President and his wife. We just must keep working with that however.

At the end of the afternoon I had to go interview a man in Walker for baptism. I asked Elder Hansen to start the missionaries for home and not let them stick around the mission home. He said that he would do that, but it did not happen. I was disappointed and Sister Kunz was left to do much of that which the missionaries should have done.

As it turned out, the man from Walker did not show up for the interview, and the missionaries were late for the appointment with me to take me where he lived.

5 December 1991 This is the first day that there has not been a set and constant schedule for a long time. I think that I need the short break. I worked on the Annual Mission Conference, a blood drive connected with it (as a service project) and on problems with individual missionaries. It seems that we have a current spate of illnesses and problem missionaries.

6 Dec 1991 Interviewed a fellow up in the Hammond Zone who will have to have a First Presidency clearance. When he was 14 years of age he came home to find a drunk man stabbing his mother and he shot the man. He was not tried for anything in court, as the officials believed it to be a justifiable situation.

7 Dec 1991 Worked around the home and on various projects at home and in the office. Also made quite a number of telephone calls to some of the missionaries. Today is Pearl Harbor Day. I remember it, as a quite small boy.

8 Dec 1991 Great Sabbath Day. We attended a missionary farewell for Len Harris, who, with his parents and twin brother, were the first to come and see us from the South as we were in the MTC, prior to coming to Louisiana.

We then attended all of our meetings in the Baton Rouge First Ward - not attending there recently.

10 Dec 1991 Gave Hermana Casdorff a blessing as she has been ill and somewhat depressed because of it.

12 Dec 1991 Attended a party for the Stake and High Council and wives from Baton Rouge Stake at the home of President and Sister Richardson. He is a fine supporter of missionary work.

13 Dec 1991 Sister Kunz and I went to the Christmas celebration at Amite. They had a large group out for their dinner and celebration. The sisters have done a fine job up there over the past year.

17 Dec 1991 Jana came for the beginning of a little vacation after having been to Japan, all of Europe and then to a semester in Israel. It was good to see her again. Jay, Becky, Matthew and Rachel also came late tonight after I had gone to bed.

18 Dec 1991 The first day of Christmas Conference and we had 78 missionaries donate blood and tonight we sang at the Baton Rouge Centroplex. Television Channel 2 was there for the weather and our group sang the weather forecast. It went very well and the weatherman pledged support for anything he could do to help us.

19 Dec 1991 Second day of conference. All of the missionaries were put up at various places in the two Baton Rouge wards. The members were kind to them. We had a good session in which Jana spoke, Elder Albrecht talked about Joseph Smith, Sister Kunz gave a good talk and then I spoke. My talk was largely directed towards more repentance and focus in the work.

Jenifer came in today also and we are happy to have them with us.

20 Dec 1991 We received some new missionaries (three visa waiters for Brazil). We had both the old and the new come in to the home together for dinner and then the new left with missionaries and old stayed for the night.

22 Dec 1991 We went to our ward for sacrament and then to Chalmette for a baptism of Rickey, who has waited to be baptized for well over a year. Jay and his family also left for New Orleans to go to Chicago for the holidays. We are happy for Becky to be able to see her parents again.



Our Mission Home

24 Dec 1991 Our family, and the office missionaries, went to New Orleans for the Christmas Mass in the St Jackson square Catholic Church. It was all right but I would have liked the sleep somewhat better.

25 Dec 1991 Jay called us early and awoke us after our too long sleep, as a result of getting home so late this morning. We had a good visit with him and he is doing well.

26 December 1991 We were able to spend a little time together as a family. There were several missionary things to attend to.

27 December 1991 Jana left for Mexico. She was invited there with one of the Marriott girls from the Marriott family. They spend some of their Christmas there and the younger family members take a friend. Jana was friends with "MA" Marriott over in the Semester in Israel and I guess they got along fine together.

31 December 1991 Preparation for the new missionaries.

1 January 1992 We received new missionaries today - five on the plane and two older sisters who drove out in Sister Hammond's car. With her was Sister Esnault. The elders were Elders Parra, Larsen, Stockinger, Hatch, and Thompson. They look fine to me.

There was no time today for thinking about or watching any football games - Rosebowl or other.

2 January 1992 Elder Jose Guterries left this mission this morning as he had been transferred to Arizona where it is warm and dry. I hope that he can resolve his joint problems and also his basic testimony problem.

Transfer day and some "bugs" still remain in the system. Mostly the problem is in the information getting from the Assistants to the Zone Leaders and from them to the other missionaries.

Tonight we had the going home missionaries in and a fine evening together. They are Elders Hellbusch, Weaver, Howton, and McArthur. All were not equally dedicated missionaries.

After dinner and testimony meeting I received a rather distressing call in regard to one of my missionaries who has not been acting appropriately. I may have to have a disciplinary council to resolve the matter.

3 January 1992 The old missionaries went home. I had a missionary with some real questions on his behavior come in and I interviewed him. He flatly said that he was not involved in any manner in the thing with which I had confronted him. I said, "I am happy for that. Please wait in the next room.~ I then called him in again and said that I was going to call a Stake President and ask for permission to speak with one of his members. I dialed a number on the phone and the missionary suddenly remembered. He had problems prior to his mission, which were not resolved as he tried to hide them. In addition, he had serious problems here. A disciplinary council was held and he called his Stake President and parents to say that he was coming home. What a tragedy. He could have been a fine missionary, but chose to set it aside. It is my opinion that he will resolve things now, and that in the end it will all work out for him, after some sincere repentance and regaining the trust of his leaders.

4 January 1992 Conference in Denham Springs Stake. I spoke in the Leadership Meeting at 4:00, and the talk was not too impressive. I had a cough and it shot just at many inappropriate and frequent times. I was then going to excuse myself and help Joyce clean up around the home, but Elder Banks, who was the visiting authority asked if we could be there for the evening session, but no problem if we couldn't. I quickly called Joyce and asked her to get ready as I would hurry home and get her.

The evening session was one of the best I have attended. I was again invited to speak and it went much better.

5 January 1992 We both spoke at the Denham Springs Stake Conference. Joyce did a fine job, and I cut my talk very well so that it stayed in the time allotted and all was well.

We returned home and had out dinner and then quickly helped support a baptism, which was going to fall through, inasmuch as one leader in one ward told a missionary to not baptize this Baptist Minister as he would probably go inactive anyway. Elder McDonald and Elder Golding were the missionaries and with Elder McDonald's transfer out of the area the thing just did not get going. It was a problem of two wards being involved, a new missionary, leaders that were also new and without enough experience etc, but it went well in the end. We are having the Assistants stay in the Mission Home for a few days until the apartment they are moving into clears.

6 January 1992 Zone Leader Council. We trained and ate at the Mission Home. It was a good session, again with lots of new zone leaders.

7 January 1992 Zone Conference in the early morning at 7:00 so we could be finished by noon and go to pick up Jay and Becky and their children in New Orleans as they were returning from Chicago on the Amtrak.

12 Jan 92 Stake Conference in New Orleans. Sister Kunz and I each spoke and I think that it went well.

13 Jan 92 Zone Conference in Leesville. We arrived there with the Assistants and the van got locked with the engine running and lights on. We had the police working on it and also a locksmith, but the opening did not come until one of the elders hit the electric lock with a coat hanger. The Conference here went well.

14 Jan 92 Alexandria Zone Conference. This Zone was working hard for the most part, but discouraged and down. I tried to get them more committed to the work, but also to let them see that good was being done.

15 Jan 92 Had lunch today with Joe Buhler and his wife Cheryl. They are here doing some microfilming for the Church. His father is Joe, son of Iris Kunz Buhler.

16 Jan 92 Zone Conference on the West Bank. I think that it went pretty well. We do have some problems there but are working on them.

17 Jan 92 Zone Conference in New Orleans. This is a large zone, but the missionaries have done a lot of back biting, evil speaking, and general lack of concern for one another. I spoke upon those things. Sister Kunz, as always, did well in her presentation in the conference, which I think went well.

Took the Lambsons out to dinner as they are going home tomorrow. They have been good missionaries, working with the public relations end of things. They have made some good friends for the Church.

18 Jan 92 We held an office meeting today to straighten out some of the duties etc of the new people in the office.

Tonight we had a little dinner in a room by the Stake President's office with the Stake Presidency, their wives, and President Nielson of the Dallas Temple.

During the evening session of Baton Rouge Stake Conference I spoke on the covenant of baptism.

19 Jan 1992 Stake Conference in Baton Rouge. Sister Kunz and I both spoke. I thought that it went first rate. After Stake Conference we had the Thibodaux Zone come to the mission home for their Zone Conference, which would have normally been on Monday. This way we saved one day and a lot of extra miles. It was pushing the time a bit but went alright. Sister Kunz prepared a "Potato bar" for them and they all ate first, inasmuch as they had not eaten as yet.

In the evening we went to Denham Springs for a baptism. Four young girls were baptized by the four elders serving there. The mother was a member, but had been inactive for some time and as a result none of her children were baptized. There was some question as to whether the baptism would even take place because of the contention between the father and mother, as I understand it. The service was good, but some additional coaching would have helped save some embarrassment to one of the new missionaries who had to baptize about five times to get everything to work properly.

8 Feb 92 We spoke at a Fireside in Port Sulphur tonight in which about twenty-five people attended, five of them being investigators.

9 Feb 92 We attended meetings in Port Sulphur today and then hurried home so that I could go to Denham Springs for training of the stake missionaries, of whom 5 showed up besides two in the Stake Mission Presidency. It went pretty well, however.

After that we had the youth in the Baton Rouge First Ward over to the home for a fireside, which they requested. Jana, Sister Kunz, and I each spoke on some phase of friendship, which is part of their standards program.



Back: Elder James Faust, Jenifer, Jody, Jana, Elder Russell and Phillip and Joyce S. Kunz

10 Feb 92 Zone Leaders Training. Two new Zone Leaders came into the group of twenty
11 Feb 92 Baton Rouge West Zone Conference.

22 February 92 New Orleans Stake Conference. We both spoke and I thought that it went well.

3 March 92 and we kept our missionaries off the street as much as possible. Fat Tuesday!!! There is a lot of sin and iniquity this night.

22 March 92 We spoke in Covington both of us and we did a pretty good job I thought. zone leaders. Some of the zone leaders are working hard and baptizing and others are having a struggle.

25 March A visit from Limhi Ontiveros from the Mission Department Financial area to train and check up on us. We had a good visit, instruction period and training from him for our office people.

11th and 12th. I attended a meeting in Atlanta for the area mission presidents. It was very instructive. Elder Nadauld will visit us starting on the 21st.

27 March 92 We went to the airport to get Elder Kunz. He looks good and we are so happy to have him with us for a while.

14 April 92 Johnathan left for Utah and to be released from his mission. I have been very impressed with his ideas, help and general missionary presentation.

18 April 1992 I preformed a marriage for Verna and her husband, Brother James Swartz, until I get the whole name in here. It went well.

21 April 1992 Television broadcast and then our first zone conference in which Elder Nadauld and his wife were touring our mission. It went well. He has a good presentation and made the missionaries feel good and strive to do better.

22 April 1992 Jana left for Spain for a frequent flyer visit with a friend and we had the second zone conference in the north of the mission with Elder and Sister Nadauld.

23 April 1992 The third segment of the zone conference with the Southern zones. Also a fine conference. We felt good with the Nadaulds and I think that they enjoyed their visit here with us.

1 May 1992 Old missionaries go home. Jana came home from Spain and I was in a meeting with Ron Humphries, from the Church financial section with a review of our mission on his way to New Orleans. We had a good meeting and visit. We had him as a neighbor in Provo some years ago.

2 May 1992 We took Jana's friend to New Orleans to get the plane and Ron to his hotel after going to the French Market and eating some lunch.

4 May 1992 Two of my missionaries came in to report that they had been drinking one night at a local celebration. Old ways creeping back up on the non-working missionary.

11 May 1992 Zone conference for Leesville and Alexandria zones.

12 May 1992 Spent some time getting Joyce and Jana ready to go to Utah.

13 May 1992 They left so that Joyce could go through the temple with Jana and also be there for her farewell.

17 May 1992 Jana's farewell in Provo and I was not able to be there, but I did speak in the Slidell Stake Conference. I missed being with my little girl, who is now grown up.

18 May 1992 Joyce came home and I was happy.

27 May 1992 We got new missionaries as Jana went into the MTC. We were there in Spirit.

29 May 1992 This morning we took the old missionaries to the airport for their return home: Elders Figureoa, Whicker, Morris, Leavitt, and Bingham, as well as Sister Ashton. While the last missionary was waiting for the plane (he was going to Florida via Atlanta) the Assistants waited and Sister Kunz and I returned home to prepare breakfast for the three remaining missionaries who were still in bed when we left for the airport. We found two small ripe tomatoes on the vine that I have growing in a big pot. They tasted good as we each ate one of them. The two visa waiters and the other missionary were taken by two of the Assistants to their new assignments in New Orleans and in Covington.

This afternoon Joyce and Elders Hunt and Bankhead are helping in the Annual Photo Publication for the mission. Too bad it takes so much time.

While I was in the office, Peggy Shingleton came into my office and wanted a blessing. She is having some problems right now and just needed a little support. I arranged for the sister missionaries to go by and help her a little in her apartment as a service project, but also to give her a little friendship. She is from North Carolina and has been here in a drug dependency program and is having a hard time overcoming the problems.

30 May 1992 We worked on the book and I worked in the yard. About two o'clock I got a call from Sister McNeill, out in Turkey Creek. They were having a marriage and no one could or would perform the marriage and she was about beside herself. I agreed to go and Joyce and I went and went quickly, arriving about 15 minutes prior to the marriage. I quickly improvised and it all went off pretty well considering. The groom and bride have been living together for a few years and have two children. He came with a new black hat and colored starched shirt and levis. She was a bit more appropriately dressed. It is my hope that the bride will now join the Church

and be source of spirituality for him. His own father and mother had divorced. His father was baptized some time ago out in a pond by some missionaries who taught him some, but he never was in the church for all of these years. Perhaps the wedding will be the beginning of something good for them.

31 May 1992 Today I went to Alexandria for a regional meeting, to which Elder Todd Christofferson had invited me. He is the Regional Representative. [Now he is an Apostle] Other priesthood leaders were in attendance and President and Sister Anderson of the Mississippi Mission. Sister Kunz did not go with me because she was to speak at a baptism perhaps prior to when we would have arrived home, but it turned out to be not so.



Swamp home



Louisiana

We attended the baptism of John Saber, who was in our home some time ago for a discussion and also with the High Priests for a social some time ago - perhaps about Christmas time. There were some very supportive people there, but the baptism was not well planned. I was embarrassed by it. The font needed about 15 inches more water in it. The font door was locked and could not be opened until the brethren went down for the baptism and unlocked it from the inside. The program was only about 1/4 completed and one of the speakers was asked only five minutes prior to the baptism etc. These were my best missionaries too - zone leaders and assistants. We will discuss it soon.

The baptism was a good one, in that John was prepared and after stopping the discussions part way through, he waited for a time and then just called the missionaries and said that he was ready for baptism.

1 June 1992 Prepared for the coming zone leaders conference.

2 June 1992 Worked on the yard and on some transfers. Some of our missionaries came in today to leave tomorrow. They are some of the visa waiters and are going to Brazil.

3 June 1992 Zone Leaders council and we ran from early until about 4:00.

June 4, 1992 We baptized a couple of people a month ago or so and now we find that she was only 17, but had listed herself as 18 years of age. It is also a question whether or not the fellow is a bit of a con artist or doesn't deal with truth too well. Jody and Bryan are on their way down for a visit with us and with his family. We are excited to see them.

21 June 1992 Jenifer came to the New Orleans airport, after some difficulties, which came about because of the fog and poor airline service.

June 21, 1992 Jenifer and I left early for the airport to retrieve her luggage which came in to Baton Rouge and the agent was not willing for the missionaries to pick it up without some type of better authorization than I gave them.

28 June 1992

Dear Jana,

This morning is beautiful. The sun is shining and I think that the day should be without rain. It is good to have both kinds of days - rainy and other.

We have really appreciated and enjoyed your letters. You are a good, faithful writer and the letters mean a lot to us. I am proud of you. I am happy that you are really trying to be a good missionary. It takes self power, confidence and a willing heart to do what is right. Nevertheless, the scriptures say that it is easy to follow the Lord, and I believe that it so. It **is** easy just as soon as one makes the decision to do so.

Today we are going to Denham Springs. The Regional Representative is having a meeting for the region and has asked me to speak in the opening part of the meeting and then to instruct the mission people from the various stakes involved on some phase of missionary work. Mom and I will each take turns and do what ought to be done.

This is President and Sister Richards son's farewell in Gonzales. We will miss the meeting, but may be able to go to the farewell get-to-gather at the home following the meeting we will be in Denham Springs. Our meeting goes from 10 until 2 and I think their open house is from 3 till 6. We had the LeBlanc's and the Marchand's up for dinner the other night and it was a fine occasion for us all.

By the way, your little Poppy note is still on my board and not erased. I may leave it there for the next Mission President to erase.

Take care. We love you and pray for you always.

1 July 1992 Another year has started and I fear that I have not had nearly the impact that I might have. We push forward, however.

In July we have had a lot happen.

A fellow in New Orleans has been telephoning the missionary apartments for some time and has cursed them and then at last began to threaten them, saying that somehow his son was taken away from him and that a Mormon was involved, perhaps the Mormon being the boy's mother. It was also part of the discussion, which occurred many times, that there was a court order of some type protecting the boy and his mom from this fellow.

After discussion with the Church security and with the Area President and the Mission Department, I moved the missionary, who spoke most with the man, out of New Orleans. I changed all of the telephone numbers and placed unlisted numbers in place of them and closed down one apartment.

During the same time, Beck and his family came for a overnight visit. We took them to the French Market and found there two missionaries out of their area, without garments, and looking like bums. It was an embarrassment for us all.

Two elders disconnected an odometer cable and left their area and zone, in company with a young lady and another set of missionaries. All were called in, Stake Presidents called, and transfers begun.

Two other missionaries published an underground newspaper, which I suppose they thought was funny, but was cutting of other missionaries. I worked them over for this as well.

So here we are well in to another year. Baptisms are down a little one month and up a little the next month. We have brought many back into the fold by working with the less active in a "balanced program."

17 July 1992 Sister LeBlanc, the wife of one of our Bishops was in our home the other night and told us of an experience she had a few years ago - probable about five. She joined the Church about 12 years ago I think. Anyway, she got up in the morning and was getting ready for the day's activities when she hear the news that Mother Teresa was going to be in Baton Rouge at the Catholic Church at a certain time. That time was 40 minutes away. Sister LeBlanc got the notion that she ought to go and present her with a copy of The Book of Mormon. She quickly brushed her teeth and put on a dress and took off in her car for Baton Rouge.

As she drove along the freeway, she took the curlers out of her hair with one hand and then wrote her testimony in a Book of Mormon as she hurried along. Then she realized that she did not know where she was going, that is, where the Church was. She decided that it must be in downtown Baton Rouge somewhere so she got off the freeway, at a point that she thought would be a good place, and started to drive around looking and asking about the Church. Someone got her pointed in the right direction and she then saw the building and there were a lot of cars and people around it. She didn't know how she could possibly find a parking place. She prayed and a car backed out of a place and she pulled in. The crowd was large and she didn't know how she would get it. She put her head down and prayed that if the Lord wanted her in, a way would be opened. Just then, a few people began to push through the crowd and down the aisle of the Church. She went with them and soon found herself at the front of the congregation, where she saw Mother Teresa who was sitting at the end of the pews and described as a small woman. Sister LeBlanc went over, knelt down, and gave her The Book of Mormon, and then kissed her hand. She said that Mother Teresa had tears in her eyes, but said nothing, but communication had taken place.

Sister LeBlanc stayed a little longer as Mother Teresa gave a short talk about abortion. Now that is what I call dedication and following the Spirit. We have lots of good experiences and hear of many more.

It is interesting how quickly ruts are made and how difficult it is to get out of them.

Three missionaries have been sent home disfellowshipped from the Church for conduct not appropriate for missionaries. I hated to see it happen, but they had broken too much of the commandments and had strayed too far from that which they came to do. I felt especially badly for one who was going back to Idaho to face his family, from whom he felt more concern than from the wrongdoing I thought. I pray for their proper repentance and moving back into the mainstream of the church.

The Church is true. The gospel is everything and the Lord is King. His second coming I pray for.

2 August 1992 Today we met in our new stake center here in Baton Rouge. Recently the two wards were split into three and our ward was the first to have a meeting. Chairs had to be brought into the chapel for the meeting as there was not enough room. The same thing happened for the next ward. I don't know whether the chapel was a smaller capacity chapel or whether the new building brought more people out. I know that generally a split means an increase in activity among the existing saints.

We then took Elder Eddington with us (he, who is going home early in the morning from his wonderful missionary. What a missionary!) and went to Slaughter Branch for a baptism. Elders McLean and Shingleton were baptizing three people. They are from the Jackson Louisiana area. They are having good success. The font was full of dark brackish water however. The towels were forgotten as was the extra shirt and white clothes for the big man who was being baptized along with two women, one of whom was the mother of the Relief Society President from Gonzales. I gave up my shirt and spend part of the service in the bathroom without a shirt, part with a loaner from another man in the Branch and then the rest in the parking lot and car with my wet shirt and dry garments, waiting for the service to end.

We are awaiting Sister Long's return from Florida. Her son returned this past week and we are to get a short term answer from her tonight relative to her baptism. We hope that she will not put it off longer now.

8 August 1992 Elder James Faust, of the Quorum of the Twelve, was visiting the New Orleans Stake and wanted to attend the beginning of Primary to greet the children who were there while their parents were going to be in the session of stake conference. He was accompanied by Fred Hansen who was a counselor in the Stake Presidency. The children were a bit unruly and the Primary President attempted to quiet them by saying, "Children, we have a very special man here today. Do any of you know he is?" One child piped up with, "Yes, it is Brother Hansen." Elder Faust gave President Hansen a hug and said, "They love you." President Hansen called the young boy later in the afternoon and said, "Thanks, you really made my day. I owe you a dollar."

During the same conference, presided over by Elder Asey of the Seventy, President Smith, who was conducting the night session, said that he was nervous and would be glad when the General Authority had gone home. As Elder Asey got up to speak he was true to the spirit of the occasion. He said that he was being met in South America by a Stake President and the President's wife for a stake conference. As he got off the plane the wife said, "Why you are nearly as ugly as your picture." He indicated that he was not sure exactly how to take that comment.

On another occasion he was spending the night in the home of a Stake President who called on a young boy, about eight or nine, to offer the family prayer. The boy asked the Lord to bless everyone in a rather lengthy prayer. Then he said, "and please bless [long pause, and then] old Bishop what's his name, so that he can go back to Salt Lake safely."

During this past week we have had Zone Leaders' training and then started the round of zone conferences. We met in New Iberia for two zones in that area. In the early morning as I was interviewing the missionaries one at a time in one of the small classrooms, Sister Kunz was sitting by the telephone in the hallway. Several elders gathered just around the corner from her and began to talk, not knowing that she was there. One missionary in particular, spoke out of turn relative to some missionaries who had been send home and other things. Sister Kunz then came around the corner and she said missionaries whitened up and scatter in all directions. We called the ring leader in and she really nailed him. He attempted to lie out of it, but she had him red handed. I am not sure whether I will recommend a change of mission for him or what. He had done considerable damage here in this mission already.

19 August 1992 We have moved into a new Stake Center in Baton Rouge. At the same time a new building has been opened up in Leesville. Other construction project are also completed or underway.

20 August 1992 I have been working a little in the yard. It has gone alright, but I am not sure that I cope with the wetness very well. It is difficult for me to keep the leaves all the right color. It has been somewhat cheaper, but the therapy for me has been worthwhile.

21 August 1992 Another of our missionaries has called to confess that he has disconnected the odometer cable on the car assigned to him. He will now be in a bike area for most of the rest of his mission. I guess they feel the need to use the car but do not always use their mileage wisely so the pressure builds to disconnect the cable.

Brother Bradford brought a couple of men with him to look at the office. They are going to draw plans and remodel it a little so that it will be more serviceable for the mission use.

22 August 1992 We have had a couple of families in our home for teaching by the missionaries and it went pretty well. Sister Kunz has been talking with Sister Long and I also talked with her the other night and she now plans to be baptized after about 30 years that her husband has been in the Church. Her older son did not go on a mission, but the younger one just returned home a couple of weeks ago. They also have a daughter.

23 August 1992 Jenifer is here with us for another day. She has been here since last Saturday and we have had a fine time together. Jay, Becky, Matthew and Rachel also were with us from Friday night until Thursday. We were able to take a little time and go to Avery Island and to the Baton Rouge Zoo, where we arrived a bit late and then had to be inside when they locked the gates and went home. We found an employee who was still on the inside and he let us out. It would hardly have been fitting for a pregnant woman to have climbed the ten foot fence and worked her way through the barbed wires to escape.

On the way home we were "beeped" on our pager. We were about to come through the Baker area when we were told that Elder Waldron was not willing to transfer as he wanted to go home. We stopped and picked him up and I spoke with him on the way to the bus station. He was taking his companion there, he also being transferred from the area. Sister Kunz rode with the companion. Upon arrival at the bus station I continued to talk with him and then Sister Kunz and Elder Davis also spoke with him. We got him on the bus to Turkey Creek.

29 August 1992 Early this morning Elder Jenkins called from Turkey Creek so say that his companion had taken off in the night time. We spend the day looking for him by phone calling his companions, and others who might have known about him. We assumed that he had got on a bus or plane to go home, but found him not. It was a little tough calling his Stake President and Bishop.

30 August 1992 Joyce and I went to Bogalusa to speak in the Branch there. The meeting went well I thought. On the way home a beep message was that Elder Waldron's father had spoken

with him, but that he had not given an address to anyone, nor indicated where he was. The Bishop, Stake President and Brother Waldron were on the line to speak with me.

When we arrived home we ate a little and then went to the new Stake Center for a baptism of the Gonzales boy. The service was well organized.

In the evening we attended the baptism for Sister Long, whose husband was baptized some thirty years ago. Sister Kunz has done much to help her get where she is now with membership in the Church. At the baptism we found a chapel full of people from the three wards, also Elder Kendrick of the Seventy, Elder Hill, our Regional Representative, and President Fowler of our Stake Presidency. These three had been touring the hurricane area and were just in the area and joined us for the baptism.

Elder Kendrick had been in the Philippines and spoke highly of Carol and Donovan Howell, My sister and brother-in-law.

1 September 1992 Today we sent our five new missionaries out into the various areas. We hope and pray that they will find great success with their new companions and the people who are there to work with.

We have word that two missionaries will be coming here from Honduras, inasmuch as that country is having problems and the missionaries are being relocated. They will be here tonight just prior to midnight and that at the time when Elder Waldron is preparing to go home (in the morning at 6:00) I have done all that I can I think to keep him here but he is determined, but with no reason whatsoever that I can discover.

26 September 1992 I keep thinking that I will do better in writing in this record, but I do not. The days pass so quickly. Always there are things to do and that which does not get done.

The hurricane came and went and I ought to say something about it in this record. As we got the first word of the hurricane coming we watched the television pretty close to see where it would go. As it went through Florida we could see it heading our way. While we were some distance from it, we began to plan. Were it to hit the tip of land by the mouth of the Mississippi River, it would hit a narrow neck of land which had a levy on each side to keep the water out. When one is on that narrow neck of land, which goes out into the ocean probably about 75 miles, one can look up and see ships passing by higher in the air than one's car. That is, part of that neck of land is about 45 feet lower than the level of the river and the Gulf of Mexico. Not a very good situation to be in during a hurricane. We have two sets of missionaries there.

Further up the river is New Orleans, also below sea level and with dikes around it. The city has some canals across it which collect the water and the water is pumped back into the ocean or river. Had the hurricane hit there it would have been like a large bath tub. That would have caused many deaths, although many had already left the place.

About 35 hours before the hurricane was to hit somewhere along the coast perhaps, I gave the order to bring all of the missionaries in from the coastal areas - some 85 missionaries going to

Lafayette and here to Baton Rouge. They were instructed to bring enough for three or four days, but not all of their belongings inasmuch as we had no way to transport all of it. All cars were also brought out with them.

They went to the Stake Centers and there the elders stayed and the sisters and couples with some members. At that point the storm was coming and we had many of the missionaries volunteer to go with the Red Cross to man the shelters in various places. We permitted that even though we did not yet know just where the brunt of the storm would be. That night was tough for us, inasmuch as we did not then have contact with the missionaries nor did we know about their safety. I guess somehow we would have felt better with all of them in the same place and knowing of their condition. Having the responsibility for their safety was burdensome.

The lights went out and the missionaries in the stake center played "murder in the dark." We got power back about three days later. All of the missionaries apartments were ok and so were the church buildings although the destruction was massive on all sides of some of the churches. Many of our members suffered destruction of their property, especially the mobile homes which were in some cases scattered over several hundred yards in area. One service station has the steel poles set in concrete to protect the pumps from the poor drivers, and all else was gone, including the pumps and building.

We helped a lot with the cleanup operations, although there was again some risk in that, with snakes and alligators brought in among the people. No problems were incurred however. We assisted in the purchase and distribution of some food and other supplies, paid for by members of the Church in the West. Now all is back to normal, although the rebuilding will now take place as the insurance companies, the government agencies, and the people who were hit interact with each other.

Well, by now Jana has heard that a temple is to be built over there in Hong Kong in some wonderful place no doubt. Perhaps you will be looking about on the map to ascertain a place which you think would be just the right place for it. I know that when I was on a mission in Georgia I found a spot or two and where the Atlanta temple is now located is in the area where we use to speculate a temple would one day be found. We are very happy for the people up there and know that they will be blessed to have access to the temple as others have. Perhaps I should have said "down there" and not up there, but I was never too good on which the way the water would flow, if I could not see it in the very act of flowing.

We are now in Sunday morning, and soon we will go to the Conference broadcast in the new Stake Center, where we watch it on a 21 inch television because someone, or some ones, sent the wrong equipment for the new building so they can't project the image up onto the wall as it was anticipated. Yesterday we went to the morning session there and that size television was alright for the number of persons who showed up to view it as all could have pretty much a front row seat if they so desired. In the afternoon we went to the old building in order to meet a family who is being taught by the Assistants, but the family showed not up. I am not sure what the problem was, but there must have been one or we would have seen them, I think. At that session there were about 23 or so.

Last night we (meaning me) went to the Priesthood session and we had about 40 there. We were to take our neighbors today - Steve and Tweety and Mrs. Caldwell, but they are now not, inasmuch as the wind came and removed the tarpaper from their home down near the ocean where they go to fish and other related activities. The shingles were to follow the tar paper onto the roof, having been moved beforehand by the hurricane in an untimely manner. In any event, Steve is there and the women are there in the home alone listening to the three or four men up on the roof who are putting shingles here as well; the shingles having been removed in much the same manner. We will take them another time if we are here long enough.

We have signed a work order to have new shingles on our roof as well. It does not seem appropriate that the neighbors get new ones and we be left out, so we are going to get the old ones taken off, taken to the landfill, which they say is already overfilled, necessitating the plan to sort and pile one's garbage for a recycle program. I have been doing this pretty much faithfully for some time now but am discouraged since they only empty mine on rare occasions so that I have to carry it back into the carport to be put out next time or pushed into the black sacks to be set into the landfill. Each time I have to carry it back in I resolve to not sort anymore, but soon I forget how I did not like to carry it back in and I sort it again, usually only to go through the same routine again the next garbage pick up time.

Mom is getting the yearbooks ready to mail to those who have gone home. With it she has photos, clippings, cards etc which she has saved for various missionaries and will send them as well. I do not know how we are going to take all of the collected things home with us. What we will do with all of them I do not know. Undoubtedly it will take much of Mom's time - and perhaps some of mine as well - until we are on our next mission or retired or something. We are awaiting some of the additional marriages in our household, which will produce the need for additional housing space and which may then provide areas for some of our stuff to be transferred to new households for keeping forever after and even beyond perhaps. I need less and less stuff as more and more of my hair relocates.

By now I suppose that you have been transferred or else you are still there either in the same apartment or else in a different one. I guess that covers all of the bases so to speak. We know that you will do well, although it may be tough at times. The Lord will support and bless you. I wish we had a lot just like you in this mission. We can't remake a missionary in a few months into something that the parents and society did not do in the many years prior to the missionary coming here, much as we would like to help them remake themselves. As one lifts his cereal bowl to drain the remaining contents into his mouth I find that I think that I do that sometimes too, but **never** when eating as a guest in some other home. Just now I get a call wanting to know if today is daylight savings time and I do not know. Either last year or the year prior Mom and I went to conference an hour early and only the Assistants and us were there at the wrong time, so I have to say that I do not know.

Eva, my sister, called a couple of days ago to say that Aunt Jennie died. She had been in a rest home for a while and I guess that old age will creep up upon me, as it did upon her. She just left this earth and went to a better place. I know that she was greeted there by some who loved her a lot, and who will now be able to help her see nearer the truth as far as the Church and the Lord are concerned. Perhaps we can still do some good with Uncle Vern, before he too gathers his

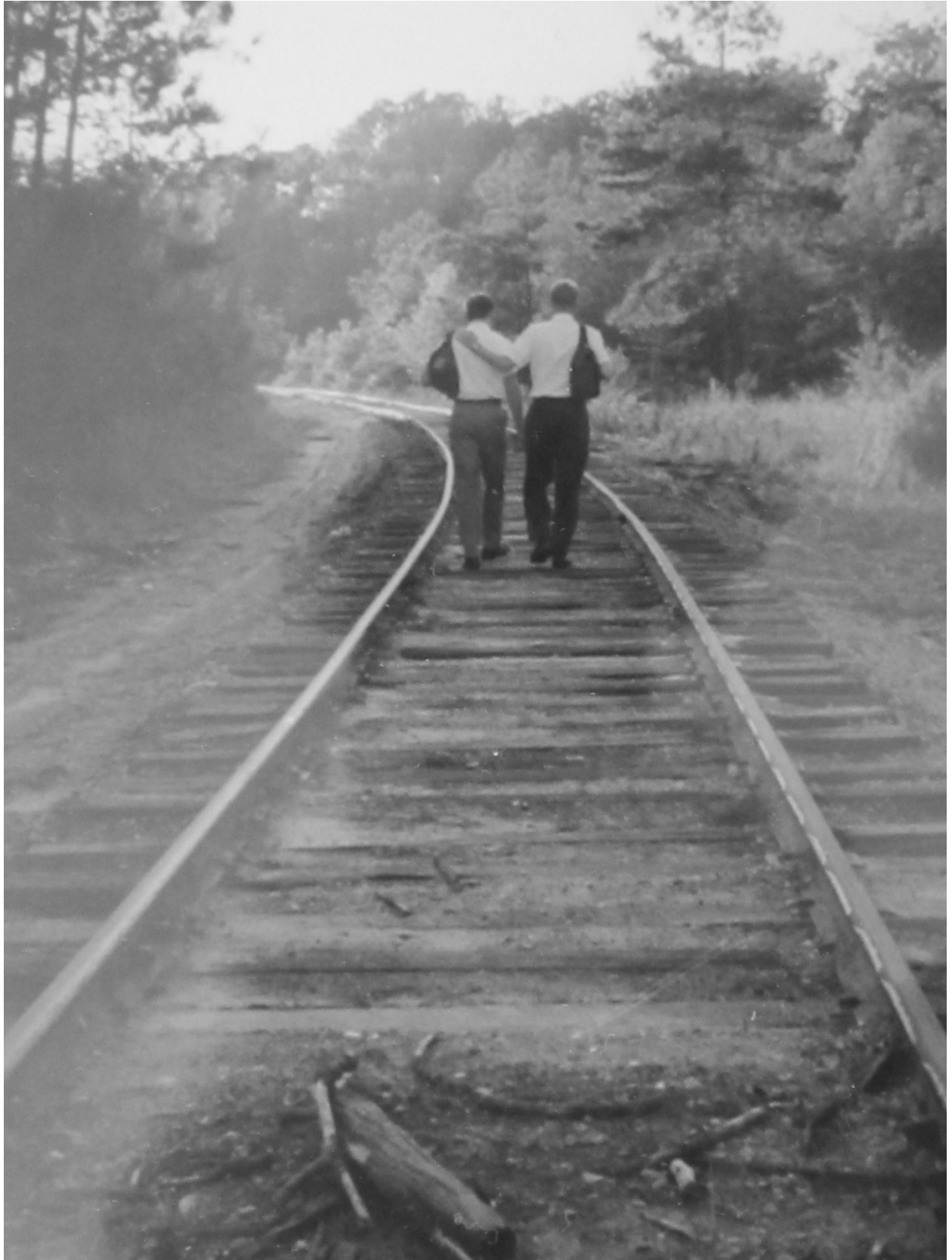
cloak about him and joins that innumerable caravan. Now I must take a break and get ready for conference. Who knows when I will complete this letter.

When Jenifer and Jay and his family were here visiting with us for a few days we were able to take a little time and go to Avery Island where they make Tabasco sauce. We had been there once prior to that time and had found one of the little hot peppers that they use growing on a small bush at the front of the factory. Mom picked one, inasmuch as it did not say, "Do not pick these things as they are very dangerous." It should have said that, however.

She took one end off it and squeezed a drop onto a finger of each of the Assistants. Having been in Louisiana for some time they believed themselves able to eat anything that was really hot. Each applied the drop to their tongue and then headed for the water fountain in a hurry and made such a fuss about it that I thought they were just sort of playing, so I got my own drop. I tasted it but only a very small micro-drop. It was hot all right! I then forgot about my finger and had an itch near my eye. I rubbed by cheek, just under my eye, and at the bottom of my eyeglass frames. By the time I had done that I was driving from the factory to a nearby garden area where they had various things to look at. My cheek started to burn like I had a match to it. I drove fast and stopped by a souvenir shop and got the hose running fast, took off my glasses and let the water run on my cheek. That seemed to work so I quit. The burning started again so I started the water again. I learned something that day.

One day we decided to go the Baton Rouge Zoo, which is really in the Baker city limits, but then perhaps the Baton Rouge part of the name refers to Baton Rouge County, not the city. Anyway we got there late and stayed late. Too late we stayed. As we arrived at the front gate we found it locked with a fine, expensive lock. The fence was rather high and had strands of barbed wire on top of the fence. I thought that a pregnant daughter-in-law was not up to scaling the fence so we send a runner (Jay) to look for another human inside the zoo. One came while he was still looking, but he saw him not until he too had to run to get out of the place. We wondered if the headlines the next day would refer to the monkeys feeding the humans in the zoo or something about Mormon Mission President's family being locked in the zoo.

We attended the memorial service for Thomas Wayne Doughdrill, who was baptized last Sunday and who was killed on Wednesday by a fifteen year old boy. Brother Doughdrill had been called out as a backup on a held up or breaking and entering or something like unto it, and the boy shot him. He is survived by his wife and three children, the wife and one child having been baptized about a month earlier. He was living in McComb and was killed in Summitt. Inasmuch as the church in McComb was so small the service was held in Liberty, Mississippi. Joyce and I decided to attend somewhat at the last minute and arrived about two minutes late. By that time we got in the building the chapel was completely full and the corridor around the center area was full of police and law enforcement people mostly. I saw some of them dab at the tears as the talks were given. It was quite a touching service.



We sent five home this time and got five new ones in. Then, last night we got two more from Honduras. They say the brethren made the decision yesterday about noon to bring all of the Americans out and did so, scattering them through the US wherever Spanish is spoken and they have some Spanish program. We put the two of them down in Kenner with two others in a large apartment which is ok for two sets, but we don't like to do that as a general rule inasmuch as they tend to socialize more when there are more of them around.

The hurricane is over and we did not have any damage to the missionaries or to the apartments except that in New Orleans, while the missionaries were gone, the neighbors took everything of value from the home and one of the elders suitcases was found about 30 blocks away floating in the water. None of our Church buildings was hurt except just minor items. At the same time, however there was a lot of destruction in the areas round about them. We brought many missionaries into Baton Rouge from the coast areas. They did a lot of service in the shelters etc and for that we received a lot of publicity in the paper, on radio and on the television. They said that about the only help they got in the shelters was from the Mormon missionaries. Florida got hit much worse than we did in Louisiana. It was quite an experience nevertheless.

Our lives and times have been interesting of late. First we had the hurricane, then Joyce awoke at 2:00 one morning with a great deal of pain. She seldom even gets a headache, so the pain was unusual. After a couple of hours we went to the hospital and they eventually removed her gall bladder with 19 stones. It is strange that she had no previous pain from it. I suppose after a little more recovery time she will not have any pain from it any time in the near future.

25 October 1992 Last Saturday night we got a call from a ward member whose daughter had just passed nearby our mission office and said it looked like a fire there might be our building. I sent the Assistants to check it out, inasmuch as they only live a couple of blocks from the office and we live a couple of miles. They called back to say that the office was burning. It burned to the ground. We are in a four-plex and a lawyer has two of the plexes and we have two. The fire started in their end and soon spread to ours. We got a few smoky files, but mostly everything was destroyed. We have picked around a little bit and got what we could. We rented the building, but all of the contents were not insured by the owner. As you know, the Church pretty much self insures.

Our office is operating out of our kitchen and from a small office in the end of a member's warehouse. We are in the midst of getting another office, and if everything gets signed we will be in the new one by December probably.

While at the man's house who takes care of all of the Church real property in this part of the country I was passing beneath a tree when a bird turned loose on me and covered my arm and pants. I guess it was a bird - a pretty big one.

Thursday we had a big transfer in the mission. Joyce went down to New Orleans with the missionaries to the bus station to help with the process. She was holding her purse under her arm with two straps about her arm. A big fellow ripped it away from her, breaking the straps, and turning her around. He then ran off across the street, from which the traffic was pretty much cleared. He didn't know the elders. They took off after him and one saw his feet disappear under

a house through a small hole. Guards were posted, several police cars called, police dogs brought and all of this followed by reporters. The man was brought from beneath the house without the purse. One of the elders looked under and saw Joyce's nail file and wanted to go under and look for the purse. The head policeman said he would not go under and neither could the elders for fear of needles. A man who was standing by said he would go under and get it for \$20. He did and was paid and all of the purse was intact.

I was home meanwhile as we had missionaries coming into the mission field. One couple got side swiped in their car in Colorado by a hit and run fellow and the two senior sisters, who are here to do family history, had their car broken into and a lot of things swiped.

Yesterday we went to a baptism for two good women and several relatives were there, who we hope to baptize soon. Now it is Sunday morning and we are going to speak in a nearby community and then tomorrow the Zone Leaders come in for training, and then we go to Atlanta for four days for a meeting. Yesterday the roofers brought a lot of shingles to replace the roof which the hurricane messed up for us so we have many shingles, old cars ready to sell, which have been replaced by new Saturns, and boxes of watered, smoked files etc around the house and driveways.

25 October 1992 I called Bishop LeBlanc the other day inasmuch as he had cut off parts of three fingers on his left hand. I told him that there was one good thing about it. He asked what that was and I said he would not have to cut those finger nails anymore.

20 November 1992 Mrs. Caldwell next door said something like this: He needed crutches where crutches don't do any good.

21 November 1992 Last night Joyce and I went to the Venetian Isle area where performed a marriage for Leslie Paguaga and Lionel Guillot, she being in her early twenties I suppose and he more than sixty. She is a member and he not. The home was beautiful and the couple also and I wish them the best in this life.

23 November 1992 Yesterday we attended Stake Conference in Slidell where I spoke and then Sister Kunz bore her testimony and also offered the closing prayer. I then attended the correlation meeting in the Baton Rouge Stake and also the training session afterwards for the stake missionaries and then the broadcast for stake missionaries.

26 November 1992 Thanksgiving Day. In the morning we worked on the materials that we are sending to the gone home missionaries. Yearbook, etc.

The Assistants and we then went to Gonzales to have dinner with the Marchand family. It was a fine meal. Joyce took some fine pies and we had Irvin's Mother and son and daughter in law with a little girl, also the four Gonzales missionaries.

3 December 1992 Spent the whole day working on the new office and getting moved in. About 5:20 in the evening we took the Neiderhouses with us to Bogalusa for a baptism - Charles

Wedgeworth, whose wife has been a member for some time and he has finally come round to being one of us.

4 December 1992 We spent some time moving in the office and getting things ready for the coming months.

6 December 1992 We awoke early today in Alexandria and went to Natchitoches for Church. The sister missionaries arrived a little late with an investigator, Vera Brooks, who announced that she was going to be baptized at 1:00. We were happy for that, but thought that if the baptism were moved up to 12:15 we would be able to be there for it and then go to Alexandria for the interview that I had there. So it was done. I later thought that that particular baptism would have happened much earlier if the missionaries there had been missionaries all of the time instead of the 10% of the time that they were. Sisters LeBaron and Turley finally got her into the water. Her relatively recently baptized sister, who now is less active, did not do a great deal to help bring her in--well, now, I do not know that to be a fact and probably should not be making that statement.

We then went to Alexandria so that I could interview a sister prior to her baptism which was to take place at 5:00.

Tonight we attended the Annual Christmas broadcast from Temple Square. It went well once we got the channel on English instead of on Spanish. There was an open house afterward, but I think not too many attended but rather elected to have refreshments in the cultural hall.

7 December 1992 Pearl Harbor Day. Worked on pictures, conference, getting the office moving etc. Elder and Sister Demico were gone all day inasmuch as he has been having a lot of pain and wanted to get his leg checked out. Two of his family members have had bone cancer and I think he is very worried about having something like that. We got a couple of small boxes off to Jana in Hong Kong. The postage was much more than the cost of the goods, but such is the situation at Christmas time when one has a missionary.

8 December 1992 Elder Demico has been suffering a lot of pain in his leg and has a lot of medical time, but little medical attention. Most of the two days spent getting help have been in waiting rooms with no one paying any attention. I suppose that is the way of most of the medical community.

21 February 1993 We must work for Satan has no body and needs no sleep. He works all of the time.

Elder Kendrick told of a mother who gave her son a copy of The Book of Mormon and told him to always keep it with him as it would save his life. He read it and loved it. He took it on ship with him and as the ship was about to sink and the crew were leaving, he went back for his Book of Mormon, which he wrapped in plastic and tucked under his arm. He went overboard and was found washed up on the shore with the book locked under his arm so they almost had to pry it out. The book has literally saved his life by offering some buoyancy.

He also told of going to his sister and brother-in-law's home in Texas for a meeting in the city, but staying there. He had the sister draw a map showing how to get to the meeting place which was a bit complicated for it meant going on two freeways and around some construction. He followed the map carefully and arrived. He followed it home and arrived. The next day he followed in only casually but arrived. On the way home he threw it into the back seat and started for home fully confident. He drove up in front of the house and picked up the newspaper and went it. He went down the hall and into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed and took off his shoes and then remembered that he should not sit on the bed. He looked up and across the hall and saw two young girls sitting on the bed there and thought that they were friends of his niece. Then he noticed that the furniture was changed and the wallpaper was different. Then it hit home. He picked up his shoes and the paper and started down the hall and just as he got to the front door he said, "Do you know me?" "No," they said. Well have a good day and he left, leaving the paper where he had left it.

In Zone Conference in Hammond on the 19th of February Brother Gage, who is the Ward Mission Leader, said that he was living in Memphis and the missionaries called at his door. They presented themselves and he turned them away. As they left he knew that he felt something and he got into his car and went after them. He was taught by Elders Hall and Killian and baptized. Now in his shop someone said to him, "You don't have the same Jesus that we do." He unpacked that for them so that they knew who we worship.

26 March 1993 As can be observed, I have not written in this journal for a long time. We have been busy. Last Wednesday night we had seven new missionaries come in from the MTC. We took them to a baptism over in Denham Springs for the mother and daughter who I GQ'ed after the hurricane. I was over at Wal-Mart buying a whole cart full of flashlights for the apartments and cars, when I met the checker who wanted to know why I was buying so many flashlights. I told her who I was and a little about the the Church. That very day I talked with Elder Durham and his companion and they went and began to teach her. She joined the Church.

During Spring break - where such a thing is observed, Jay and Becky and their three children came for a visit, which we certainly did enjoy. Jenifer also came for a little while. She was in New Orleans reading a paper in the regional social science meeting and we had a good time with her here as well.

Summary of our Service in the South:

We completed our mission to Louisiana Baton Rouge at the end of June, 2003 and we were replaced by President and Sister Brough. The service as Mission President was a most wonderful experience for both Joyce and me. We each learned a lot and were so blessed to have such a great opportunity. While some of the missionaries offered some challenge, from time to time, they were great young men and women and we came to love each one of them. **The Lord has been good to us to allow us such an opportunity.**

During this three years, we saw our family at home blossom and grow, our missionaries also were enriched by their calls to serve, we had tremendous experiences with some of the General Authorities, we had wonderful local Stake President and Bishops with which to learn and associate, members in Louisiana and Mississippi have become friends and have extended love to us and most of all, we have served the Lord at the best of our abilities and have seen many, many people come into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

[a long time passed by]

March 3 1995 I went to Austin Texas, to join my wife, who had already gone a few days earlier to visit with Jay and Rebecca and their family. On the 5th I ordained Jay a High Priest, as he had been called to the Bishopric a couple of weeks earlier. It was a wonderful time for us. In the afternoon Matthew, our only grandson so far, was baptized by his father. That was also a special time for us. I am thankful for our wonderful family and all that they are doing.

That Sunday evening we were told that Bryan, our son in law, was also called to a Bishopric on the 5th. We are also proud of him.

On the 12th I was also able to lay my hands upon his [Bryan] head as he was set apart for his position in the Bishopric.

THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

Phillip R. Kunz
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March 18, 1995 Received word that Marlene Stevens Kunz's father passed away at age 104. Marlene and Paul have been angels in his care for so many years. Bless them for it.

March 19th 1995 Our Stake Presidency on campus was reorganized today. Presidents McIff, Bergeson, and Santiago were

released. They have done well in their callings.

Elder Nelson of the twelve was the General Authority present.

27 January 1996 Saturday. Jana went to ski with a friend up at Sundance. She wanted me to go with her to pick up her skis at the BYU Outdoors Unlimited. As we were driving past the temple I saw some women waving with some vigor at the car in front of us. I thought they were friends or that they wanted to have them park by their car.

As we went by they also waved at us. I thought it was the woman in the car. Jana said that they needed help so I turned around and pulled in behind them. Then I discovered it was the woman (Sister Pinegar from Spanish Fork who had her thumb in the door and she was standing on the outside of the back door of the car. We could not open the door - probably because of the extra pressure of the door on the thumb. One of the women said a finger was caught in the door. I tried to pull open the door but could not. I told the woman in side to push on the door. She said she was. I told Jana to get inside and push and I would work the handle and pull.

I thought that we had to get it open some way so, I looked in the trunk of my car to get something to pry with. I found the tire iron and using it, pried the door a little so she could pull her thumb out. It was mashed badly and bleeding. I took my handkerchief (not too dirty) and wrapped it loosely around the thumb. She was going to go in to the temple to the waiting room, and wait for the other women to go through, but Jana and I prevailed on her to let me take her to the doctor. The two women companions went on to the temple and I dropped Jana off to get her skis and then took the woman to the Emergency Center of the hospital, where she was getting some attention, while I called her son, who teaches in the Management school - finance. I left her in good hands.

Later in the day her son called me to thank us for taking her and to report that her thumb was broken and had to have a pin in it. I felt good, like we had done a little service for someone. She was a widow and 77 years old.

7 February 1996 Today I was tested at the Y-Be-Fitness Center, at my request, and I found myself too fat and not as strong as I ought to be. I need more activity of some type, which I am slowly working on.

10 February 1996 Today we received a telephone call from Elder Nordstrom, who is in the Air Force in California at Travis Air Base. He and Sister Ard from Luling, Louisiana were both on the phone on a conference call. She was his baptism and had just now been through the temple and was excited about it. This was a pay-off for Elder Nordstrom, and certainly for us as well, to see good fruit from the missionary labors. Such blessings come to us often.

I attended an area conference for the married student stakes at BYU, along with Brian, our son-in-law. President Hinckley, Elder Holland, Elder Paramore, President of the Utah South Mission, and President Smith, the new Provo Temple President, were the speakers. It was a wonderful meeting. I am not in the area, but may not be able to attend ours, which is the last Saturday of this month so I went there instead. I guess the only value of such a meeting is whether we implement the teachings. No, I think other value comes from the good general feeling that strengthens one's resolve.

The snow is melting rather rapidly now. It was deep in our back yard. As I crossed the yard to get a ladder, it hit me almost at the crotch. They are feeding the deer, where they let them die in some past years rather than give them feed.

8 March 1996 Last Monday we had LaRue, Arthur and Linda, Richard and Beulah, Dale and Rosi here for lunch and then they went to the BYU exhibit on China. We had seen it already, but we had a good visit with them for a couple of hours. That night we went to Russ and Gayle's for dinner, along with Beck and Andrea. We all had a good time. It is good to meet with family members once in a while - perhaps even more often than that.

I have been working on a compilation of publications for our department faculty. I took each vita and used all that was on it, looking at a publications per year. My publications were top in the department, which was a bit of a surprise to me and I am sure would be to the other department members. So I guess I have been pulling my fair share.

I am going to the dentist today to get another cap on one of my teeth. I have had quite a few of them, about half of them coming from biting un-popped popcorn kernels. Some of the teeth get old and brittle.

28 April 1996 (Sunday is today, the date is questionable. We had a fine graduation this year with Johnathan graduating in European Studies and Bryan graduating with an MBA in finance. So far neither of them have jobs, but we are confident that jobs will come soon. Johnathan seems to be waiting for a seminary contract and Bryan for something equal to his interests. We are proud of them both.

Yesterday we helped Jody and Bryan move into Jan Datweyler's apartments. They had to be out of Wyview and she offered them a three bedroom place at a good price. She is kind and helpful to them, allowing them to pay month to month until his job materializes.

Beets are planted and have come up a little. Beans are planted and I hope not up yet as it froze last night. Peas are up and running.

On 23 May 1996 Johnathan married Amy Rich, daughter of John and Linda Rich from Salt Lake City, Utah. She is a wonderful girl and Johnathan loves her a lot. That is significant and important. The wedding went very well and many people attended. Elder Spencer J. Condie married them in the Salt Lake Temple. We had a wedding breakfast in the Lion House and they had their reception that night in the Lion House as well.

Many of their friends came as did ours. It was a fine evening.

10 February 1998 (Tuesday) Today I delivered a bucket of chicken to the families of two of our good friends as Joyce and I had decided to do. James E. Baird, with whom I served in the BYU Second Stake a number of years ago. We were both there as a Bishop, each in a separate ward. We lived in the Manavu Ward when Joyce and I were first married. He was not yet married when we were in that ward.

He has always been a friend and one who expressed joy and happiness in life. He and Louise were and are our friends. He was killed in an automobile accident the other day while traveling in Brigham City. His death and age and circumstances were not unlike the untimely death of my father-in-law, Kenneth H. Sheffield.

Then I went with a bucket to Josie Condie, mother of Spencer Condie, who I have known for these many years. Her husband died the other day as well, and now leaves his tired legs and moves on. He told Spence and Dorothea that if he "graduated" they were to stay in Europe and let the people here "plant" him. We have enjoyed knowing Spencer and Josie during the past ten or fifteen years or so. **[Later on Joyce and I went to see widow Josie. She asked me whether she should sell her home and move to Preston, where her sister and other family members lived. Inasmuch as Spence and Dorothea had gone and did not return to live in Provo. I told her to sell her home and move. She reported that I advised her such, and she did sell and move back to Preston. We were able to visit her there prior to her death and she seemed to be comfortable and happy with the move.]**

Jana is well into plans for her marriage. At this time she is in Washington D. C., having taken a job with a medical group in George Washington Hospital, so that she could be close to Glen Porter who she will marry on the 5th of March of this year. He is in his second year of medical school. It is easier and less costly to marry sons than daughters!

October, 1999 I am currently President of the Edgemont South Stake Mission, with Reed Blake 1st Counselor and Keith Robinson 2nd Counselor and Robert Rice, Secretary.

September 7, 1999 Appointed Reviewer for the Journal Perceptual and Motor Skills and also for Psychological Reports.

October 16-20, 1999 Attended NAHRO Conference in Philadelphia, PA on behalf of the Provo City Housing Authority.

June 26 - July 17 2000 Attended the Mormon History Meetings in Stockholm, Sweden, Copenhagen and Aalborg, Denmark. My paper was "Death and Funerals into the Twentieth Century: A Mormon Case Study."

31 January 2000 So much for my daily entry. They married and have little Kate and now little Jane. What a delight!

Aunt Louise, first wife of David Kunz, who went on a mission to Switzerland at the same time as my Grandfather, John III, was sick in bed for some time prior to her death. One day she sat up in bed and sang, "Oh My Father," (although certainly not known as a singer) and then died. I typed this here so that I would remember it.

7 June 2002. We, Joyce and I, left Jody and Bryan's at 7:45 a.m. to go to Winter Quarters. The three hour drive was wonderful with rolling hills, ponds, and green vegetation.

After retirement from Brigham Young University, I thought we might go on a mission, but I was called into a Stake Presidency on Campus, so that lasted for five years.

Nov 2, 2005. Some time ago Joyce and I began to talk about going on another mission. I had served as a young man, after serving in the U.S. Army, and then we served together from 1990 to 1993, when we were called to Louisiana Baton Rouge, where I presided over the mission for three years. We felt like we had served enough but decided to go again if the call came.

We filled out our papers for a 12 month mission, had hour medical and dental exams and saw the Bishop and Stake President. We awaited a call but it did not come. We saw Bishop Walz next door at an open house for Sam Bartlett who leaves today for the Mission Training Center. The Bishop said he had a call from Brother Tingey who wondered if we would be willing to serve for 18 months as they had a very exciting call to extend. Of course we were willing. How can one say "everything" and then withhold?

A couple of days later the Stake President called with the same question. We gave the same answer.

Mission to Belarus

Nov. 10 2005. The mailman called us about 8:30 to say we had an interesting looking envelop at the post office. We went and got instead of him bringing it at 2 in the afternoon.

As I drove home, Joyce opened and read that we are called the Russia South Mission to be the Director and Assistant Director for welfare in the country of Belarus. We knew that it was, or used to a part of Russia, but now is independent. It is south of Moscow, East of Poland and North of Ukraine.

We called each of our children and then Joyce went to class. We had not told our children that we were putting papers in for a mission, so it was a surprise to them.

13 Nov 2005. We sang with a small group of 12 of us in Stake High Priest's Meeting. We sang "Hold to the Rod." We sounded good.

Monday, Received phone calls from Dale and Virginia Wright, who are the current Directors in Belarus. They gave us a lot of good information.

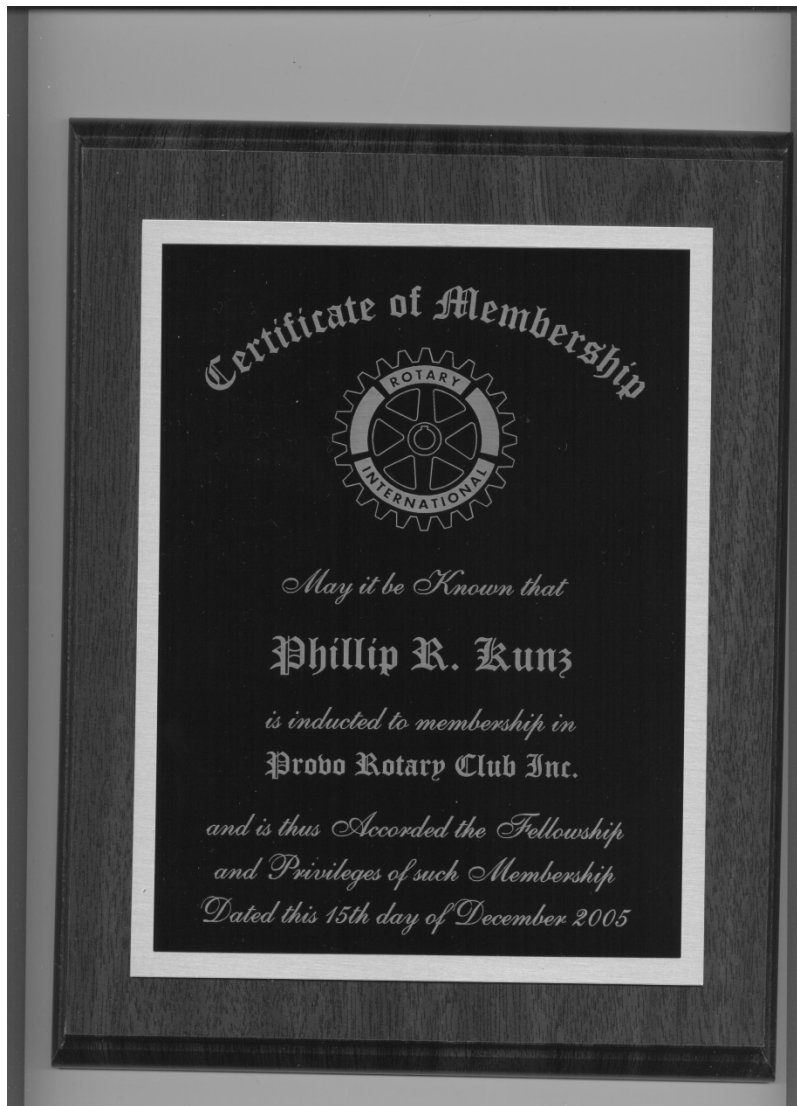
Nov 30, 05. We talked with Tom Pocock today. He came to our home. He was Director in Minsk before Wrights. His visit was also helpful.

26 Nov 2005. We spent a week at Jody and Bryans – Jenifer was also there. We had a good visit, Thanksgiving dinner and some work.

31 Dec 1005. The last day of the year!! Last night I had a dream that filled my heart with satisfaction. I was at a meeting of some type with Church leaders. At the end of the meeting President Hinckley came by me. We shook hands and he said, "How are you Phil?" I replied that everything was good. He then said I was invited to a coming meeting and I replied that I had no ticket for it. He said, "Oh they will let you in."

Jay and Becky and their family are here for a few days – as is Jenifer. We are having a good time. All is well.

I was inducted to Rotary on December 15, 2005, in preparation for being in Rotary in Minsk



their efforts.

[a long time passed]

5 March 2006. The other day we went by bus to Lithuania to get visas to go to Moscow for meetings. **The meetings were to help us understand the precarious situation of the Church in Belarus and to also have the Wrights educate those in the headquarters in Moscow to understand how things are in the country of Belarus, which is still under the jurisdiction of a strong dictator.**

We did some shopping in Moscow and had meetings with the Area President and his staff. The meetings were productive. President Neuenswander told us that if the Church was still in Belarus when we left we could count our mission a success.

29 Jan 2006. I was Set Apart by President Richard Jackson who blessed both Joyce and I. Joyce was also set apart for the mission.

2 Feb 2006: We are in the MTC and busy. They do not give much time between things for rest.

Prior to entering the MTC we had some personal instruction from returned missionaries who attempted to teach us the Russian language. The Cyrillic symbols were hard to learn. Joyce did pretty well with the alphabet, but I did not learn as much. We found that we got along fine without learning Russian, although we did learn to know what was being spoken somewhat after we had been there a while.

21 Feb. Dale and Virginia have done a lot to pave the way for us, both with written and oral instructions. We are thankful for

While we were in Moscow, Joyce and I went to Red Square and also had a commercial tour of the city. It was interesting and great to be where the Communist party had its big hey day and then began to shrink in influence.

30 April 2006 We arrived home from Turkey from a meeting with other humanitarian workers representing the Church. The meetings were wonderful and the sight-seeing great as well.

The Richardson's from Alaska told me an interesting story. At the age of two, the family believed that because the boy was very ill and expected to die at any moment had the Grandfather bless him. The Grandfather, thinking it would prepare him to preach the gospel in the next life, ordained him a Seventy. He did not die as was expected but lived on to adulthood.

At age 12 they were going to ordain him a Deacon but he was already a Seventy. A General Authority present, when some protested, said "Let's ordain him again to make sure." So the re-ordained him a seventy at age 12. His name was Charles Edmund Richardson.

We have been cleaning the apartment, which is slow as only one sheet can be washed at a time and because of the situation on the sidewalks we always drag more in than we would like.

We went to pick up some dry cleaning and a little food. Also we drew some money out of the bank, both from our Far West Bank ATM card and from the Moscow card, supplied by the Church, as they owed me for the hotel and travel part of the way to Moscow for the meeting. We can only withdraw \$200 a day from each account so I do one in dollars to pay the rent, as the landlady likes dollars, and one in Belarusian rubles to pay for everything else.

We went out to dinner last night to celebrate our anniversary. Today we worked in the apartment to celebrate it.

Dear Tim:

Thank you so much for coming to see us in Minsk. The staff could not believe that someone would come and really talk to them and ask their opinions on issues. You were a wonderful representative of the humanitarian spirit.

We look forward to seeing you in Turkey.

Again, our supreme thanks to you. The staff all join with us in this thought, concerning your visit.

24 June 2006. Joyce and I have been near the Russian border again to examine and discuss a possible project with Don and Janelle Jarvis. He was a Professor at Brigham Young University in Russian – Johnathan having taken a course from him – and now, with his wife, serves as a senior couple in humanitarian service.

I am the Country Director, but they both know Russian and in fact he was a Mission President in one of the Russian countries, so they have had some good experience. Their dentist, Dr Vogel, in

Provo has a foundation to assist needy people's teeth and has been to Russia before and also to South America. They will come to Belarus with fifteen of their staff to work on children's teeth.

Anyway, we went at five in the morning to check things out. The drive was beautiful. The crops look great and the forest patches every so often were wonderful with the sun shining through the trees. What a lovely country!

Today is Saturday so we got up at a decent time and Joyce washed, cut and put up her hair and then cut mine. She has cut my hair every time it has been cut since prior to our marriage, except for two times. She has seen it turn from dark to fairly light, "fairly light" meaning both that the hairs are sparse and also having a lack of darkness. Some of the hair has gone beyond, as has some of my memory.

I thought a thought, then I thought of the thought I thought, but the thought was not. The thought I thought was not, but I still know the thought I thought was thought, I thought. Was the first thought I thought, a thought, or was it not a thought? Well, the thought I thought, that was then not, must have been a good thought, but now it is just not, so it is just another thought.

The flower beds along the streets are great this time of year. The people work on them all the time. The women do most of the preparation of the soil, planting the flowers, removing the weeds, watering the flowers and removing cigarette butts and beer bottles out of them. Both men and women contribute the stuff to remove. I should mention that men do help with the flower project by bringing in soil and making piles for the women to move where it should be and also by bringing the flower plants on the trucks for the women to unload and plant, which provides some time for the men to catch up on their sleep, sitting in the cabs of the trucks.

All men do not work part time, however. Our staff at Sophia is super. They work long, hard and effectively. We are fortunate to be associated with them. There are four of them full time and one who comes off and on as needed in the accounting area. Every transaction here has to be documented and the documents properly stamped. While this is cumbersome it also helps to prevent corruption and graft. Of course the best of those who work in Sophia is Joyce, my wonderful companion. She is great with the people here and really loves them. She does well in the project work and also cuts hair, bakes cookies and is learning to cook some new dishes from Belarus. We have "young volunteers" as well, which are called missionaries in other countries. Right now we have three of them but generally only two of them. They do a lot of "health fairs" which are puppet shows for the young people in attempt to get them to now smoke, drink or use so much food that is not healthful. They remind us of our missionaries. when we served in Louisiana, but they cannot be so aggressive in the work of building up the membership.

Last week we went to a school for the deaf in a section of the country far from Minsk. We have contributed some hearing equipment so that the young people can speak and hear others, with earphones, as well as see images of the sounds. We will probably contribute some more sets for additional classrooms. Some of the roof on the building leaks and it is pretty Spartan looking, but they work on the building as they get funds from the government. In addition, the young people plant seeds and sell the starts to help raise money for improvement projects in the school. They

also “hire out” to the farmers to pick up rocks from the fields during certain times of the year. The folks who teach there and administer the school programs are doing the best they can with what they have. We hope the project is approved so we can give some assistance to them. The project money comes to Sophia from Salt Lake City, and then through England, all in proper and very legal means. We have to be careful to stay within the law on all things.

I have just completed the reading of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments and I want to testify that it is scripture. This is the third time I have read it cover to cover and I have learned a lot this time that I may have not known prior to this.

What did I learn? I found parts of it to be very repetitious but I stuck with it. I have seen more clearly the plan of our Father for his children upon the earth. Prophets from Adam through the whole of the Bible knew of this plan and testified of it. I saw the faithful remaining faithful with wickedness all about them. We will face such conditions in our time as well.

The early prophets told of the coming of Jesus to the earth and were sure of its fulfillment. The prophets after Christ also knew that He had been here and bore evidence of it.

The significance of the atonement and the nature of it are spelled out in some detail, as one looks for it.

I saw more clearly the scattering and gathering of Israel and all members have directly and indirectly assisted in that effort, some by missionary service and some by the payment of tithing and some by prayer.

The last days will be terrible for the wicked and wonderful for the righteous. There will be many marvelous signs given upon the earth; some of these have already come to pass.

I was impressed with the ability the prophets had to recite the words and prophecy of earlier prophets – all of that prior to the computer.

I know that God lives and He knows us and loves us.

There are two things my parents spoke of often. My mother use to say, quoting the scripture, “What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.” My father use to say, “Honor your father and your mother.” I repeat these things as well.



Belarus is a very beautiful country





There were many rural pictures to remind me of my youthful years in Bern

July 16, 2006 We are now in our sixth month of our service here in the country of Belarus. By the end of the month we will already be one third into it. In many ways that will be difficult for we will realize that our days are numbered and we have come to love the people here in this country. Of course we miss our family and friends as well. Every once in a while we see someone passing on the street or in a store that looks like one of you and we comment on it. "Well, there goes Ann Wilcox" "There is Richard Bartlett" or "There is William Sheffield." We think that we are the only ones who look like us but some have even said that I look like the mayor of Moscow - Yuri M. Luzhkov or even like Михаил Горбачёв -- Mikhail Gorbachev. It appears that if you count enough cousins we ought to look alike as we all had the same Father once upon a time.

We are doing well here and now we even complain a little about the heat and humidity. In the winter we were a little cold, but have survived that and soon it will be cool again and then snow and ice. It is great that Heavenly Father made the seasons and gives us some variety to experience. We also have fog to hate, if we are driving, or love, if we are just looking.

Fog

The fog comes in quietly to quickly survey
at once measures every building and tree
Without permission it envelopes its way
to all it measured and fills the space it see

How does in remember the length of a train
or know how many chimneys were in the air
Whether shape is straight or irregular in main
fog packages everything with utmost care

Our projects are going well. We received a little additional budget for this year, so we can do a few more projects. It is so rewarding to be able to be a small part of the help that these people can receive. Some of the help comes in the form of a new large washing machine that will wash over 100 pounds of clothing at a time. Boarding houses are often filled with old people on a pension, invalids or people with psychological problems, and sometimes just bedridden for any number of reasons. A more frequent change of bedding or clothing means a lot to them. The caretakers are trying to do all they can but sometimes the budget is just not enough to take care of even basic needs. Bless those who work so hard assisting the helpless to be helped.

In some of the villages the people have a little garden in which they grow their fruit and vegetables. We have supplied some small tractors and plows to help them plow the ground to get it ready for the planting of their gardens. For many of them it was just not possible to spade the garden area by hand. They are too old or have only one leg where most of us have two. **It is kind of hard to spade with one leg I guess.** The tractors are small and can get into the little spaces and still do the job. We are impressed with the cleanness of the gardens and yards for the most part.

We have supplied and are supplying more hearing stations in which deaf children can learn to speak and hear words by personal headsets, watching images on the screen and interaction with other children and the instructor. The equipment is seen by them as more important than the roof overhead, from which they get a few leaks. These deaf children come from the entire region and plant seeds to get starts of various plants that they can sell to supplement their budget. The children also are paid a meager amount for picking up rocks from the grounds of the collective farms.

We are impressed with the beauty of the crops. They have pretty good soil and use fertilizers and in some places have irrigation, but generally "pray for rain." That is, we hope the pray for it. More and more of



Can you spade while on crutches?

them are learning to pray, in spite of the earlier Communist effort to have them disbelieve in God and prayer.

We bought 6000 packets of food that the people in a night shelter can mix with hot water, for which we obtained a large water heater. That is the sum of the food they get in the shelter. They go out during the day to try to find a little work and some food, discarded in garbage cans. Many of them can't work and have no family or at least no family who wants to have anything to do with them.

Mostly we work with either the Minsk City or Minsk Region Committee of Labor and Social Protection (government committees) which suggest projects for us. We do have some projects in other regions as well, but mostly we try to concentrate our efforts in more centralized areas. We then go visit the site and decide whether to recommend the project or not. If we think it is a good, or would be a good project with minor modifications, we write it up and send it in to the Area Presidency in Moscow, where they either agree to fund it, fund it with some modifications or not fund it. So far they have funded all we have written up. Of course we have an idea of our annual budget and have to be careful to stay within the budget.

On the 3rd of July we watched their parade as the military and people marched and celebrated their liberation. On the 4th of July we were invited to the home of the United States Ambassador for a reception and dinner in his backyard. His name is Ambassador Kohl. It was a wonderful event, funded for us and two or three hundred important Belarusian political, civic and religious leaders, funded by you taxpayers in America. Thank you.

A few days following that event, we were invited to go to the Embassy to take a photo of a famous man from this country. His name is Tadeusz Kosciuszko. He helped America in the Revolutionary War. He did much to help found West Point and to help George Washington in the battles of Ticonderoga and Saratoga. Our government paid for a statue of him on the embassy grounds and also helped restore his birthplace in their country, as well as set up a museum in his birth area. His home in Philadelphia is also a museum which some of you may have visited. Belarus is not interested in him, hence the statue on the Embassy property and not in the city center, where it ought to be.

We also recently visited the quarters for many of the early socialist meetings. It was a house where the famous socialists came to meet decades ago. Across the street from that place is the apartment house in which Harvey Oswald, who they say killed President Kennedy, lived with his wife who was from Belarus. At the suggestion that the USSR may have been party to the death of President Kennedy, the said government supplied many, many hours of tapes from bugs in the apartment of the Oswalds, so that the government of the United States could see what had gone on. We assume we have a similar number of bugs documenting what we do, but we go our way.

15 August 2005 This has been an eventful time for us. Jenifer came on the 9th and will be with us until Thursday, when she returns home again. It has been a wonderful time for us to have her company and for her to give us the news from back home.

When she arrived we went to Khatyn to see the memorial that was built there – about 40 minutes from Minsk. This is a graveyard, not with headstones for people, but headstones for villages. During the Second World War Belarus was on the path of the Germans and then of the Russians, as they finally helped to drive the Germans out. That was a tough time for them.

During that time 433 villages were destroyed and were never rebuilt, while others were also destroyed but have been rebuilt. Many villages were completely burned with all of the residents placed into barns or sheds and then burned alive: old men, women and children. One hundred and eighty-six of these were not restored as the people were all dead, except for the men who were away in battle. Consequently, as one looks at a map today compared with a map, prior to the War, there would be 186 fewer villages.

At the memorial there is depicted in bronze, a large sized man, some twenty feet tall who carries his little bronze grandson from the burnt barn. It depicts the anguish on his face as he finds and brings out the dead grandson. That man was actually one of the guides at the memorial until he died rather recently. He was willing to be a guide for all who came to see the memorial, except for Germans, who he had not been able to forgive. The men, who were of age to fight, were off in the war, and all left behind were destroyed.

It is estimated that one in four people in the country died in the war. At the memorial there are three birch trees representing the three who lived, and the fourth, who died, is represented by an eternal flame. The stones are all in black and each contains a bottle of earth from the home district of Belarus, where the village was destroyed.

The memorial is a large area with trees and grass and the main area with the tombstones and stone chimneys scattered through the area representing the houses that were burned with nothing but the chimney remaining. In each of these chimneys a bell rings periodically so throughout the area (perhaps 60 acres) the bells ring from first one chimney and then another and sometimes from several at a time. It was very impressive.

We went to Brest, which is near the border between Belarus and Poland. In that city is a fortress in which a few members of the military held out the invasion for a long time at great suffering. The memorial is also well designed and very touching. Of course we see one side of the great war from this perspective, but that is to be expected from any country as it represents itself. There are statues of Lenin in each village or city where they have a square and always feature Lenin. In addition many heroes from WWII are represented by memorials, statues and so on. The war was not easy for these people and we see some of the evidence of this in boarding houses for the veterans, in the hospitals for the psychological and psychological invalids etc.

With the terrible disaster at Chernobyl, just over the border between Belarus and Ukraine, much of the fallout drifted into Belarus to deposit itself on the fields, trees and crops of these White Russians. What did not fall of its own accord, was assisted by the Russian planes, which flew over to Belarus to "seed" the contamination and make it fall before it could stain Russia's own land. For this reason we did not buy cheese and milk, that was produced in the Minsk area, but purchased imported cheese and Brest milk. We sometimes laughed about drinking the Brest milk.

WAR AND MORE

Belarus, with favored road position for trade
from all directions goods move, deals made.
This land, early on, ruled by Russian Tzars,
from time to time embroiled in the wars.

Napoleon came from the west to rule Russia,
passing on through what was the Grand Duchy,
to be rebuffed and beat at the Berezina River.
His return to Belarus to take place never.

1918 the Belarusian Congress Committee met.
Various freedoms for the people were set.
Then came the Soviet Russians within a year
and replaced those infant freedoms with fear.

Soviet rule was dark and burdensome with power.
Some welcomed the German Nazis with flower.
Millions by Stalin were sent to their grave,
many thought Germany their lives would save.

Not so, for the Nazis from '41 to '45 were here,
who killed and buried and reigned with fear.
Partisan resistance to stop Germans from the go
had earlier feared most the KGB black crow.

For the courage of the brave, monuments abound.
Erected in every village and in the city surround.
These Belarusian hearts are heavy and graved,
for those who are gone and the few who are saved.

Dead is Stalin, as are the Tzars from long before.
Dead are the Nazis with black boots and more.
Dead are the partisans who were counter and spy.
From all of this what have we learned? Oh my!

Minsk is a new and beautiful city, having been built for the most part since the end of the War. Almost everything was leveled during the war, first by the Germans, who headquartered in some of the few un-bombed buildings, and then by the Russians who bombed the Germans out. The upshot of all of the destruction is a new and beautiful city with wonderful people. Mostly the city people look prosperous – some of the less fortunate tend to be placed in boarding houses some distant from the major cities, where the budget is never enough. The boarding houses are often remodeled large structures of the very rich, from the early days of this land, who have now gone on to their reward. Of course I do not know what their reward is, but as I read the scriptures I think I ascertain that those who "grind the faces of the poor" will be in a worrisome situation.

MINSK

Oh you city rooted in the distant past
when Tsars held power and taxed the poor
You who raised brick upon brick
and log after log to fall and raise more

Oh you city housed upon layers of bone
drawn from fascist warriors of the west
from people of Judah scattered abroad
and from those who were Belarus' best

Bones of men women and infant alike
Bones covered with bomb fell debris
some scattered and some driven row
upon row into trenches and pits not free

Flesh and bone which housed God's children
was piled and left to molder in the dust
Some from the west and some from the
great empire of the Russian trust.

Oh Minsk built on the bones of Belarusian
Oblasts and districts and villages which bled
let you tears flow into the wandering
river which once was stained with red

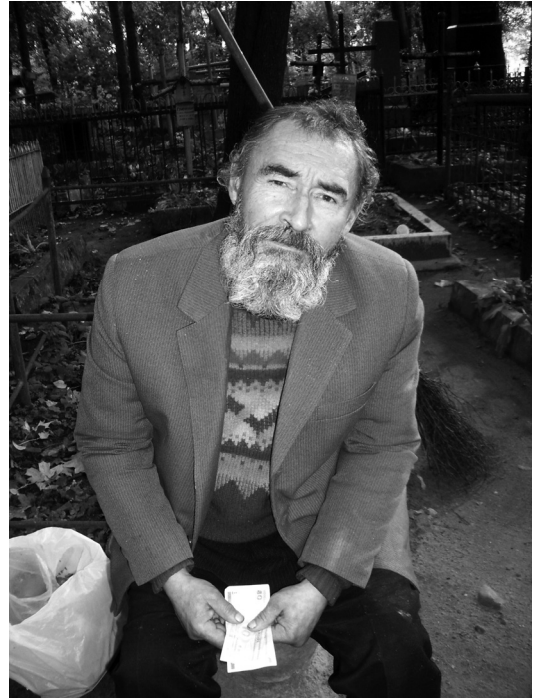
Your home and buildings bombed and burned
to charcoaled embers and piles of dust
Your streets and trees scarred and
wasted and your bridges encrusted with rust

You rose again by the sweat as of yore
Out of the ruins ten stories and more
homes to shelter those three out of four
who survived and lasted out the war

Now with wide streets covering the trains
as they move the thousands to and from
Flowered walkways whose pavers are
patterned with reflection of the sun

Let your church bells ring for your birth
resurrected out of the grave of the dead
Let the children sing and play unmindful
of parents and grandparents once unfed

Hear the strains of Olovnikov or Komarova
and let the dancers stand on tall toes
as they swim and fly as the
birds of Swan Lake in the final repose



Lonely man sitting in the cemetery



Lonely woman sitting in boarding house

Build your monuments of granite and steel
to remember the great patriotic war
but look to Puskin and Yanka Kupala
and writers and poets whose spirits soar

Let the bones beneath you molder in dust
and wait after a promised time has run
when spirit and bone upon bone arise
from the grave to behold the Son

Whether from the east or from the west
all of those who stretch forth from sea
and pits will embrace each other as
children of God whose children they be

Yesterday I had a minor explosion. We had been given a drink in a bottle, made of cherry juice and sugar. As I went to open it in the kitchen I could hear the gas start to come out by the cap, like when one opens a can of pop. I guess I then opened it too fast and juice went all over me, my white shirt, the kitchen cupboards, the walls, the floor, the sink and the dishes. It was a mess. Red, sticky juice is what it turned out to be. Red, sticky me is what I turned out to be. Red, sticky is what everything turned out to be. We spent some great amount of time in the cleanup.



Beautiful woman there to help

Minsk, Belarus

17 August 2006 Our daughter, Jenifer, was with us for a few days. Three of our four staff members have gone to Germany to the temple for the week, so we are able to have a little time to do what we otherwise have not done. The fourth person is not a member yet.

We visited the War Memorial Museum in Minsk or the Museum for the Great Patriotic War, when the country won its freedom from the "fascists." They don't talk about winning from the Germans – it is always the fascists. It contained photographs of burning people, burning buildings and burning villages from WWII. Other photos showed the shootings, hangings and other exterminations. One photo, that was especially haunting, was of a woman who the soldiers had just hanged and the soldier nearest to her had a big smile on his face. I suppose that by now they may think of the consequences of their actions. Perhaps he is still alive, and doing whatever such people do.

There were photos and paintings of the endless production of materials for war such as the making of tanks, trucks and airplanes and others showing them lined up in almost endless grids, like they use to as they marched in Red Square on the first of May. I thought of the words of Isaiah as he talks about the many chariots, pertaining, I think, to the preparations for and the making of war in the latter days.

In this museum the living heroes and the dead were intertwined. The officers were arrayed with their decorations and smart uniforms, while the soldiers were more often portrayed as just dead,

mostly with no names, let alone honors. With all of the mass of human dead were the rifles, pistols, land mines, cannons, trip flares and bombs. We looked at three long floors of the portrayal. After while my mind and heart were indelicately filled and I wanted no more.

One nation was the aggressor and the other depicted as defending their homes, wives and children. And I think that is probably the case in all war. One side finds the other "evil" and from the other side the "just" is considered evil. For those who see the depicted presentation, there must be some kind of learning that endures. Certainly one can observe all of this and say, "No more war." But it does not happen. We have war after war; war here and war there. There are short wars and wars that have been waged over the centuries and still continue. Sometimes there is a diminution of fighting, and then it begins somewhere else. Recently I also read in holy writ of wars and rumors of war and with no cessation of it until Millennium.

This reminds me of when Joyce and I went to a museum in Tokyo where we saw what was left behind by the Japanese suicide pilots. We saw the notes to their wives and mothers and realized that these men, who killed our loved ones, also had loved ones. And so it goes. The statement attributed to General William Tecumseh Sherman, at the graduation of the Michigan Military Academy, 19 June 1879, is really true, "War is hell."

We were game for something else so we went to the big library. The impressive structure was build over a period of three years like a huge glass diamond in the sky. At the entrance is depicted a saying in several languages the words, "That the man of God may be perfect furnished to every good work." In the rather impressive lobby of the building we discovered that one only visits with a library card, or with a paid excursion with a group at the scheduled times. Problem for us: the guides only perform in Russian or Belarusian. Needless to say, we do not do either one.

Two guards man the turnstiles that admit people into the inner part of the library. [Even when the guards in such places are women, we still say, "man the turnstiles." Should they "woman" the turnstiles?] We used our best English to say that we only wanted to see where one lists the book he wants on a computer, among the 8 million books (many international) and it is somehow pulled from its resting place in the many stories above and delivered by mechanical means below to the waiting scholar. We wanted to see all of that happen, but not today.

The guard was kind and wanted to help us. He told us to wait while he went here and there, and there and here and up and down the stairs and then down and up and finally arrived with a man, who was the director. The Director announced that had we written a letter of our coming, they would have been prepared to receive us but for now, he and a young lady, who accompanied him and who also spoke English, would have a short time to go with us. She sometimes spoke in Russian and sometimes in English. When she did Russian, he translated and when she left he continued in English.

The building was very impressive with a thousand computer stations, large meeting rooms and many paintings throughout. I must confess that we did not see one of the million books but did see a large hard copy catalog like the BYU library use to have, and were told that the catalog was also on the computer for the students to use. In early September they will have a display of their

rare books for people to come and see. We may go and see. It is interesting that the only computers connected to the internet are for doctoral students. No books leave the library. One must read them there, and then leave them there.

The library is a beautiful building and they are proud of it. A lot of money built it and a lot of money gathered the books out of the small libraries, where people could use them, and placed these books here in the large glass library. I thought of the poor and needy in Belarus, and how they could have been made more comfortable, but perhaps in the long run the books will bring about a long term improvement in their condition.

Minsk, Belarus 20 August 2005

Notes about Chernobyl: This is our area of service and we are happy to be a small part of what is needed. Chernobyl is just one of the problems and the field is white and the harvesters are few. I think of the Lord's statement that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The explosion at Chernobyl Nuclear Plant occurred on 26 April 1986, sending 190 tons of radioactive uranium and graphite into the air, much of it carried North into Belarus and beyond. 600,000 liquidators were sent to contain the effects, of these, 13,000 had died by 2002.

The radiation level was 90 times more than Hiroshima. At times the reading is still 11,000, while the reading on average in other countries is about 11 or 12.

Four hundred thousand persons were evacuated from their homes, which closed 2,000 villages. Concrete was placed over the building of the explosion, but there are cracks in it and the roof may fall. Scientists say that the next Chernobyl may be Chernobyl.

Nine million people have been destroyed, half of them children.

Thyroid cancer is very high – 10,000 times higher in Gomel, Belarus than before the explosion.

Little children are often abandoned by parents. Some are normal, but many have spina bifida, cerebral palsy or other problems. We have seen many of these children as they live out their lives in cribs. Some of them, now 20 years old, look like they are two years old and they will never grow larger. Many have twisted hands, feet and tumors on their head, back, hips and so on. Some of these tumors are as large as cantaloupes or melons. Many children have water on the brain and some of these can be drained but in many cases it is too late.

Crib Home

Oh little fellow in the crib
with legs pulled up fetal,
Does your mind process?
Is it sharp or working dull?

Body length puts you at four,
crib has held you for twenty.
Two decades of lying there --
is it not enough, or plenty?

The increase in birth defects has been in the neighborhood of 250 percent and the infant mortality rate is 300 times higher than for most European countries.

Cesium 137 is ingested today by children eating berries and mushrooms and this is treated by the body as potassium and has serious outcomes for the muscles. There are still thousands on the waiting list for heart operations. Dr. Novick, from the United States, operates on a few each year. Our participation in Rotary here in Minsk helped to sponsor his work here. He said that a cortex patch to repair a hole in the heart costs \$300 and the average doctor here makes \$100 a month. Of these thousands, 300 or less per year will be operated on and the others will die in two to five years. Dr. Novick is a large, kind man with big hands. I wonder how he can operate on such little hearts, but he does. He invited us to come and watch next time he comes.

Still, we see hope. Hope comes in the form of the care, evident in the eyes and hearts of the care givers, who labor with love day after day in almost hopeless conditions. Hope comes with the service and help from others from Ireland and other countries from other churches and clubs. Hope comes in the form of better beds, medical equipment, air purity systems, television sets, special desks and tables, that children can be tied into while they are taught, big washing machines that wash tons of clothes each month from patients' beds and bodies and other materials assisted by the humanitarian donations from good people like you. We thank the Lord that we can be here and assist where we can.



She rests in the sunshine and waits for someone to move her back when she is through getting her sun



Little fellow with twisted legs who cannot walk. His bed is on the floor by him so he can crawl into it



She tends her cow in the grass and when the cow rests, so does she

Minsk, Belarus

24 August 2006 Tonight we had a telephone call from Johnathan and Amy in Taiwan. It was wonderful to hear from them. Our children have been good to call and write emails to us to keep us informed and to let us know that each day their prayers are offered in our behalf. We appreciate their support and their constant desire to build the kingdom in whatever way they can.

This week we went to close a project in which we had supplied a 15 kilogram washer machine. "Closing a project" means that whatever was needed and approved had been purchased installed and is running. The bills have been paid and the final report is ready to be written and then the project is closed." Some closing visits produce additional needs and additional projects.

The boarding house, where the project was to be closed, was large and needed the washer machine very badly. The building was old and there was a window large enough, with the removal of a little of the trim around it, to place the washer in through the window. It was a pleasure to see it running.

In that place we had met the director, who Joyce liked because of the softness of her eyes and the care she gives to her charges. We had also met an old woman who was knitting, on an earlier trip there when we investigated the need for the washer, and she had given each of us a pair of socks that she had knit and kept in a bag under her bed. [Sergei said, on that occasion, "Now in the winter your feet will be warmed and so will your heart," Sergei is one of our staff, who speaks English very well, drives, translates, knows how to find materials for the projects, with the best quality and the least amount of money. He is a dear friend and we love him and his family a great deal. All of our staff is great but not written about here. Anyway, Joyce took the old lady a cloth that she had knit for the woman and they exchanged love and good wishes and I took some photos. Joyce had written a note of thanks to her and at the bottom of it Sergei had written the Russian translation, knowing that the woman could not read English. As she gave the note to the woman the lady said that she could not read, but would have the director read it to her. We were not surprised that she could not read, but wanted her to be able to read. It was a touching few minutes.

As we got to the boarding house we saw many people outside the building by a large truck. They were there to have x-rays for whatever purpose. I was struck with one woman who was small and bent over with an obvious problem with her back. Others looked like the ones we have seen so often: misshaped, with bodies and minds distorted in various ways, but within them all is a spirit who needs and wants and somehow desires to continue life. We wish we could tell them about the gospel, but we cannot do that at this time other than to show them the gospel.

We also went that day to a new boarding house out in the rural area of Belarus which we had never visited. It was a new boarding house, having just been started a couple of years ago. It was set up on the grounds of a former children's summer camp. [The children are placed in camps for part of the summer which gives working parents time to work and the children have some supervision from their regular school teachers and others during the camp part of the summer.]

The buildings in the camp were in, what I would term obvious final stages. Many of the bricks were crumbling and the walls not very sturdy. The adults, mostly women, but about 20 percent men, who live in these buildings, suffer from psychological and neurological problems of various kinds, and were confined to one of the three stories within the building. Confined is a word used by me after some thought, inasmuch as they could rove about the grounds, unless they were bedridden, but were "confined" to the small sinks to wash in, the small toilets and the shower facilities and rooms constructed many years ago for little children.

The Director was a young man, whose father has directed another very successful boarding house. Although his father had died, his mother was still the head nurse in the same boarding house presided over by his father. This young director had now a boarding house rated at the very bottom by the government. His crew had the grounds looking very beautiful, with flower beds and other adornments, and the general setting was within a part of the forest that has large wonderful trees. It will now be his task to help bring the boarding house up to standard with a budget, not of his own making. He is given the "responsibility" but not the "financial authority."

Dishes for the 120 people are washed by hand with a water heater that produces a stream about like a small boy can pee. Each floor in the living building has a ten-liter water heater. They have

to make that do for the 40 people on the floor for washing and for their shower. We thought that we might be able to help with a large water heater, but the electricity is not supportive of that right now. A hole has been dug for a new heater for the water, which is supposed to be done by the middle of September, but there is a shortage of cement so the building can't be built yet. The gas line is being installed, however, and we see the pipe about a block away and on its way to the place. At least that is promising.

We asked the director what his needs were and he will supply us with a letter and give a priority to his needs, however we could see many of the needs, but sometimes the director sees things that we do not and that his supervisor's do not see either. It is always good to ask them to think about it and let us know and then we can prepare a project request and hope that the powers that be can approve and fund it.

As we went through the dining room, in a separate building we saw six cups of coffee already poured and plates with some meager food being placed on each of the tables, which were clean, but in need of refinishing. As we left that building we saw the people coming to eat and as our inspection tour nearly ended, we saw them returning from the dining room, most of the men congregating under the trees and the women milling about or returning to the building. One older woman, sitting in a big chair on the porch, was saying whatever she was saying in a very loud voice that carried for half a block easily. A smaller woman sitting by her, with head down near her own lap, was seemingly oblivious to her companion's oration.

Observation at the boarding house clearly indicated that there were many problems of psychological and neurological natures. For example, two "little" souls were being fed by a nurse. They were about the size of seven-year olds but were much older. All of the bedridden had food carried to them from the dining/kitchen area.

Clothes were washed in a small apartment size washing machine with the water from it emptied into one of the little sinks. The clothes were then hung out to dry on lines stretched from one piece of playground equipment to another. I asked what they did in the winter and when it rained. They have made a contract with a company to wash the bedding in a city some miles away, but the clothing is washed on the premises. We will try to help them with a washer and dryer.

Through it all Joyce drops some tears and when we got back into the van, she was rather quiet for a long time. She said this was a hard one for her because of the many significant needs. I agree with her thoughts and feelings, but have learned to hold the tears better. So, in sum there are a lot of problems to be solved in the coming years in a setting among the lovely large trees that have grown around the camp and have probably not been aware of the children playing under their protective branches, the youth being indoctrinated to the nation's political desires, nor to these new people who have been brought, by government decree, to live among them, and who for the most part will stay there until their mortal life expires.

She Also Waits

An old woman sets her 250 pounds at the intersection

where the long hall meets the entrance from outside.
She sat there as if she were the chief of inspection
watching to find whether during the night anyone died

When we came she was their laboring in her position,
and still remained as we passed her view thrice or more.
Her eyes were wide to ascertain people like a physician,
her post has remained her total duty since the war.

The boarding house for the psychological impaired
houses many patients with stories perhaps untold -
some have happy faces but many more are despaired.
They stay from when they come until they are old.

Some are residents in body only, with mind departed
waiting out the given time for this life's travel,
far away from the mind with which they first started.
Awaiting here for doctors their mind to unravel.

Most unravel not but fill their time grouped as they were,
waiting to go to the hundred meters to the weekly bath,
or inspecting the visitors who come seldom or never.
Most sedate with heads bent but some showing wrath.

I stop to photograph the old woman there all the while
As she watches me with stern and intense delight.
When the light flashes her face broadens into a smile,
which continues as in the camera she sees the sight.

Then in some day from each the life will finally depart
so two stretcher bearers will carry them to a grave
and bury them by others who were of the same sort,
until resurrection will restore mind, and body save.

Minsk, Belarus 10 Sept 2006 This week my sister-in-law, Rose Marie Kunz, who is Dale's wife, died of an apparent heart attack. Also my nephew, Clayton Howell's wife, Laurie, died of a heart attack. It has been hard for me to be absent from my family at this time. On other occasions, when I was absent from home, other family members have died and each time I wish there was more I could do, but I know that both of them are good people and in good hands. We pray for their families who are left behind. We are happy with what we know about the whole process of life, but we would know a lot more if one of them come back and visit with us for an hour or so. In times past, some have visited some, but none have been to see me. However, I am sure that there are those who assist us in the unbeknown, and sometimes in the unseen, but known.

Yesterday we had our English conversation group at the church office building. [The church office building is two floors of a building about ten of twelve stories high. One floor has a room for a small meeting, a foyer and a small office for the Branch presidency or district presidency or

whoever. The other floor has two rooms and a kitchen and bathroom. The church has to have a legal spot and that is it. We do not hold Branch meetings there but they are held in a rented building – the building in which we the members of record, were locked out and the doors welded shut. We got that sorted out and the Branch is back in there to this day.]

Late in the afternoon we found that the country was having a celebration on the river at night, about two blocks from our apartment. We went but we went not early enough it turns out. It was "wall to wall people" and **if you like standing very close to everyone around you with no place to move and tall people in front of you so that you only got a glimpse from time to time of the water show, that was the place to be!** The glimpse from time to time was great, however. The show was launched from a small island on the river, "The Island of Tears," which is a memorial to all of the people from this country that lost their lives in Afghanistan, in the war there [before the United States military was found there, so we can have our own Island of Tears.]

We left work early and, as Joyce has now prodded me on for ten months, walked to the Isle of Tears. This is a small island in the river where this country remembers those who died in their conflict with Afghanistan. These people make many monuments to help them remember the wars they have had, but some portray writers and poets as well.

The island is really quite close to both our office and our apartment, but it took us an hour and a half to journey from the office to home. The day was beautiful for late November and the sky was mostly clear and blue. Some views I committed to digital remembrances as the scene fairly leaped out upon me. Others thrust upon Joyce and she instructed me to take it, usually with the "camera up and down."

We saw a manhole cover, which from the "K" marked upon it, signified that it led to the sewer pipes below. The K was enveloped with a ridged circle of iron and fanning out from that were elongated S's leading to the outer cover. "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder," they say, and the cover *per se* was not Belarusian art. But the moss, oh, the moss neatly grown between the curved rails of iron!

On we walked nearly to the river, where the water was smooth enough to give wonderful reflections of whatever rose up beyond it. There was the tall Belarus Hotel with the nearby Casino, the former of which houses the Mission President and other Church related visitors from Moscow and Salt Lake. I think they do not frequent the Casino, or at least they do not hint to us that they need to borrow a little cash to make their return trip. No, surely, they come only on official business and do their work and say their prayers.

The ship on the river is mostly just stayed tied to the shore. But there the "passengers" can walk down the gangplank and eat and drink their refreshments and pretend they are at sea on their honeymoon, or making business in the millions or just resting from their walk along the river.

From the same vantage point one sees "old town," preserved or rebuilt from the ravages incurred by the great patriotic war, with buildings of pale shades of pink and blue and white. The trees, now stripped of leaves and awaiting the first heavy snowfall are also mirrored in the water not yet rippled by the ducks, who paddle in to spoil the view.

Old town is split into two parts, the lower old town, near the river, with its two or three stories which now house the shops for the tourists and official visitors to enter and but the trinkets of straw and other Belarusian souvenirs.

This is also one of the sites for the main meal, when wedding parties come with their cars covered with colored balloons, that never seem to blow off by the wind created by their rushing to get there before the bride and groom. It is also a handy place to eat because, by tradition, the wedding party must visit the various monuments in the city, where the groom can properly carry his bride up some of the steps. That works better for those who have not yet been on "The Biggest Loser."

The upper part of old town is across the street and nearer the Russian Orthodox Church, whose bells peal out on the hour and for a full ten minutes prior to the call to work at the 9:00 a.m. hour. It also invites the wedding to its buildings for the same purpose, and for the photos that might be taken near the city hall and on the steps curving upward off the Metro entrance below.

We see the distant sports arena, where the President even dons skates to help him remember a more limber time as he would skate in the hockey game. When he comes to skate with the team who would dare to cut him off or bank him into the wall. He demonstrates his wonderful ability almost unimpeded I think. The arena, with its attendant arena waits there with its curved lines of beauty – waits for the next big encounter on the 7th of December, when the President will give a long speech, and then skate an expected route to demonstrate his physical condition that is fit for a President to dictate edicts which will govern the lives of his subjects and all of their business.

We passed the shop where Joyce bought carved Joseph and Mary, with setting complete, carved out of beech wood by a native carver. The shop is fronted by a fence with posts connected by a rail in the top to bottom center of the posts. Above and below that are willows parallel to the rail. Smaller willows are then woven from top willow, around middle rail and around bottom willow with the next willow placed in the opposite position, to give a fine artistic effect. We have seen such fences in the villages and in museums and shops catering to folks like us. Of course there are not too many foreigners like us because the system of government does not easily invite the outsider.

The bridge to the isle offers more contrast of straight and curving lines, and shadows on the water and on the hard bridge itself. The monument itself is a tall, four sided structure with women and children depicted to show the ravages of war – the loss of sons and fathers and perhaps lovers too.

The metal widows stand elongated and head covered with a long scarf. Some hold a child and some cover their faces to mourn alone what was done to their family. Oh, some now bring flowers to bedeck the place, but such bedecking does not reduce the flow of tears from the depleted families. What else could be done, however?

They do the best they could to show the error of past ways. There are the benches to sit upon and ponder. One young woman, with cigarette lit, sits there now with head bent in her attire of black and her boots pulled high, and perhaps she is wondering what has become of her lover. Or, perhaps she is just tired from work and has found a place of quiet and solace before she goes back to her work.

There also is a small boy angel with long downward pointing wings. He stands in the crisp air unclothed with bare bum pointing one way, neatly placed between the wings, and the other pointer, on the front, pointing as best a small boy's pointer could point. Couples who are getting married visit the little fellow and the bride touches the pointer as a good luck gesture for her own fertility.

Walking on we see a single duck with brown strip down his back and extended on his breast – or is it a her? Anyway, said duck is yellow billed and has green on his head near the top but still on the side. Soon other ducks come to muddle up the mirror.

We watch then for a while. One stands on its head with its tail feathers thrust into the air and the front of the body sunk into the water. Something must be down there to draw interest because soon several more ducks are also on their heads. We left the ducks to do their thing and looked onward. Two tall cranes were positioned by a half build building, standing at the ready to lift their cargos high into the air. They reminded us of dueling warriors or perhaps of Don Quixote's tilting at windmills.

School boys ran by, clothed in their green and red running togs. One boy is left behind – he is black. Then, as if by afterthought, two of the boys at the end of the running group, speak to him and he smiles and catches up to be a part as they stop for drinks in the kiosk ahead. Further on a little boy, daring his mother, walks on the wall which holds the river in. He runs on ahead to scare a flock of pigeons who wanted to stop where he wants to go. His mother scolds him for not minding her and staying by her side.

A couple sits on the wall facing the river. They are fifteen inches apart, suggesting that they have a disagreement to work out, or perhaps that they are new to one another and they dare not sit too close too soon.

Then there are more flocks of ducks and more groups of people. One woman feeds the friendly ducks in the water, but her dog barks and scares the ducks. She must stop the feeding, to curse the dog, and then goes back to feeding her ducks, but cussing does not stop the dog's behavior for long. Our thirty minute walk home had turned into upwards of nearly two hours, and the sun goes down early this time of year, at happened before our current war there.

One night they had boats with special lights and fireworks, lily pads, light explosions, and other such things to remind one those who lost their lives in that war. As always, here the veterans were given sit down seats near the other people of power and the families of such were in bleachers where standing was the rule, with four or five deep on each bleacher. The riff raff and others such as the "late comers" stood twenty deep on level ground, about 100 feet above the level of the river, which made seeing rather difficult. There were many military and police to keep order, which, given the amount of "hard juices" consumed, could easily have got out of order otherwise. It was an event.

Speaking of BYU football, we went to a football game here with Belarus playing Albania soccer. We sat in front of five men who were real fans. One blew a whistle during the game, in a very loud manner, making it say something like "Bell A Rus Bel A Rus Bel A Rus," over and over and over and over. We thought we might lose our hearing. When the game got pretty exciting he would beat on Joyce's shoulders and then apologize and shake hands. The fans were all pretty happy about the playing of the game but in the end the score was 2 to 2. We wondered if they had some type of system to break the tie, but everyone started to leave so we did too, like we knew what we were doing. It kind of reminded us of our first hockey game at Michigan when we left after two periods, not knowing that there were three periods. The tied game was broken without us I guess.

General order at the game was maintained by a policeman on every row at the end from the top of the stadium to the bottom. The head of each column would give a signal and all of the policemen would sit down and then at another order all would stand up again and stare at the rest of us without any hint of a smile. Perhaps they thought all of the rest of us were not much to look at.

Back to Sunday. One young woman with a husband and a baby came into the meeting with red hair frizzed all over the place. It was long and very red, where it had been blond last week. Women in this country seem to like red hair and they have many shades of red. It reminded me of the many shades of green that we see in nature. I stood by her and held a piece of it on top of my head and thought that it would be an improvement for me.

Since I do not understand Russian I read during the time of Sunday School class and also Priesthood meeting. In Sacrament Meeting we have one of the young volunteers (missionaries) translate for us. Today, I finished reading The Book of Mormon again. I was again impressed with the number of things I had not remembered reading earlier, and with the new thoughts that I had as I read this book. Since March I have read all of the Standard Works. I am amazed at the interconnectedness of the books. I am happy for them and know that the gospel portrayed in them is true and that Jesus Christ has done a marvelous thing for us. I have read The Book of Mormon, the New Testament, The Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price many times, but independently. Only one other time have I read all of them one after another and that was when I was in the military. I have never read all of them in such a short time, however. I am happy that I have had the time to do this reading as at many times in my life I did not have such time or perhaps did not take the time.

Speaking of volunteers, The night after the alligator man from Australia died from the Sting Ray barb, our two volunteers were fooling around and lit to candles, obtained at the Russian Orthodox Church, in their apartment, and left the candles lit on a lid of some type on a chair. They were doing something like a memorial to the alligator hunter. One of the candles must have warmed up and tipped over and at 2 a.m. one of the young men woke up and could hardly breathe. They quickly put out the fire and ventilated the apartment. They were blessed in the end, but it reminded me of Elder LeGrande Richards's statement that if the Lord would have wanted to put 40 year old heads on 19 year old bodies he would have done it.

Minsk October 2, 2006 and Oct 26th Today, between **this** and **that**, I am sitting at my desk on the 7th floor of a 12 story building where we have the office for Sophia. Sophia is **not** a woman, but an International Charitable Public Organization that operates in Belarus. The “this” mentioned above, is the hassle of trying to get a dental group into the country through the departments wanting control, who must give permission for them being here, and the “that” is determining how to get their equipment through customs. The fact that they are going to donate time, effort and equipment does not make the process any easier, but may in fact make it more difficult.

I say **this** and **that** like I had authority or ability to do anything about it. In reality one of our staff, Sergei, is an expert in the system, and does much of the worry. So as that happens I look around. I see in our office, sized 30 feet by 30 feet, desks and equipment to keep the six people here occupied. We have six of us here: [now it is October 26 so a few days have come and gone] One man, Eugene, takes care of visas etc and also drives the van; one woman, Galina, takes care of documents and sets up health fairs for the young volunteers; one woman, Natasha, does the accounting and keeps us up on the legal requirements; one man, Sergei, I have already mentioned – he is very important for us; one woman, Joyce, does good service and is a real friend to everyone and one man, Phillip, does odds and ends.

Near our building is the new structure that is finally getting a roof. They build from the bottom up here and use more concrete than steel. I hope there are no earthquakes! Out the window I see a ten story apartment building with stores on the bottom floor. The fifteen men on the roof are moving piles of bricks and sand and rolls of plastic and tar. They have used pavers stones on the roof and now put another layer of plastic etc on top of that. Below on the ground a drill is getting ready to drive a piling or drill a well or something like that. On the ground I see about 25 airplanes made of paper, some of which flew very well and others plummeted directly to the ground. I guess the failures are all a factor of wind, air currents, etc and should not be blamed on the plane maker. I have become a little skilled in folding the planes.

As we came to work we saw what should have been a wonderful sunrise. We crossed the street to take some photos but the sunrise did not materialize for us. In place of that I took the photos of a huge swarm of birds flying in a group and not going very far, but only round and round. I think they had lost their navigator. The rest of the birds, probably equal in number, were spaced on the edges of our office building. The edges were full, with a bird about every three or four inches. Many were also on the television antenna and one on top of the single medal spire on the highest point. I guess he was the “kingfish.”

Black birds, with a small gray feathery bands around their necks, move about on the patterned paver stones, looking for a few crumbs left by the women and men of Minsk as they sauntered about the night before eating their rye bread and drinking their beer. If they had not developed the taste of alcohol or were savvy enough not to start on that course they found the kvas, with its hint of yeast but absence of alcohol, more to their liking. Most assuredly, however, if the birds had joined in the drinking they would not have dropped the bottles onto the pavers to shatter into so many little pieces for the poorly paid women to sweep up early the next morning before the walkways filled with those on their way to a slightly better wage.

Certainly one of the wonders of all nature is how such a small bird, not so big as a crow, but larger than a western warbler, can emit such a loud, sharp sound. I suppose that were humans to have such a sound system, multiplied by their much superior size and weight, a man could easily call upon his fellows many miles away.

Then, as if by signal, the birds fly off leaving the pigeons to ferret out the rest of the breakfast, amidst the shards of glass, while they join their own kind upon the ledges of the tall buildings. There they commence to sing. In huge choirs they sing anthems perhaps known only to Deity. No, surely the birds must get meaning from the notes for they sing together and then as if directed by a feathered Toscanini, off the choir flies, sometimes in flocks of a thousand or two, over the trees and into the distant only to return again, in a large swaying mass, moving this way and that, again as if from the direction of the unseen baton, to light once more on the ledges of the tallest buildings. One of them always finds his way to the flag mast, the communication tower, or whatever thrusts itself the highest above the roof.

That topmost bird seems to have the prominence of a leader, but for all I know he may just be the final one in the caravan to light and finds no other place that is not already lit. The former sounds more reasonable, however, and to that bird it must have been his great great, great ..., or however birds calculate their distant ancestors, yes, his direct progenitor that perched upon the tall tree and saw it.

Yes, it was he who wrapped his little bird feet tightly around the little twig assigned to the topmost branch of the tree and watched. He watched as they march from the camp across the street, not like soldiers young and well fed, but like those tired from the waste of war, starved and cold and uncared for by their

captors. The march was more like a bunch pushed forward by their fellows behind and the ones behind them with bayonets and dogs with sharp, hungry teeth. The bird watched them as they stood not willingly, upon the edge of the ravine and he heard the firing of the guns as the bullets did what was assigned to them. He watched as the ravine filled up, body upon body, until he could watch no more.

Now a bird grandson, or granddaughter, probably the latter as that gender seems to have more tears and more reverence in such places, sits high in the tree, with a silence not usually characteristic of such a bird, but sits there with a sense of what a burial ground demands, and with respectful veneration watches over those who came there so many years before. So much for the birds.z

Now on the roof I see the human workers in various groups, with one working and several standing by watching. At least they are not leaning on a shovel, but act like they are intent on discussion.

There are two elevators in each end of the building – one at each end goes to odd floors and one to even floors. Some of our people were stuck on one for an hour and a half. The ground in front of our building has been torn up for several months as they put in new hot water pipes, electric lines etc. They now seem to have done that and the ground is being leveled and new paver stones will soon be installed.

Sergei just got 80,000 Belarusian rubles from me to get the summer tires replaced with the winter tires as we expect snow during the weekend. That many rubles is worth about 40 dollars. My pocket is full of paper money, the smallest of which is worth 1/10th of a cent in U.S. money.

Tonight Joyce is having the women from one Branch come to learn how to make bread. The other Branch will come next Thursday. Joyce really does make great bread. I must say, however, that we love the bread here, especially the rye bread. Their white bread does not keep too long, however.

Now the clouds are breaking up and the blue sky is showing through. It is ten to ten in the morning and we have been here a while. We usually leave home for work about 7:30 or so and it is a 15 minute walk.

Minsk, Belarus 22 October 2006 I dream almost every night and usually remember most of them for a short time after I awaken. Many of the dreams are not fulfilling and I find myself late for a flight, can't find an address and so on. There have been those times when the dream was telling of the future and significant to what was going on in my life. With that as a preface I will relate dreams from the last two nights.

The night before last I dreamed that we sold our tent trailer to my brother, Paul. He put a pitched roof on it with plywood and then put about six inches of soil on the roof and placed sod on the entire roof. Our daughter, Jana, came along and saw it and said, "I hope the grass grows quickly because Dad promised us that we could borrow it and take it to Yellowstone." One would have to ask Paul or Jana the meaning of that dream.

Last night I got the KSL Stream on the computer and we listened to a bit of the BYU – UNLV football game. It was very late here when the score had just been 21 to 7 in favor of BYU. We went to bed as we had a long day already.

I dreamed that I was riding a bike from Bern to Montpelier, a distance of about four and a half or five miles. The road was still down around Alvin's little triangle, where the top of our lane to go milking met the old gravel road. As I started South from the point there were a lot of shops right along the road. One of them was having some kind of special promotion and was giving away a little chocolate bar to those who looked at whatever they were selling in the shop. As I rode by I reached up and grabbed a piece of chocolate and ate it as I continued on.

About a quarter of a mile later, near Reed's forty, on the right hand side there was a line of women waiting to sample some perfume they were selling. I passed by and got to Montpelier. While there I went to buy a fishing license. As I was filling out the application the man said, "Is Parley your father?" I said that he was and he said that he was a most wonderful man. I agreed.

Then I was in Bern again and Richard Schmid and I had agreed to each teach a class for BYU in Montpelier. This was Richard's first class so he was anxious to get there and to be prepared. I told him that I knew a shortcut and that we could ride our bikes there. We left our cars and headed off with the bikes. I soon realized that we were completely lost. We asked a woman the way to Montpelier and she said that it was very complicated but she would show us. We went through a maze of buildings with narrow passageways and after a while she pointed the direction and we went on our way.

We then came to a road heading right and left but did not know which one to take. We went left and got into the water and had to walk on a rail fence holding our bikes. We went that way for a while and then lost our balance and fell off into a very wet manure pile. We got back on the rail but soon found that it ended and we had to swim across a big cesspool. By this time we were very dirty and tired and did not care about our looks but only wanted to get to Montpelier to our classes.

As we crossed a field a herd of bulls chased us and we just got through the barbwire fence with our bikes as the bulls got there so we escaped them. We walked on, carrying our bikes through mud and water, asking everyone we saw how to get to Montpelier. Some gave one direction and some another. We had to go through another pen with four big red bulls in it. Dick was afraid but I was not. I told him they would not hurt us because we smelled about like them by that time.

By this time we were both feeling terrified because we could not find the way, nor could any of the people we asked for directions give them to us. We felt hopelessly abandoned.

We went on through one place of misery after another and finally we saw blue sky and thought we were in Montpelier, but we were only just South of Paul and Marlene's house. We hurried up the lane to our house where we were going to each take our car to Montpelier to meet our classes. Richard got into his car and took off looking like a hog that had been wallowing in the mud. He was so anxious to get to his class that he did not care that his car seats would be very dirty, nor that he would not be very presentable for his first class.

I looked for my car but Joyce had gone shopping and my keys would not fit any of the other cars there. I tried them as I had to get to my class also.

Orlando Kunz was by our front gate and said I looked terrible. I knew that, however. I went to our front porch – the way it was before the room was added on the South of the house – and took off my shoes and shirt. I went upstairs and saw Jody and Bryan and Logan and a baby in the crib. I asked if there was any water to wash and they pointed to the tap by the crib. I turned it on and they quickly moved the baby as the water was going into the crib like it was a washbowl.

My whole body was covered with a layer of goop about an inch thick. Jody and Bryan tried to help me peel it off but it was very difficult to remove. I said that I felt like I had been tarred and feathered and Father, who was watching the process, said that I shouldn't say that because Joseph Smith had been tarred and feathered and I should not put myself in the same category as him.

Paul came by and I asked him if he got a piece of candy when he rode his bike past the triangle as he was following me. He said that he did not see it, but he did see the big line of women getting the perfume sample. I said to him, "You probably don't believe all of the misery we have been through and thought we were just sitting in O'Neal's shed all of that time." He said that he did believe me and tried to help pick some of the junk off my skin.

By this time I was stark naked but I did not care who saw me that way as I only wanted to get clean. We had been at the cleaning process for an hour or so and I was worried about my class. I could not remember if we were supposed to meet on Monday and Wednesday nights or Tuesday and Thursdays. Someone said that Bruce Chadwick had called wondering why I was not at my class, so I quit worrying. I knew he would cover for me. He said that Richard showed up for his class on time but looked and smelled like hell.

I awoke in a sweat and said out loud two or three times, "Thank the Lord that I was only dreaming." I thought I would awaken Joyce but she slept on not knowing what terrible things I been through. I turned on the computer again to KSL to find that they just announced the final score as 50 something to 7 in BYU's favor. I went back to bed and then got up and made a few notes so I would remember the terrible dream. I don't know the meaning of it.

Minsk, Belarus 26 October 2006 Our assignment here is to be the Country Director and Assistant Country Director for Welfare in the country of Belarus. At the same time we are within the Russia Moscow *West* Mission, which was the Russia Moscow *South* Mission when we received our assignment. This dual assignment presents something of an issue at times.

We are under the Mission President in terms of getting a temple recommend but at the same time independent from him and under the welfare services department. There are two young volunteers serving with us. They have been young men until this last transfer when we got two young women.

This weekend we are have a zone conference with the president, his wife and two assistants attending. The other day the sisters informed us that we were to each prepare a five minute talk and that some of the small group would be asked to speak and others not. The topic was from a

specific chapter of the Teach My Gospel book. [That may not be the exact title.] In addition we were informed that we were to make a fifteen presentation on chastity, also based on the book.

The first problem to surface was that we had left our books at home in the United States, along with all other religious material except our personal scriptures. So no problem, the sisters brought one of their books. Then Joyce raised the question, as she had earlier when the sisters gave her the assignment for us, whether or not we ought to do this. She asked them who gave us the assignment and the sisters said it came from the President. As we thought about it we decided that it would not be good for us to do this.

I wrote an email to the President indicating that we would be happy to fill the assignment in Utah and perhaps in Russia, but not in Belarus. He asked what assignment we were talking about, as he called me back within minutes of when I sent the email. I responded that we had been given the assignment to speak and we thought we should not do that as it might place our position here in jeopardy as we are here for humanitarian work and not as missionaries, like they have in Russia. As you know, I like to speak and feel that we could have filled the assignment on the spot without advance preparation, but in this case had to decline.

The President asked who gave us the assignment and I responded that the sister volunteers here had passed the message to us. [That reminds me of Johnathan's story of being called as Elders Quorum President in a foreign country by the Bishop rather than the Stake President or a member of the High Council. As he acted surprised by the nature and delivery of the call he was told that the Bishop had been called by telephone and told , "Guess what? You have won the lottery and you are the new Bishop."] In any event the President said he had not given us the assignment and that we were only to be invited to attend if we would like. He then called again a second time to say that he had not asked us to speak and did not know where it came from. Our being here does not include anything but humanitarian work, as the government defines it.

As we think about it whether the sisters were passing on the talks in order to escape it themselves or if the Assistants were making decisions, which may be common here but would not have been in Louisiana, where I presided. It is also apparent, that at least in earlier times and perhaps in other missions in Europe East, as well, the Assistants made a lot of decisions regarding zone meetings, transfers and so on. That may explain the non-overlapping transfers that have occurred here, much to the detriment of the work.

This is not intended to be a black cloud hanging over our heads, but a fair representation of how our work here is not always without questions. It must be difficult for the President as he tries to get a visa to come here and watch over his Branches and the young volunteers when he can only speak by request to the religious committee within the government, which to date has always been turned down. The whole operation is complicated and fraught with difficulties.

We thoroughly enjoy our work here and love to be in a position where we can be of service to those who need it, although that also gets to them directly as we deal only with organizations which are intended to help the poor and needy. The people are wonderful and so far the cold has been alright for us. As we realize that our time is already half gone Joyce says. "Don't say it." I

feel as she does. We will find it hard to leave when the time comes. This land is beautiful with its trees, open spaces, farms, villages and most of all lovely people.

The other night we attended a concert. As we heard the beautiful music I thought of how a person could write all of that music, putting in all of the various musical instruments at just the right time and in such a manner that the end product was so magnificent. I thought that I could do that if I only used one note at a time and if there were no sharps or flats. The composers must certainly have been inspired by the Lord. The musicians who transformed the marks on the pages into what we heard also have to have been inspired and have developed their talents well. I think of the woman who went after a program to congratulate the pianist and said to the pianist – one like Reid Nibley, “I would give half of my life if I could play like that.” His response was, “That is what I have done.”

One other thought: I took one of my airplanes down to the men’s room, which is about thirty feet from our office to fly it out the window. Our office window was closed and is hard to open and shut and the restroom window is always open because the men go there to smoke, which is against the law and is especially not appropriate with so much wood in the building, like the old wooden floors. Two men were there as I launched the plane, which spiraled down to the ground in a very unimpressive manner before these Belarusian men. As they observed the crash one of them said, “American planes cannot fly well in Belarusian space.” That was a good comment on his part.



Concerts and ballet are superior and not costly to attend

28 October 2006 I realize that today is my father's birthday. He would be pretty old if he were still with us: 112 years to be exact. Mother would be much younger at 106 years. Joyce's father would be 107 and her mother 103 years old. As I sit here thinking of the day and of yesterday I wonder what they are all four doing right now. I wish one or all of them would come and sit on our couch and have a little visit with us. They would be able to tell us some things! I suppose, measured by the long stretch of things, we will be nearer to them and will know a lot more too.

Yesterday Sergei, Joyce and I left our apartment at 7:00 a.m. to go close a project which we started some time ago. We obtained some earphones, microphones etc for a school about four hours from Minsk. The school is for all of the deaf students in that territory. There were four pre-schoolers and the rest of them went to age seventeen. With the earphones each student can turn the volume up as loud as they need to and hear some sounds. They can respond to the teacher with the attached microphone. In addition, many of them can sign, as do the teachers.

The school does not have enough budget – [who does in Belarus?] and the project was especially satisfying. Two of the little pre-school children were orphans. Apparently some parents just abandon children with such handicaps. We arrived there as the school was to end for the weekend and some of the parents had already picked up their children to take them home for the holiday, which for them was to last for a week. One little girl was looking out the window, perhaps waiting for parents or perhaps watching others leave, knowing that no one would come for her. The joy the new equipment brought was housed in plenty of sadness and tragedy.

On the way to and from the project we took a lot of photos, some while stopped and some while traveling at a good clip. Needless to say, more of those taken when we stopped were of better quality than the ones taken through the windshield or out an open window. The fall colors were just magnificent! Here they refer to fall as the Gold Fall. The gold of the birch trees is spectacular against the green pines. We would take one photo and then another scene would jump out and say that it too needed to be recorded for some future website, photo album, or perhaps to just be stored away for a generation until someone had time to look and admire it.

We arrived home at 5:45 and were to be at a special performance at gymnasium 14, where an outstanding group of students would sing and dance (as is the custom for the folk) in honor of the medical people who have been here for a project to do heart operations on children. The volunteer group comes from American and Canada. Doctor Novak heads it up and he has come for a number of years, but often brings different members in the team, as volunteers can be assembled from various places.

The performance was wonderful. They were of professional quality, as judged by one who has seen a lot of such artists, but is otherwise perhaps not skilled enough to make such a judgment. We were there at the invitation of the Minsk Rotary Club, to which I pay my dues. As their usual practice the President of Rotary presented many certificates of award, or *diplomas*, as they call them here.

Wither Goes the Tree?

Oh thou tree which was first sprouted there on the meadow,
which grew in girth and sent branches far distant from the sow.
Each spring your leafs begin as a test of the warm or frost --
either they mature and strengthen the trunk or they are lost.

With your early birth came a stature above your fellows,
some of which in comparison are more similar to willows.
Deeply rooted and strong, you have endured the wind's tilt
and you stayed true which watching so many others wilt.

You sheltered the family who picnicked below in shade
and provided structure where the birds' nests were made.
Fire blackened the bark that surrounds your life's heart,
but strength preserved from the evil of heat and burning spark.

Now come the men with axes and sharpened steel tings
to fell large trees with your thousand embedded rings.
Will you be planes of polished planks turned into the temple face,
Or be cut into regular lengths and then split to feed the fireplace?

We had some "one on one" discussions with Dr. Novak and he invited us to come to the hospital next February, to watch and take some photos. We plan to honor his invitation when the time comes. So the night ended late. We were offered a ride back to our apartment with a couple of women, one of whom is a doctor. She talked about our projects and said that she felt badly when the country would not accept the neonatal resuscitation program from Utah. She has been using some of their material and finds it very helpful. The government apparently refused it because they did not think Belarusian doctors needed training from the someone from the United States.

Today we went to our English conversation group at the church office building, but not a person showed up. Some have classes that meet on some Saturdays and some are harvesting and some just tired I guess, as am I, so I go quickly to bed and perhaps sweet dreams.

31 October Yesterday the Mission President came and we had some training – mostly on that which we can not use here. As we began the meeting we heard that the hose connecting the washer in the young sisters apartment broke during the night and ran around their place and down into a shop below, where it did a lot of damage. I suggested that we take photos of the damage to the shoe shop prior to their deciding to throw all of the shoes on the pile that would not sell in prior years.

Today was a day for the sisters, Eugene and two lawyers to meet and check things out at the damaged shoe shop. Initially the shop wanted about 40,000 dollars, but today they got it to 40 pair of shoes and the shop itself. I suppose we will end up paying 20 or 30 thousand dollars for the damage. The connection where the washer and the hose from the lead just broke. The threads were still in the one end and the thing just broke apart. Who is to blame? Poor materials? Poor

connection – probably not as it has already been there for two or three years? Anyway, water runs down hill and we were the source of it, as the washer was obtained and connected by the volunteers.

There have been a **few** phone calls back and forth. It is hard to be in a place with no authority and delegated responsibility.

2 November 2006 Halloween came and went and we did not trick and treat, nor did anyone approach us for handouts.

Today we closed a project where we bought a walk-in cooler where meat was on the floor last time we visited. We also bought another cooler, so one was for really cold and one for just cool.

The director thanked us and thanked us. He said that several organizations had visited them but we were the only one to give them any help. He directs a large boarding house with people who are mentally ill and other such problems. We are thankful that we could help them. It is really our sponsoring organization that gives the help and that means most of you in the long run.

Nevertheless I come away with pictures in my mind of persons stooped low on their heels, off by themselves in their own world with eyes toward the floor, of those with hollow eyes, some with very loud and talkative voices and other such images. All are children of God and all should be treated with dignity and respect. I do not understand it all but I know more than I once did.

6 November 2006 A holiday has been established here. For the celebration of this holiday some worked half a day on Saturday so they could have today [Monday] off and tomorrow, which I think is the real holiday. At any rate many have Saturday, Sunday, Monday and tomorrow off work.

As a tribute to this holiday I declared that Sophia people did not have to work on Saturday nor today, nor tomorrow, although I think the government already made the decision about tomorrow.

As a further tribute Joyce and I slept in until about 9 this morning. Unheard of!!! But it did happen. Then Joyce cooked some eggs and ham and we ate a proper breakfast. We then went to the office for an hour or so and did some work. [Since we did not understand the significance of the holiday we thought it ok to work a little.]

We then went to the Gum Department Store, established by the government, and bought a few small items. We then went to a place across from the Cheluskin Park to visit a site that Joyce knew of, which is called Tolbukhine Boulevard. There are buried, according to Eugene who was told by an old man whose own eyes saw it many years ago, 10 to 12 thousand people. It appears that they are soldiers and Belarusian, but perhaps not Jews. I have to do a little more research to satisfy my knowledge about this. We did take photos and there are two monuments -- not scribed in English so we will have to have them translated by one who generally went to class and did not skip.

There was a large ravine which may have been used as a garbage pit. Bodies were brought in and laid away one layer at a time and covered with soil prior to the next layer being placed there. The old man, eye witness as a young boy, described the events.

Today the area has various trees, some crisscrossing sidewalks and the two monuments. A large number of crows seem to be the guards, undertakers, or overseers of the area. Some of them sit diligently on the limbs of the trees and gaze about, while others, without so much reverence, pick through the snow for acorns. One acorn, missed by the big black birds was retrieved by me and placed in Joyce's big bag, which holds everything and is carried most everywhere. Whether it will become part of an important display or just discarded at some future point when we try to get everything into the allotted luggage, remains to be seen.

The little "park" is about half a block wide and 2,166 feet long, as carefully *stepped off* by Phillip, who one should remember was experienced as a Boy Scout in doing such stepping off, and if that does not count it should also be remembered that said Phillip stepped off the length and breadth of haystacks with his father to calculate the proper tonnage of hay contained in it.

Lest such information would lead one to think I was not as reverent as some of the crows, it might be pointed out that I did go with Joyce to inspect this site, with not too much protest and this on a cold day. The cold and wind was enough to freeze the tears on Joyce's face, which were plentiful enough. She has a tender heart and an abundance of love.

Who killed who, and how many were there, has been writ by the historians and other such record keepers and will undoubtedly be modified by those acting under the direction of whoever rises to the top in power from time to time. I did not think so much about that today but took a photo of a tree, with two main branches which seemed to indicate heaven or hell, as many people see the end of things. I took another with many branches, going every which way, and thought that might also indicate different kingdoms and layers of goodness or badness. In place of such thought perhaps I should have just had some tears and keep walking with more reverence. I did have some redeeming thoughts, however. I questioned myself as to who would do the family history for those folks and are they already waiting for some good soul to be baptized by proxy for them.

On the way home as we walked thru the tunnel from one subway line to the other, we saw an old woman asking for money. She had a hand full of bills, each worth very little. She was bent over so far, with what we assume was a severe case of scoliosis, that her back bone seemed to be almost in an upside down "U" shape. In that position she could not look at people, but only leaned against the cement wall and held out her hand. I walked back a ways and recorded the image so that my mind can remember it when the normal memory processes give way. I hope that the little I put into her hand may benefit her life in a small way. As we started on our way Joyce looked back and said that she had dropped one of the bills. I went back and picked it up for her and she thanked me for doing that. She was in such physical condition that she would have been unable to bend over and obtain it.

OLD BENT WOMAN BEGGING

Little woman, where did you come from today?
You were out on the street not so long ago.
I saw you there, but your eyes could not say
for they looked downward isn't it so?

Only at night can you look forward as you go to sleep
for then the hunch in your back is pillow rested -
with covers pulled over you the secret you keep
until the dawn when in the cold you are tested.

Again you come out from where you were
To posit your back upside down before the throngs.
With you wraps secure and them without fur
in almost silence to beg not like others with songs

Your hands are full of money mostly given small,
A tenth of a cent, sometimes a dime often not more.
Surely not enough to warrant risk of a fall
and not enough to replace what your body wore

Where is your family, who once you bore?
Long ago your parents finished life and were gone,
but are there brothers who love you no more
or your sisters - or are you now just the only one?

Many like you last out their stay in a boarding house.
Were you not also invited in to hearty meal and bed?
Do those who should love you live in a souse
and send you out to earn for their bottle instead?

A bill worth not much drops from your knurled hand
where you could not reach to bring it back again.
It could blow away into the cold winter's land,
or perhaps someone puts it in their own pocket in sin.

Old woman standing their bent and partly cold
How long more should your life's payment be?
Have you stood there ever since you were old?
In which tomorrow will we no longer you see?

12 November 20006 On Thursday about noon we [Sergei, Joyce and I] went to the airport to receive two visitors from Moscow: Marvin VanDam, who is the Director of Temporal Affairs for the Europe East Area and Rick Page, who is the chief legal counsel for the same area. Brother VanDam had previously indicated that they had two purposes for their visit: 1- to audit Sophia to make sure everything we do is honest, above board with the government and well within the laws of the land, and 2- to better understand the organization of Sophia to be able to present it properly to the Presiding Bishopric, who do not understand why we have so many employees and are so different from humanitarian volunteers in the rest of the world. The Sophia staff has

been a little bit concerned with the visit. Joyce and I did not have the same kind of concerns, perhaps because our income is not attached to the organization.



Richard Page, Phillip Kunz, Joyce Kunz, Marvin VanDam

We drove past the Hill of Glory, where the last battle commenced to free the country from the German control which had existed here for some time. After taking our visitors to their hotel to drop off their bags, we came to our apartment to spend the afternoon with them – just the two of them and Joyce and me. Joyce had prepared a wonderful salad and we ate well and then went to work, sitting around the kitchen table. They took a lot of notes, asked a lot of questions about our operation and they seemed to be satisfied with our answers. I was very impressed with their professionalism.

We went to eat about 5:00 and were then to walk across October Square and attend the ballet. As we got to the door we were turned away, because I had mixed up the tickets and we were supposed to be at the symphony hall and the next night was the ballet. By that time we had only ten minutes and we had to hail a cab, which turned out to be not easy, and go to the other hall. The taxi driver did his best and we got there, checked our coats and were in our seats a full minute or two before it started. I was rather embarrassed about my mistake, but my embarrassment wore off in a short while.

The evening included some short lectures from some professor who was very animated and sounded like he was saying interesting things, but we could not understand the language. The

music part of the program was really fantastic and we all enjoyed it. The final part of the program was a Russian pianist, who did not look like such, but more resembled a big Russian bear. He was a very accomplished musician and really knew how to make the piano *talk*. The evening ended at about 10 p.m., with faithful Sergei there to haul us all home in the van.

Friday saw us in the office at 9:00 and we were ready for a long day which included a short introduction to the whole staff and then the two from Moscow interviewed and questioned each member of the staff, without much break except to have Sergei get their computers to work and when they took us all to lunch at the Drinking Man Restaurant. We decided to continue some of the work the next day and took off early enough to get to the ballet, which proved to me that the tickets and ballet and place of the event all matched beautifully. We had a splendid evening together, just the four of us.

Saturday morning Joyce stayed at home, and the four of us went to the office where Sergei worked on Rick's computer and Marvin worked on his emails and notes from the previous day. The problem with both of their laptops was that the modem was their cell phone and for some reason everything had to be fixed so that it could receive email properly.

We then went to the monument across the street from us, where five thousand Jews were put to death and buried in a pit. They were touched, as we are each time we go there. There sloping down from the street and sidewalks, to the pit below, are a number of steps along which a sloping sculpture stands awaiting the predicted heavy hearts of its viewers and sometimes the view of some who perhaps would have been the first to fire the killing bullets into mostly women and children and some men. Now some of these latter viewers are wont to spray paint, draw swastikas or break beer bottles on the bronze figures which are left standing for the lot of the slain.

One of the figures carries his violin into the pit. Little children hide behind adults and a man pleadingly places his hand on the stomach of his pregnant wife, perhaps wishing for a double delivery. So they wait there night and day, molded together in a sculpture of metal, person hooked to person as they stretch into the pit, and perhaps also long to look to those who would come later and ponder with heavy hearts.

We went to the Church Office Building and then relaxed until time to visit the sisters' apartment and see what had been the problem with the water spill from there onto the shoe store below. Then we went to the Japanese restaurant where we ordered only to soon find they had no chicken – after half an hour and then that there was no beef, after another half and hour and at last we were fed and during the evening Marvin questioned the District President about the Church here and of legality and so on, the sisters being the translators. It was a good day but busy too.

Sunday, 12 November 2006 We did not go to the Branch 1 today until it was well into their meeting. They had the sacrament and then watched the disk they had received of General Conference. The same thing was going to happen in Branch II. From 12 until about 1.30 we met with the two from Moscow, noted above, and with the Branch Presidencies and the Counselor in the District. Many of the same concerns about the legality and operation of the Church and of Sophia were discussed. It went well and then, because all of the tapes were in Russian, we went

home and Joyce fed the four of us and they worked on their final reports of the research on Sophia and the Church here.

We certainly enjoyed their visit and found them to be very competent in what they are doing. I was amazed that Marvin VanDam put together his report, at least a very good first to third draft, just last night and today. He is a good thinker and writer. Rick was also very skilled with his analysis of the lawful and legal questions. Joyce and I felt as if we had known them for a long time.

14 November 2006 Visitors bring joy and happiness and sometimes heavy hearts. When the visit is complete the departure of some leaves us with an increase in joy and happiness and some leave us with heavy hearts. My father said, "Short visits make good friends." Someone else said, "Everyone here brings happiness, some by leaving." My father would not have said that kind of thing, however. During our stay here we have had visitors, both family members and official delegates and all have been welcome and made our time together happy and valuable. In each case we would have welcomed longer stays.

In times past, now long ago, we have had some visitors who brought disruption and an unruly spirit. At times the outside influence on our children seemed to make of them some other force entered into the children which made them almost uncontrollable. Visitors ought not to provide a diminution of fondness for the visitor.

In Belarus our adult and children visitors are wonderful, thoughtful people, who make us feel like longtime friends, known of old.

With the recent visit spanning parts of five days, of Marvin VanDam and Richard Page, Director of Temporal Affairs and Chief Legal Counsel for the Church in the Europe East Area, respectively, we found ourselves in hard work, hard play, good eating and serious and fun story telling which made us deep friends.

Joyce had some sandwiches and salad for our lunch and then we went to visit the place of the death of the people of many villages -- Khatyn. We went to Khatyn, as we had on occasion before. Khatyn is an appropriate and beautiful memorial to the death of the people of Khatyn and of many other villages. Perhaps the beauty of it lies in the memory of some of God's children who will arise out of the ashes and out of the pits and out of the mass graves, sometimes quickly made to hide the evidence of the witness of man's inhumanity to man, to once again be whole and joyful.

A thirty or forty mile ride along a well kept highway, with some winding roads, patches of forest and two ski jumps, with not yet enough snow to be serviceable, but enough to accent the contour lines the plows have made in the sprouted winter wheat, took us to the turnoff with the large cement sign directing us to Khatyn. We turned right and went a few more miles. These miles yielded large mature trees on both sides of the road. These are the trees which shelter the wild berries picked early in the summer and then the mushrooms in the fall, all of which are nourishment for the wintering Belarusians. This stretch of narrower road yields an occasional hare, if one has trained eyes to see it.



Joyce and Phillip at Khatyn

Arriving at Khatyn we parked in the five acre parking lot, passed the restroom and a little shop to buy reading material were met by a woman in her fifties who would have liked to have been our guide, but we were sufficient. We went into the large area of the monument – perhaps nearly forty or more acres. As we walked down the long walkway, split lengthways for a row of the remains of what had been beautiful red summer flowers, we observed the lay of the land with its lovely birch trees interspersed among the pines, open areas, cement, markers, ashen colored chimneys and a thirty or forty foot tall man made of metal and stone with a little boy in his arms.

Approaching the man we saw the depiction of the village street with its row of tall cement chimneys, representing the remains of houses after they had been burned and only the chimney remained. Along the “street” were the wells, with a small pitched roof over them; the wells that would no longer give a cool drink to a tired farmer or an aproned grandmother. There were the open gates through which no neighbor would come to pass the time, nor through which would a couple of small children run as they went to play. The chimneys were topped with a bell which each few minutes ring with a single sharp but plaintive sound. Each chimney bears its message at its own time and sometimes several ring at once. The clang of the bell brings one back to what happened in that very house in Khatyn.

Nearby the village street we see the representation of a barn into which the Nazis drove women and children and a few men. Most of the men were in the military and not there to protect their precious families. On the 22nd of March, 1943 the fire was lit and 149 people burned to death. These were women, some old and slow to run, and young mothers just through the pains of childbirth. These were children who may have been composers or carpenters, who would hew out of the trees fine chests or handles for their axe. These were old men who could not keep up with the marching soldiers but stayed at home to milk the cow and tend the geese. There was nineteen year old Vera Yaskevich with her seven-week old son. Iosif and Anna Baranoskys and their eight children, the family of Alexandre Novitsky and their seven children, and two year old Lena Mironovich and Misha Zhelobkovich and one-year old Yuzik Iotko and on and on. Seventy-five children burned alive! One hundred and forty-nine people herded like cattle into the slaughter house.

At we stood by the tall man, we learned that after the fire had finished its purpose, he was the grandfather that went into the barn and carried out the lifeless little grandson in his arms. His tears seem fixed on his drawn face. He has been a guide at the monument until his recent death, but was not able to guide German visitors. Perhaps by now he too has forgiven what happened.

The little plaques by the chimneys record the family name. But the monument is not to the fate of Khatyn alone. The bells also ring for the 186 villages which were also burned, most to rise no more. The names of these villages once were a proud dot on the map, but all of these dots have been erased. Now there is a steel grave with a bottle of soil from the village with the name and district of the village duly recorded.

The walk leads on to the wall of remembrance, the record on the victims of war for each district. Belarus lost one out of every four of its citizens in the war. Three beautiful birch trees, one in each of three corners of a square depict the three who lived on and the fourth is represented by the eternal flame, which is in the fourth position. That flame is what remains of two million and two hundred and thirty thousand people. Well that is what some people think. All of those folks are in a better place where they await the bringing together of flesh and bone upon bone and sinew upon sinew to once more be inhabited by a spirit and then to stand before the Lord and also be judged. What have the people of this earth learned?

25 November 2006 We spent the 23rd as Thanksgiving by going to work as usual. The others in the office were surprised to see us I think. At noon we returned home and I read a book while Joyce did her scrapbook, journal and then prepared a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner for the two of us. We had many fond memories of Thanksgivings past, but spent this one alone with each other.

Last night we went to the opera, "The Magic Flute." Which I thought to be quite enjoyable, although I did close my eyes a couple of times and I think sometimes the pondering left off into the early stages of sound sleep. Sergei and Olga and their girls went with us, or rather we went with them. We all rode in his car and returned the same way. The opportunities here for ballet, opera and the symphony are readily available and the price of the ticket is so small that it is almost like a giveaway.

Prior to the opera all of their family stopped at our home where Joyce served with two pieces of pie each: one pumpkin and the other was apple. We had both on Thursday and my midsection is thankful that they helped us devour the remainder.

29 November 2006

Some days ago came an envelope came addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Kunz 16-93 Melnikaite. We opened it and saw the seal of the State Department of The United States of America embossed in gold and beneath it:

**The Ambassador of the United States of America
Karen B. Stewart
requests the pleasure of the company of**

Mr. and Mrs. Kunz

**at a friendly dinner
on Wednesday, November twenty-ninth
at half past six o'clock**

To Remind

**Ambassador's Residence
Raubichi 1a**

-

A map was enclosed but we knew the address of the Ambassador's home as we were there with Ambassador Kohl for the 4th of July celebration last summer.

Certainly we would go and Sergei, our friend, co-worker, and often needed man drove us in the van. [The only setback with the whole affair was that he had to wait in the van while we celebrated at the friendly dinner.]

As we got to the gate a guard checked out invitation against his list of guests. Of course my wife would have got in on her good looks alone, but for me it was fortunate that we brought the invitation along. He escorted us to the entrance and returned to the gate.

At the visit on the 4th of July there were several hundred people and we celebrated out on the lawn. Had "Hytrin" not been working I would have needed to enter the house to find the bathroom, but did not need to enter at that time.

We were met on the inside by a young lady who pointed to the bottom of the stairs where nearby there was a display of straw people, as only the Belarusian artists can make them.

We ascended the stairs without mishap; however on the return trip down the stairs we both noticed that one step was taller than the rest. The unevenness of the stairs is rather common in this country and I suppose would drive our neighbor, Dale Nish, crazy.

At the top of the stairs we were met by two young men serving juice drinks and some kinds of food that one takes with the hand and hopes the crumbs will more or less remain on the paper napkin – also with a gold embossed emblem paid by the wonderful taxpayers of America. We milled around, eating and drinking [no alcohol drinks] and visiting with the others who had arrived.

Five or six people from the embassy were there and we knew all of them except for the Deputy Ambassador who came in the fall and the Ambassador who also came in the fall. Ambassador Stewart proved to be a cross between Marie Cornwall, with whom I taught at Brigham Young, and Gloria Wheeler, with whom I went to school at the University of Michigan. Joyce only saw Marie Cornwall in her, however.

After everyone had arrived (about 18 to 20 in total, including the Embassy people) we stood in a circle and introduced ourselves to each other. All of this took place in a rather large, but well decorated room with embossed carpet. We were then invited by the Ambassador to follow her into the next fine room where three round tables were set. Joyce and I started toward the left most table which we thought not to be the main table. The Ambassador said, “Mr. Kunz, you sit here by me, on my right. We have split the couples up tonight and Joyce will find her place tag at that table.”

I sat to the right of the Ambassador and Joyce sat to the right of the Deputy Ambassador, who in the absence of the Ambassador would be the *chargé d'affaires*. That may not be spelled quite right but I do remember the main part of it from high school civics. So, in everyday terms I guess we were both seated in a place of honor.

In front of us were the cards, placed on proper stands with said gold seal and our name affixed. To the left of the plate and forks was the individual menu, with seal:

Menu

November 29th, 2006

Dinner

Whole Baby Clam Chowder

Parker House Rolls

Beef Tenderloin in Latin Spice Rub

Roasted Potatoes

With Paprika & Herbs

Vegetables

Dessert: Coconut Pie

Right away a young man came with red wine, probably of good vintage, but it turns out we both declined and were offered juice instead. Orange juice seemed to work fine for the customary toast in the middle of the meal.

I should point out that there appeared an invited guest just prior to the Ambassador taking up her fork and saying “bon appetite” to signal that the rest of us could begin to eat. It was fortunate that most of the guests were not yet observing the fine details of the room, but were still distracted with the “*where are you from’s and the “how many children do you have’s* thus did not notice the intruder. [Without the intention of boasting, or giving to too much pride, I must admit that I saw the uninvited guest. I like to think that it was my rural, farm upbringing. Often I was able to see wild animals in the distant as we traveled by automobile or train, where other travelers did not see them.] Or, perhaps the guest was invited by one of the fulltime staff members, who was not happy with his salary raise, or that the Ambassador had snubbed him earlier in the day. All of this may be on the wrong track.

But there it was, no larger than the sharpened end of a pencil lead. If the Ambassador was number 1, and I was number 2 – on her right – then the little fellow crawled out from under the forks just on the left of number 3’s large plate. What I assumed to be a very small bug may indeed have been a very small bug invented and planted by the KGB. Could it be possible that the tiny critter was directed which direction to turn by some unseen signal from a satellite high in the sky?

He [and I am sorry if I got the gender mixed up as such a small thing did not display any appendages large enough for me to see from so far away] anyway, he quickly moved from the forks to a spot about one third of the way to the center of the table and then made a right turn and disappeared under a butter dish. After that, he was gone and I was sort of happy that he was. It had occurred to me, when his legs were in full motion, to quickly play a “cover you eyes and no peeking” game which would permit me to quickly thumb the fellow and it would all be over. But then I thought that the Ambassador might peek and suffer some type of humiliation, so I just let him crawl and pretended not to notice.

Conversation during the meal was splendid and there was a fair amount of serious discussion and much humor. I had a few stories to tell as well. [I also heard Joyce at the next table, so she was a major contributor] Both Joyce and I enjoyed ourselves at the table to which we were assigned. I found that Ambassador Stewart had majored in astronomy but did not like the advanced math associated with the upper division classes, and detested the thought of teaching, so she took the Foreign Service examination and became a career diplomat. She has now been on the public payroll for over thirty years. The meal was wonderfully delicious and we insisted on the entry of the chef so that we could have a round of applause for him.

Following the dinner we went to a third room to have half an hour of music, from two graduates of the Minsk Belarusian School of Music, each with her dulcimer, and again the gold seal:

Residence of the United States Ambassador

Minsk, Belarus

November 29, 2006

Dinner in honor of Wardens

Tsymbaly Duo “Anima”

Maria Kuchinskaya and Tatiana Kupreyeva

Present

Belarusian Music: Modernity

Iosif Zhynovich – Melody

Alfred Shnitke – Watercolor

Vladimir Kurjan – Andante

Victor Voitik – In Spring

Yauhen Glebau – Adagio

V. Kuzniatsou – Pastoral Variations

And a final selection, which we applauded to bring on: the melody from Doctor Zhigavgo.

It was a very delightful 2 and one half hours. We did not stay for the last coffee out of consideration to our good friend, Sergei, waiting in the van.

In the final analysis, if I might use a phrase often written in *The News Examiner* in Montpelier, Idaho at the end of various stories from the little town in the valley, “and a good time was had by all.”

IN FAVOR OF WOMEN

We went to the opera last night and after Act 1 the problem was clearly evident. It was also evident after Act 2. It has always been evident. Well, perhaps not. But I have seen it plainly during the past fifty years. Is nothing to be done?

Susan B. Anthony and Margaret Sanger, where are you now that you can have some **real impact? And what is your interest, Senator Feinstein and Dianne Pelosi? While you concern yourselves with budgets and war and the general economy, who looks after this problem? Have you forgotten your sisters who still suffer? Perhaps Harriet Miers could have helped, if had she passed muster and got on the Supreme Court.**

Where are the vast groups of feminists, who took the time to burn their bras, but did not address this real issue? Betty Freidan, do you remember when we crossed to an island in a little boat at a scientific convention and I asked you about the issues of the Native American and you said that you didn't give a damn about those folks; you were only interested in women's issues? I remember reading a notice of your passing, so you probably do remember now. Why didn't you act when you were still here on earth? Isn't this a woman's issue?

All of you lawyers, who seem so concerned these days in class action suits, with their attendant fees, couldn't you show support for this issue *pro bono publico*?

You professional women, who have climbed the ladder, can you not now look down? You builders and designers, where are your buildings and designs? Can you not have a new vision of what ought to be?

And you women, where are you? Where are your brooms with which to fight? Where are pans to beat in cooperative rhythms? Men don't have your problem. Women of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your long lines, waiting for a turn in an *under built, too small* restroom.

18 December 2006 Winn Wilcox wrote me a while ago to say that the Bishop had asked everyone to read The Book of Mormon again before Christmas. Although I have read all of the standard works this year I decided to read The Book of Mormon again with the ward and tonight I finished it. Each time I read this book I find new information for me and I know that this book, intended for our day, is of God. I am thankful for it.

19 December 2006 This morning we worked in the office for a while and then went to close a project. This was a project where we provided a walk-in freezer and a double door cooler, as well as some air therapy equipment. At the time we last visited the boarding house they were just trying to build a heating plant and were having a hard time getting cement. It was a pleasure to see the structure about built and the equipment beginning to run so they would be able to provide heat in the facility for one fourth of the price as last year.

Our equipment was up and running and they seemed to be very happy with it. I am sure that it will improve the quality of food the residents get. It was cold this morning as we left home so the frost was pretty heavy. On the way home we saw some white swan and a gray one swimming in a lake with a church in the background so we took a couple of photos.

23 December 2006 Today is the birthday of Joseph Smith, the Prophet. He would be 201 years old, which is much older than most living men. Some time ago I wrote a little poem about him. "He Came a Boy and Left a Prophet," He is indeed a special person in the history of the earth and beyond. I hope that I will be able to shake his hand and thank him for what he has done for me and for my family.

The other day we closed a project at a boarding house in which we provided a walk-in freezer and a small refrigerator and an air therapy unit. That was the boarding house which started as a children's camp and is now used by adults. The Director was happy for the help, as was the staff and residents, although some of them are not functioning enough to know that the help was received.

Yesterday we worked at the office and bought some ballet and opera tickets to use in January. What a fine opportunity to have this available at such a low cost.

Today it is 40 degrees and clear. As I observe the weather here and in Provo I see that this year so far we have been much milder than there. We had anticipated a much colder winter here, but it has been quite pleasant so far.

We went to the Christmas party for the two Branches here in Minsk. They had a program and then Father Frost and his granddaughter came to entertain, dance with the children and adults and give a box of candy to the children. It was a fine celebration with some of the same as we do it in America and some different. It was not so much about Christ, but still was in a more distant manner perhaps.

Joyce took some of her bread to some of the single men in the Church for which they were and will be thankful.

We had a long day, cleaning the apartment, wrapping some presents for some of the families here and we were tired in the end and were ready for bed.

23 December 2006 Mirror glass ten feet high and nearly one hundred and fifty feet long enclose two sides of the newly remodeled building. The third side shares bricks with the adjoining structure. We have never gone in back to see what the fourth side reveals. We watched as we walked to and from the Sophia office every day. They tore down the walls and pulled out the insides a wheelbarrow at a time and loaded in trucks to be taken away somewhere out of our sight.

Then new doors were installed, also, like the walls, mirrored and reflecting whatever went before them. From that glass one could see the trees when they were in full blossom, the high heeled women clacking as they go to and from work in their fashionable wear, and the dogs that have somehow abandoned their owners and move about from one spot to another where they can lie and not be disturbed. Reflections are there making onlookers stare at themselves as they wonder what the building will be. Nothing is hidden that passes by or pauses for a moment to have a better look.

One day the nature of the building became evident as the truck with its tall boom came with a sign. "Millennium" was placed on the topmost part of the mirror. With the newest millennium not yet seven years old the sign seemed not to be out of place. But wait! Another sign, smaller than the first, but blinking and colorful was placed beneath the first. It blinked in color, "Casino." Together the signs announced, "Millennium Casino."

This was certainly not the first casino for Minsk for there are many. One wonders who has enough money to go there and deposit it into an account that neither returns principal or interest. Perhaps it is the tourists who bring the money to leave in the casino. That does not seem logical, however, inasmuch as there are not many tourists and difficult visa regulations even discourage those few.

Probably most who pass by would only think that this modern place to gamble was named for the new thousand years. But to at least two of us the sign offers a different image. Our's is the image of the ushering in of the great and dreadful day of the Lord when evil will be put down and the righteous will observe entrance into the scriptural Millennium.

Our Millennium is the thought of a thousand years when Satan will be bound and peace will dwell upon the land. Ours is the image of a thousand years presided over by one who has graven us upon his hands. Our concept does not feature casinos, but rather temples and places of worship in abundance.

We wish we could tell these good people that we know about this other Millennium and how we came to know about it. We wish we could tell about the young Joseph who sought an answer to his prayer. We wish we could talk about the Father and the Son. We wish we could say what we know about John the Baptist, Peter, James and John, Elijah and Moses and Abraham and others. We wish we could tell about President Hinckley and his Counselors and the Twelve, all Prophets, Seers and Revelators. We wish we could tell them about the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who offered to wipe away our sins and who provided for our resurrection. We wish they could invite the volunteers to openly preach and teach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The time will come for all of this.

For now we can bring beds for the weary, food packets for the homeless in the night shelter and large washing machines to clean the bedding and clothing of the old, the poor, the invalids and the bedridden. We can bring smiles and hope, but can't pray so they can hear, but must keep all of this in our hearts, as did Mary.

At this time of year we especially think of our family in California, Texas, Minnesota, Taiwan and Nevada. We also think of all of you, our dear family and friends and wish you a very Merry Christmas and offer our love.

26 December 2006 Yesterday we had a wonderful Christmas together. Joyce made toast and hot chocolate for breakfast and we went for a walk in the morning and then played some games, talked with all of our grandchildren on the phone (and our children,) watched "It's a Wonderful Life," on the VCR and went to bed. We enjoyed ourselves and all in all it was a wonderful Christmas.

What a great thing to have the birth of the Lord and in his short ministry to teach so much and then to provide the atonement for all of mankind, thus fulfilling the Father's plan of salvation. He did and does so much for us and I am thankful to our Heavenly Father and to his Son, Jesus Christ.

1 January 2007 We have a new year beginning today, a new year beginning like many new years began before. One year comes and passes away and the rapidity of the sequence seems to increase as I get older. Of course it is not so, but something in my mind or experience gives credence to the notion that time does pass faster as a direct opposite to the number of hairs that I have lost. So we see that as one variable increases the other decreases -- an inverse correlation.



This, of course, is nonsense but about as good a science as the science practiced by many people. Correlations and inverse correlations are often seen as causation for those unschooled in such matters. I see nothing of significance in this matter. I hope there is something of significance in the matter below where the hair once stood, however.

Joyce and I had the young sister volunteers over for dinner following our two Sunday Branch meetings and then they left to follow

the direction, handed down from the Assistants, for an early return to the apartments – 6:00 p.m. That may have been better served in Moscow, with more drunks and more danger, but in Minsk it was probably too much caution.

The edict did not apply to us so we walked about for an hour or so and then returned to our apartment to wait the turn of the years. We heard many fireworks in the distant and saw some from our window, but were not committed to venture out to see them. From my vantage point a firework is a firework and the sky has presented me with plenty enough for one life I think.

So now the New Year has begun and we are already nine and a half hours into it and as yet I have made no conscious resolutions. For a while I will likely write 2006 instead of 2007 just as I wrote 2005 instead of 2006 in the early part of last year.

Whether resolution or not I am reading more, and writing more as well. I see the value of both. Elder Holland's book on Christ and the New Covenant has my interest at the moment. I find this to be a well thought out work and I am really enjoying it and learning from it.

Journal thoughts, like this, have come and gone during my life. I have foregone the practice more than kept it, but from time to time I make a few entries.

I see value in assisting people, being part of the significant events for people, while not imposing myself on them, and in general attaching more value to the souls of all mankind.

The value of family, both immediate and extended, has also been given higher status for me. Some of my behavior may not reflect that, but I feel it to be so.

Sometimes I worry about things that ought not receive so much worry time and at the same time I may not worry about that which ought to occupy more worry time. And with that all said, it may be true that worry, in the first place, has little value in life.

Well, here I sit in the office of our apartment writing a little and looking at the six horse chestnuts, on which I have painted white painted faces, and they too are facing the beginning of this new year and I think I hear them wonder whether they will be left in Belarus when we leave

in mid summer or will they be packed to emigrate to a new land, or perhaps they will be given as gifts to someone like early owners sometimes traded slaves or gave them outright to another. These nuts have sat here for a long time, bringing me a certain amount of pleasure in my observation of them, but not stemming from any artistic ability in their creation. By creation I mean putting the white paint on the brown nut, and not the bringing about of the nut *per se*. Only God knows how to do that and He does it well.

03 January 2007 We had a “short day” at the office, at least for some who had finished their work—namely Eugene. Joyce and I also left the office about 1:30 as I explained that we might not get our pay “docked” even if we left early. Galena is in Moscow with her sons and Natasha had books to do and Sergei stayed a little longer out of concern for Natasha, I think. The employees in Moscow get a long holiday at this time of the year so I declared it to be a short day. That makes an extra holiday and one short day that I have declared. One day I may find myself declared fired from my position.

Yesterday we went to Olga’s home (she translated for us when we go to Rotary) which is a couple of Metro stops away. She and her husband rent a one room apartment in which to live with their two little boys, the youngest one being about 6 months old.

We were met at the door by the dog and I did not grovel over it so was asked if I was afraid of the dog. I replied that I was not, but within a few minutes my nose began to run and I had full run of allergy. As a boy I had a dog and liked it but it was an outside dog. When our older children were small we also had an outside dog and got along ok with it until it was hit and killed by a speeding neighbor.

In the mission field, as a youth, dogs were not welcome, but jumped up on our white shirts etc etc and sometimes snarled. I still remember Elder Cole chasing a threatening dog down the street with a three foot flannel board, repeating unkind things to the dog. Then, a little over a year ago, one dog loved by its owner, but not by me, bit me. Now we see a few stray dogs in Minsk, but most others are pretty well in hand and do not venture out without their owner or handler—often old people or children walking the dog tied to them by a rope, strap, string or just by commands obeyed. The misery of them here is that one does not like to walk on the grass and the women who clean up have to sweep up and put away that which the dogs put away.

So much for Olga’s dog in one room with blankets upon the floor for beds and all else crowded into a small space. I thought of the big houses I have seen and been in various places with their wealth untold.....

One room here means one room plus a kitchen, in this case very small, and a bathroom, even much smaller – I suppose no tub to soak and ponder in. They rent the room and are thankful for it. We have so much!!! Olga had much too. She had photo albums of pictures from two trips to America where she met, embraced and became a solid member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

We delivered some photos to her that we had taken of her family. One thing that we have been able to contribute is to give a photo to someone of themselves or their family. Many have digital

cameras but do not print the photos but only show them on their camera. Prints cost about 27 cents each to make. I thought that with our digital camera we could take 100 photos and delete 95 of them but as it turns out we take 100 and only delete 5 of them. Photos are important to the people here and they take every opportunity to show you their family and in turn they sincerely look at photos of our family, properly pasted on our walls with some sticker tape, or whatever it is called.

I just saw a wagon pulled by one horse with the man driving the wagon from a sitting position. It reminded me of the many times we have seen such images here in Belarus. Sometimes the man is joined by his wife or wife and children and sometimes by a wife and mother or mother-in-law, who may be sitting half buried in a load of straw, or sitting very careful on the edge of the floor boards of the wagon so as to not get too near the manure they are hauling to the field. That reminds me of when Gunn McKay was in our old green station wagon, in which I had hauled some horse manure for the flowers and had not cleaned it out very well. Gunn sat on the edge of the back seat and leaned over the front seat like he really enjoyed out company. I think by so doing he preserved the quality of his Sunday suit pants! I remember telling him I was sorry, but he said he had been a farmer and didn't mind. That is why he was elected to Congress I suppose. Naturally he was a good Democrat too.

Here in Belarus at times a dog sits on the top of the load, whatever it is, and at times the dog runs along side the contraption. The wagons generally have rubber tires and some wagons have springs and some not. Most look like rebuilt machinery from past decades. I like to take pictures of them and most of the people and all of the horses don't seem to mind. One fellow did cuss me, however. He had been drinking and was not in a good mood. Knowing of the cussing part came from our driver/translator, not from my knowledge of Russian. I knew he was not happy with me from his gestures and the tone of his voice. That only happened one time, however.

These horse drawn wagons can be seen in the smaller cities, villages and on the open highways in the country. Last winter, when we first got here, we also saw the same kind of rigs, but with runners to deal with the snow. We saw one small cutter on which my wife has always wanted to ride, but we have never caused it to happen yet in our [51] years of marriage.

With the few flakes of snow we have had here such a ride may not happen in Belarus either. They say this is the warmest season in over one hundred years. I suppose that it is *global warming* although that same *global warming* brought the coldest season they had in the previous several decades. I don't know much about this global warming stuff; as I read the scriptures, someone else has most of the control of it anyway.

4 January 2007 We stayed at Sergei and Olga's apartment tonight. They had invited us and I had some misgivings, inasmuch as they have a small apartment and I have to get up in the night at times. Nevertheless, we arrived there, after we took them out for dinner in honor of Joyce's birthday. We had an absolutely wonderful time playing Uno, which was a new game to them. We had introduced it to ourselves only a week ago and then to them on Tuesday or Wednesday night at our home where we played spoons and the Uno. We played until midnight and laughed and had a great time. We had a good sleep and got up and ate a first-rate breakfast and then went home to get ready for our invitation to the Minsk Region at noon the following day.

Minsk, Belarus

5 January 2007 Today we went out of Minsk City but still in Minsk Region for a celebration for the social workers in the Minsk Region. I think they count almost everyone who has any administrative or professional role in the Boarding Houses in this category. Nevertheless all were not invited – only 500 of them. Our hand delivered invitation indicated that we were to be there at 12:00. Prior to that, they apparently had the others come and had time for informal visiting and so on. Joyce, Sergei and Eugene and I attended the affair. Eugene was there as the Executive Director of Sophia, Sergei as our translator and one who set up many of the projects in the Region. He was with us for all of them as we visited and worked with and closed projects. Joyce and I were there as the Country Director and Assistant Country Director.

As we arrived we were greeted by Alla, who is the Committee Chair of the Labor and Social Protection for Minsk Region. We shook hands and then she did an on the air interview with the news media (television cameras). I took a picture, without flash of course, of her in her interview. Her second in command, Maria, then escorted us to the front of the hall where she sat with us in the second row. The first row came to be filled with the Alla and by her with the Assistant to the number one fellow in the President's cabinet. He sat directly in front of me and the whole affair waited for him to go out and do a short interview and then return to his seat.

At the beginning Sophia was recognized and we were by name. There was a musical number followed by the Assistant in the President's group who spoke for a few minutes and then presented several fancy diplomas to various people, one at a time, on the stage. The diplomas are what we would call letters of appreciation or recognition, but placed in fancy covers.

There were several vocal and dance selections on a program, which was very well done and obviously by professionals, from adult age down to perhaps six or seven. The two young girls and one young boy were very talented and presented themselves well. One of the older girls sang a song in English and Alla and the man in front of me were pleased and turned to make sure we were aware of it. Most of the rest of the program was in Belarusian but some in Russian as well.

They showed a presentation on a screen which showed some of our projects – the one where we presented two tractors was featured for a long time. They honored us and our sponsors and we were pleased that the projects went well in the Region. They had a fine program and we felt comfortable with the whole presentation.

6 January 2007 Minsk, Belarus As we have traveled to a distant boarding house we have passed through some of the most beautiful and idyllic places in Belarus. On one side of the highway we have seen the large fields of grain, just going into the boot. On the other side we may have seen a herd of cows, half of them already down and contentedly chewing their cud. The remainder probably got a late start because they were still grazing or looking about for a good place to lie down by their sisters.

The herders, two older men, having already moved the cows once in the morning and reconnected the single strand of electric fence, had also began a more formal rest, one of them lying on his side with elbow on the ground and his head propped up by his hand, and the other

was sitting cross-legged and eating something out of his bag. We stopped to take a photo and waved across the fence and the two men returned the wave in a friendly manner.

We saw other cows in herds of various sizes, some watched over by younger children and some by old women, but almost all of the herds were attended by at least two people. Some of these herds were near the buildings of the collective farm and obviously belonged to the farm. Others were collections made in the villages where the owners took a turn at the tending.

At times, especially in the smaller villages, we saw a single cow and a single tender moving along the street. The tender was generally a woman, but at times a man made the move. When a single hog was moved it was usually by an older man with a three or four foot willow to steer the pig in the right direction. Cows seem to know where to go better than does a pig.

By the side of the highway we saw an old woman, who appeared to be fast asleep there in the grass. Her cow was lying near her chewing her cud in a contented way, which we assume helped to bring forth the “milk from contented cows.” We assumed that the rest obtained by the woman more than compensated her for the cramp she would get in her back or legs.

Cows are not the only livestock in Belarus. There are plenty of goats and an occasional horse, all tethered to a rope and a stake. The goats eat and play and seem to keep each other company, but the horses are almost always alone with no herder around. In any case they are probably happy as they work the grass down in as large a perfect circle as the rope permits. Seldom do we see a rider on a horse, but often a single horse is used to pull a wagon or cart.

We also see geese here and there. They seem to have “free run” of the village with all villagers knowing to whom they belong. I don’t know if there are geese poachers or not, but probably not. When streams run near the roads the geese also seem to gather in the water, on the bank and onto the roadway, where the drivers give them enough respect to permit them more longevity.

Storks are also in abundance in the fields and near the streams, but in the eleven months we have been here we have never observed a stork delivering a baby to anyone. Of course they may do it like Santa Clause, so that we cannot see the delivery taking place. That the stork is a fine bird, given respect and not shot by the local boys with “22’s” is evidenced by the fact that stork nests appear in the high structures in many farmyards and boarding houses.

The countryside in Belarus, in many ways is like the countryside at home, but may be more beautiful here only because we have more time here to observe and admire it. As I think about this idea just now, I can conjure up in my mind lovely comparable scenes on the “Rich Place” or between Bern and the Outlet.

OF STORKS AND SUCH

I read the News Examiner of a hundred years ago,
which reported interesting things, before my time.
The stork called on the Skinners and had in tow
one lovely daughter to bless their home real fine.

Then the stork missed a while and came not at all,
but followed that with two families in a week.
So history was reported by someone that fall,
"Stork came to two little towns, parents to seek"

Now as I read about those times, with stork and all,
I wonder why I never saw one in twenty years.
Babies came here and there, was the stork on call?
or was that a story parents used to allay sex fears?

Now, here in Belarus we see storks by the dozen.
Mostly they just seem to hang out by the lakes.
They are there even when the water is frozen.
If they are there, then which one the baby takes?

Probably those lazy storks have gone on strike
and refuse to impart their time honored duty.
They just eat and preen and strut around the dike.
No wonder the birthrate falls, it seems to me.

But then when in the hot tub I bathe and ponder:
Why is it in Utah where the birthrate is so high
have I never seen even one stork from yonder,
there bringing its cargo by some mother to lie?

Furthermore, this question I want to submit:
Does the delivery come by stork Mr. or by Mrs.?
Do the females do all deliveries and others sit,
Or does she deliver the him's and he the miss's?

There are many questions and I seek to know
how all of this happens and has for so long.
If you can answer, then please will you show
or is what writers have written all wrong?

8 January 2007 Tonight we got a phone call from the sisters (volunteers) who were standing out on the street in front of their apartment. They were on their way home, had stopped somewhere



Storks standing on their nest
wondering who we are

to purchase some milk for dinner, and as they went up the stairs Sister Andrea Phillips suddenly felt afraid and did not want to enter their apartment. She voiced this to her companion, Sister Anastasia Bitjuk, but they went on anyway. They went into the apartment and then both became very frightened and left, locking the door behind them. They felt like someone was in the apartment.

They called me and wanted to know what to do. I suggested that they have a local policeman go with them into the apartment and check each room. They agreed and then hung up and thought about that. They said the police might think they were “hitting on him” so they called the Assistants. The Mission President suggested that they call Eugene and have him check. We would have done it but they did not call until later.

Eugene checked, found nothing, but they were both still frightened so they spent the night with us, sleeping on the couch in the office.

9 January 2007 We awoke and had breakfast and then rode with Sergei, who I called to have him accompany us there – part for assistance and part for his instruction. I thought of the time when my companion and I were overwhelmed by the evil spirit when we were having good success in the work. (The sisters stated that they had teaching appointments for each night of this week) We entered the apartment and I raised my right hand to the square and said in a loud voice, “Satan, In the name of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, I command you and your companions to depart from this apartment.”

The five of us then knelt and I dedicated the apartment for them to have peace and security. We blessed each of them, Sergei being mouth for Sister Bitjuk and me for Sister Phillips. They then felt alright to remain there alone, which they did until time for their 11:00 health fair.



Our dear, dear friend and colleague, Sergei Zubovich and his lovely wife, Olga

20th of January, 2007--Yesterday I was seventy and one half years old, which means that I have to start drawing money out of my IRA. I mention my age only to confirm in your mind that I ought to have a head full of common sense. And that, my friend, turns out to be problematic.

When we arrived in Minsk I somehow got assigned to be the vacuum engineer. That means that I got to get the machine out, do the vacuuming, and then put it away properly in the already too full cupboard, in such a manner as to not knock other odds and ends out onto the bathroom floor, which would in turn require an engineer's attention.

Within a few days of our arrival my first opportunity to perform with this machine arrived. I smelled dust in the air as I turned it on. Upon examination I discovered that the vacuum contained a cloth bag that had a sliding fastener on one end, which could be opened and the dirt extracted. The plastic slider did not want to slide, but a pair of pliers convinced it to please do so.

The dirt, grime and various types of string and so on came out, but only when I grabbed it and pulled it out with great persistence. I only did half a job because it was not a pleasant task. I finally got it put back together, again with the cooperation of the pliers, and hoped that it would take about eighteen months to fill the bag again.

Even though we take our shoes off at the front door, which I am told reduces the amount of dirt in the apartment, I have gone through the whole process of cleaning the vacuum three more times. At such a time I wonder "where is the vacuum to clean out the vacuum?"

This morning was one of those times. I smelled dust in the air when I turned the vacuum on. That was a bad sign. I opened the door and found the cloth bag filled to capacity. By this time I knew what to do and I immediately went to get the pliers. I slid the slider and took the contents out, one hand full at a time. Then I took the bag outside and beat it against the side of the building and the dust flew and flew. My guardian angel was with me and the dust flew away from me. At last the bag was empty, but it was not clean by any stretch of the imagination. Nevertheless I was prepared to put it back together and continue with the Saturday morning cleaning.

At this point Joyce said, as she has said four or five times before, "Why don't you go up to the store and buy some paper bags for the vacuum?" My response, as before, was that the vacuum had a cloth bag so obviously they don't make paper bags for it. Then the thought occurred to me that if I left the vacuum open while I went to make sure, I would not have to work for an hour or so. Joyce found a sack which I filled with the cloth bag and away I went.

I made a quick trip through the store to see if they even had vacuums when, what to my surprise, I found a counter with at least fifteen different types of paper bags. I had written the brand name of our vacuum and the model number, but not the color – I am smart enough to know that color was not important. The kind lady quickly pointed to the bag that would fit. I examined the cardboard on its end to make sure that it would match the one on the cloth bag which I had brought. It was a perfect fit.

I told her I wanted three of them. She wrote the price on a paper and I went to the cashier cage and paid. When I returned I found three boxes waiting for me. I thought it strange that they would put a single bag in a cardboard box that large, but what the heck? I brought them home and then found that each box contained five paper bags. Based on our experience here that should take care of two or three more sets of couples who come to Belarus.

The moral of the story, you see, is I married an intelligent woman. However, it took me seven tries to convince her to marry me, but it only took her four or five times to get me to go look for the paper bag. I leave the question to you: is she a better sales person than me or do I catch on to something with fewer attempts than her?

1 February 2007—Today, we went out to Mogolov Region, some 150 kilometers east of Minsk, where two different sets of missionaries were ejected from the country some time prior to our arrival here. We have done some projects there and today we went to close the projects.

In the first boarding house we provided two stoves, two cookers (which they call frying pans – each about a yard by two thirds of a yard) and some medical equipment, including some lockable cabinets and storage areas for medications. The director, who Joyce always comments about her green eyes, was wonderful and very appreciative for the help she received, as were the women who used the equipment. The director has a very clean boarding house and has done a lot of work with it since we first came. In her office she had a new floor made out of scrap pieces of wood. It reminded me of the little house I build on the back of our yard from scrap two by fours. Her wood was of three different widths and the longest piece that I saw was about a foot long. Some pieces were only four or five inches long. The whole office floor was build with these scraps – the office being about twenty feet square. It was not evident to me how the pieces were secured, but perhaps they were grooved and nailed from the side or glued. I should have asked.

When we left she hugged both of us and gave us a kiss on the cheek and told Sergei, our co-worker in Sofia and our best friend in Belarus, in Russian that I had good smelling stuff on my face. He never translated that statement until we were well on the way home, however. Joyce, of course, always gets hugs and kisses on her cheek and on her hand. Once in a while a woman, other than my good wife, gives me hug, but Sergei's mother was the only other woman to give me a kiss as well.

In the second boarding house the director had a lunch spread in his office with drinks and sweets. We declined his tea, coffee, wine and vodka, each being offered in turn as we declined one another was offered. In the end he understood that we did not use any of those products. We did have a chocolate or two, and at the end he insisted that we take the whole box of chocolates. The remainder of the box was taken by Joyce to the Relief Society service project tonight – their decision, not mine.

With both visits we heard the same message: we were the first to come and visit and then provide what we said we could do. They were really touched with the offer and the help that they received. Apparently their boss, the Chairman of the Committee on Labor and Social Protection for the Region had been there and observed what we did and was highly pleased. I think our work, and your offerings, does not go unnoticed in this country by the “powers that be.”

The vision of the boarders will always stick with me. Now, in my mind, I see the woman walking slowly in the hallway, looking only at the floor. I asked her if I could take her picture and she seemed to straighten up and smile a bit. In the end, for her that might be as significant as the walk-in cooler. My mind lets me view again the frail, eighty pound man whose eyes glance left then right and then left and right again, as if watching for someone who is going to hit him

on the blind side. He only looks forward long enough for me to see those hollow, haunting eyes. Others have distracted glances and some are bunched together, neither speaking with each other nor seemingly interested in the television that was turned on, but just sitting in their own world. One has to wonder what that world is and how long they will stay in that world until they get to exit here and enter where there is no more sorrow nor pain.

As I think of it, the service we do here is like the service Jesus talked about. We are serving those who cannot serve themselves. When I say we are serving I mean only that we are the ones through whose hands the invitation and products pass. The real servers are those at home who willingly give offerings into funds, and may never know in this life what becomes of the donated funds. Other service comes from those who include in their prayers a desire for relief of the sick and afflicted and those who suffer. In the end we, those called to serve and those who support the called, and the “not yet called” each do as we can, in the place where we are, and whether that is sufficient will be judged by Him, who has the right to make such judgments. We in Belarus are no better than you, wherever you live. You also serve, as you can, and that is what I think Jesus taught.



Bath jell that I thought was hand lotion and used as such for months

We have had a busy month with project closings, visits and general work at Sofia. As we were installing a new computer in our apartment I brought out my “hand lotion” to ask Sergei about it. I bought the lotion here in Minsk last spring, as my hands were in need of something and the little bottle I got in some hotel in the past was empty. The lotion I bought here was among the “lotion looking bottles,” but I was not able to ascertain for sure what I had.

During the past several months I have use the lotion on my hands and arms often. I noticed that the lotion seemed to bubble up like soap lather when I put it on my arms. At times I took toilet paper and wiped it off, thinking that it was just a characteristic of lotion here. I noticed that the stuff was a bit sticky and sometimes it made my arms itch. I was most happy when I found a tube of hand lotion here that was kind of pink colored, and smelled like women ought to be using it, but it seemed to work better. I started to use that at the office and my other lotion here.

I have thought several times that I should show the bottle to someone and have him examine it with care. So today was the day. I brought it to Sergei and he read what was written. I have been using bath gel. Good Grief!!! No wonder it did what it did. I suppose that it did not hurt me but I was happy to find out about it. Joyce just laughs off and on without anything to start her. I am the butt of the laugh. Oh well, I am here on earth to learn.

Tonight when we came home from the Church office, where Joyce went to help on a service project, the ticket taker on the bus asked to see Joyce’s pass and then had the nerve to ask me for

mine as well. That is the first time they have asked me. I think the problem with the lotion and now with the ticket portends for bad things to come.

3 February 2007—Last night we came home from taking the pictures up to the little photo store, by our Sofia office, to be printed. On the way home we walked along the windrows of snow, made by the tractors with a angled blade on the front and a whirling brush on the back, and by the women with shoves who moved the snow around the planter boxes so the men on the tractors would not break run into them and break them. It was cold and when I got home I eventually got into a tub of hot water to lie down and ponder. I pondered and slept and the water cooled down and I sat up long enough to run some more hot water into the tub, but it also cooled down eventually and at last I had to get out of the tub. I thought that it would be good to have a device that let a little of the cool water out and automatically replaced it with hot water. That would permit long pondering, perhaps even well into the night. Of course that comfort would be offset by what would certainly come to be prune-looking skin.

9 February 2007-- Vital happenings are, by definition, vital. Sometimes we understand them and sometimes we do not know how things happen.

Each day I ingest a certain amount of food, which most people would judge to be too much, given by height. I have checked the height—weight charts and I am supposed to be around 6 feet two inches tall. But that is not the main topic that I write about now.

The food is ingested by me and the various apparatus inside of me extracts whatever it wants and sends the remainder on down through the intestines. At some point the residue is scheduled to be ejected from the body and thereafter forgotten.

The ejection generally takes place in the morning, in the comfort of my own home and in private. Today was an exception. The time to leave the apartment occurred prior to the daily evacuation. At work we have a system that is somewhat different from that to which I have grown accustomed.

First of all I unrolled what I deemed to be a sufficient amount of toilet paper from the roll which I keep in my desk for such occasions, and to wipe my nose when something in the air causes it to drip. That paper I placed in my left front pocket in a secret manner so that everyone in the office would not know the reason for my leaving the office, with my now removed suit jacket hanging on the back of the chair at my desk.

The restroom is the second door on the right, as I leave the office and turn to the right going down the hall. In the restroom there are white appliances for two men standing and two stalls. The place for “two men standing” generally has four to seven men who use the area to smoke, which activity happens several times per day.

The two stalls are similar to one another in that there is a standard sitting place with no seat attached to either one. One has a broken water tank, but appears to be able to maintain a small amount of water in the reservoir. Each of the sitting places has a permanent block, six by

fourteen inches and 16 inches high. These are placed next to the front of the sitting place so that sitting is not possible, even if one were to attempt it in such a gross place.

One has to lift a foot up on top of the block on one side and the other foot on the other block. Because of the height and residue on the floor this procedure leaves one facing the back of the area toward the water tank. One then has to put the left foot where the right one is and the right one where the left one was. This exchange has to be done with care so as not to lose one's balance, which would cause a great deal of consternation.

One must then roll the suspenders off the shoulders with care. Unhooking them would make them much too long and about where they would fall could not be predicted nor considered by a proper person. Even so, care has to be taken with the suspenders. It is best to run the belt through both of them to keep them well up into the air.

When people perch high in the air the target is not always hit so well.

The rest of the procedure can be imagined, but note that great care has to be taken in the getting down process. Equal diligence with the getting up has to be dispensed. One can only give thanks for the availability of toilet paper rather than the newspaper which is apparently used by natives and then cast into the waste basket. Bless the heart of the old woman who cleans late in each afternoon.

New topic: It has been a tough couple of days with the coming visit of the Mission President and a General Authority. As instructed by our Area President I met with the District Presidency to instruct them about the protocol of having visits, including contact prior to the visit to determine what they wanted to do, meeting them at the airport and taking care of their needs during the visit. I thought what I said was very clear, including the fact that the District President was to take the lead and follow through. He called Eugene at Sofia and passed the buck and Eugene sort of promised that Sergei would take care of meeting them, using his own car – without talking with Sergei about it. I intervened, but it was two tough days. We ended up going to get the Seventy, or he would have been at the airport with no one to pick him up. When I called the MP about the situation his comment was that all of the District Presidency worked. I said, “We work too!” End of conversation and whether he got picked up or not, I do not know yet. Sometimes people do not hear a message because they don't want to hear it. The whole thing was very hard on Sergei, because he has a caring heart. Too bad some of that can't pass on to others.

17 February 2007—Saturday is here and came on the heels of the last Saturday. This past week has been very interesting for me in that I have been ill and slept a lot off and on. My head and chest has been infected and I have had various medications and a blessing to stem it off. Some days we would go to work for a couple of hours and then come home and I would get into bed again. At one point I slept one night, the next day, the following night and most of the next day. I just got up this morning at 7:15 and were I to go to bed right now I think I would sleep during most of the day.

The week was filled with others things too, however. I worried over the salary increases for the staff – increases that would not meet tax increase and inflation for those already on the short end

of life's goods. We went to a ballet and fortunately for everyone there I was o.k. and did not cough and sneeze through it. We enjoyed the performance.



They carry on the best they can



Joyce is always so pleasant and helpful



Phillip and woman who received one of our wheel chairs

The sisters have two baptisms coming up today and we hope another one next Saturday. Last night we attended a Valentine's party for the two Branches. Joyce and I think there were probably ten non-members there. We sat by three of them and another one was by the next table. At our observation only one woman stopped to shake hands with any of them. Others, including district and Branch leaders passed them all by without notice. The interesting thing is that some of these people have been coming most of the time for many weeks and I have to wonder,

"Where is the urgency in the hearts of the leaders and members?" They pass them off with some comment like, "They have been coming for a long time but they are not interested." It reminds me of the leader in Louisiana who I asked what Priesthood a young man held, answered with, "I am going to wait a year or two and see if he really wants to be active." What a travesty on the plan of missionary work! The Valentine's Day Party program talked of love, but when will it be demonstrated? Perhaps I would see things more positively if I were up to speed again with my health?

Joyce works hard with her daily work, keeping up her journal and working on her scrapbook. She is really into recording what is going on here with us in this country, which was once part of the USSR.

18 February 2007—Sunday. We attended all meetings in the 2nd Branch, which meets first, and sacrament meeting in the 1st Branch, which meets second. It was wonderful to see the confirmations of the two young people who were baptized last night. Their family is now all in the church and it is to be hoped that they will soon be prepared to go to the temple and be sealed together.

We have thought of asking our file leader if we could go to the temple in Germany with the Branch, but I have some misgivings about it. First of all, we are here for humanitarian service. Secondly, we would have to leave our mission area, and thirdly, it may place undo pressures upon the other volunteers in our area.

22 February 2007—Nevertheless, we asked and he said it was o.k. to go so I guess we will go with the people from here, if they get enough to go to justify the cost of the bus.

The day before yesterday Clinton and Delores Searle came into the airport and we picked them up with Sergei. The van's fuel filter freezes at the low temperature we have now and it would not go anymore than about twenty miles per hour so it was touch and go to pick them up. They stayed the night with us and they appeared to be happy that someone met them at the plane. Also I think that Sister Searle was happy to have a hug from Joyce. I am sure that they had some anxious moments as they landed in a strange land for a new assignment, among new people, with a new language.

23 February 2007—We left our apartment at 6:40, well breakfasted, and a bit still sleepy for Vitebsk. Sergei took his car, as the van could not work in the cold. With all of the Searle's' luggage and the five of us, the car was very tight. I felt sorry for the three in the back seat as they were more crowded than peas in a pod.

Our meeting in Vitebsk was to deliver the Searles to the area officials and to have a farewell for the Don and Janelle Jarvis with the same officials. After a very awkward beginning in the meeting with Eugene's non-appropriate starting talk and premature routing through the eating goodies, good things were said about Don and Janelle's tenure there and the contributions of Sofia, and the meeting ended at an appropriate time and we returned with Eugene, who had gone the night before on the train, as there was no other way to go for everyone.

We got home about 7:00 and now the deed is done and next week Eugene will drive up and get Don and Janelle so they can spend the night with us and then leave for home.

It has hovered around zero degrees for three days and we have one additional cold day to go before it warms up a little.

26 February 2007-- Dianne, I had a dream about you. We came home early today and I had a nap – can you believe that? Anyway, in my dream you had bought a little red tractor, which was about three feet tall, six feet long and three feet wide. You drove it downtown in Montpelier and it quit on you so you just left it there on the sidewalk. Carlos Rigby came along and started it right up so he shut it off and left. I decided to see what the problem you had with it. I had on my suit but I went over and started it. I wanted to ask Calvin Buhler, who you bought it from, why it may have stopped for you. He was at Bear Lake so I drove it over there, going about sixty miles per hour. When I got there I found that he was in some little cove there so I drove right out on the water and it stayed on top like a boat would. I found him, as he was swimming across a little place so I followed him and said, "Now that looks like a man that grew up in Bern, Idaho." He turned around and was on dry ground by then and we talked. He said that you just probably had it in too high a gear and it quit on you. Then I awoke and I am sorry that I awoke so soon because it would have been important to see what brand of tractor that was which could go so fast and stay on top of the water as well.

3 March 2007—Thursday we went out to two possible projects in Minsk. In the one were many children who had various difficulties. Several rooms were full of cribs with children in them who may or may not have even been aware that we were there. The crib is there home and they have no use of their arms and hands or feet, but must lie there until someone feeds and tends them. Many can only make primitive sounds as they stare off into whatever space they can see. These children appear to be from two to fifteen years of age.

Further down the hall was a child reclining on a blanket, in his own world. Near him a little boy was dragging himself along the floor, using only his arms and upper body. His legs were crossed high above the knees and they stayed in that position always. In the room, into which he was trying to move were several boys -- some probably as old as twenty years. All of them were on the floor without the physical abilities to be otherwise. Two of them could speak some English. The mind of these two seemed to work alright but they all had terrible physical problems. One boy was so twisted from his back to his hips and legs that it was pathetic.

All of these children are there to spend the rest of their lives. Some young people from Ireland come in the summer to interact with them. The caretakers in the home do the best they can with them. We have given various kinds of equipment in the past and will this year as well. This

boarding house is quite well provided for as it is in the city and a “show place” for the government. Nevertheless, it is difficult place to visit for anyone with a heart. Such boarding houses out and away from the main population do not get the help and still have the needs and the residents with the same kind or even worse problems.

Later in the day Don and Janelle Jarvis came from Vitebsk to spend the night with us prior to leaving for home. The four of us were invited to Vanilla’s for dinner and their “concert.” He is in the district presidency here and also a businessman who has about two hundred employees. They have a fine house and are obviously far beyond 98 percent of the people in Belarus. After dinner each of the children performed, and then the wife and husband also played the piano or guitar and sang. He came to get us and delivered us back to our apartment in his new Lexus. We saw large contrasts today.

Friday we took Jarvis’ to the airport and saw them off. In the evening we went to the program that honored men. Food was served and an interesting program was given.

5 March 2007-- We attended a concert last night at the grand state symphony hall in Minsk, for an evening of Beethoven. We were told about the concert by Violet, who pretty much runs Rotary. She, and her daughter, Corinna, also attended, but on the 3rd row. We were further back, as we had obtained our tickets late. Violet had worked in Minsk one time with the music business, where her job was to attend all of the performances. In that capacity she became acquainted with the guest conductor from Boston, Maestro Charles Ansbacher. He had obtained tickets for Violet and her daughter.

As we entered the building and checked our coats we saw Ambassador Karen Stewart, who is the U.S. Ambassador here in Belarus, and with whom we had dinner at her home, of which I have written elsewhere. We had a visit with her and her party consisting of perhaps seven or eight people. We introduced Violet and her daughter to the Ambassador, who then went to their “side box” to be seated for the concert.

The guest conductor for the concert was a conductor from Boston, who has been a guest conductor all over the world, Maestro Charles Ansbacher. Corinna had a card for the pianist and a flower for the conductor, or vice versa, so I told her I would take a photo of her when she went up at the end of the concert to present the gift. Violet said to come up and go back stage with them to see if we could meet them. The orchestra was about eighty pieces, as I counted.

The program initially featured the orchestra and then a Belarusian pianist, Irina Shumilina, who studied in Moscow and in Belarus, and who is now a soloist of the Byelorussian State Philharmonic. She has also been a guest soloist in many countries and won many prizes. She was perhaps near fifty years of age and at times she played bombastically on the keys of the grand Steinway. At other times she was like a canary just arriving on high “C.” She was just absolutely magnificent. She has played all of her life and is a master, who played for perhaps forty minutes without a note, except as the notes must have crossed somewhere between her brain and her fingers. I was reminded of Reid Nibley’s wonderful mastery of the piano.

Afterwards we heard that she only makes about \$200 per month! Perhaps she gets a little more for such a performance on a one time basis?

The concert, was very well received by everyone, as I judged it from the long ovation. Beethoven should have been proud of them.

Following the event we went forward and to the back with Violet and Corinna. There were perhaps twenty-five others who had done likewise, including our Ambassador. We first saw the pianist and I took Joyce's photo with her. She was most gracious to us and signed our program. We then met Maestro Ansbacher, who was also most gracious and wanted to know what we were doing here in Belarus etc. We gave him my card and had a photo with him as well. He said, "You must meet my wife." She was also wonderful and we talked with her a bit and she said she was working to better the position of women at this time.

We did not know at that time that she was the Ambassador to Austria, appointed by President Clinton, for which some thought her father, Mr. J. B. Hunt, the billionaire, now passed on to his reward, would turn over in his grave. She gave a few anti-communist speeches early in her life, but then became a liberal feminist, and a very bright and pretty one, I should add. Mr. Ansbacher, her husband, was appointed as a White House Fellow, under the Clintons, and was called the "Ambassador of America's music to the world" by the President. So...we shook the hand of Ambassador Hunt, one worth many millions and her husband, who used both arms to make great music for two hours, and met a very underpaid, but superb pianist from Belarus. I commented to the Austrian Ambassador that her husband must be very tired after such a performance, to which she responded that he had also a four-hour rehearsal that afternoon. I suppose he has great arm muscles.

7 February 2007—Eugene and I went for the cake and juice today so we could celebrate Women's Day one day early as we will be gone tomorrow. I interviewed the sisters, who are having more problems and the President may pull them out of Minsk... It is too bad they have become so "me centered."

8 February 2007—Yesterday. we went to visit two possible project sites. They were both in the Mogilov Region where fallout was heavy from Chernobyl. One of them was in fact a children's' camp that was closed because of the problem and then later opened as a boarding house for the old, invalid and helpless with psychological and neurological problems.

The one that was the children's camp was most primitive and in the beginning stages of repair. The director's office was cold, as were the buildings which housed the residents. Everyone had coats and layers of clothing. We did not take our coats off at all. As we arrived we saw them pushing a wheelchair with a resident on the return from the weekly bath, which was about one hundred yards away in another building. Another resident was being carried on a man's back, like you would carry a sack of flour.

At the bath house, which was also the laundry building the women were waiting outside on the porch, all bundled up, but waiting in the cold for their turn to go into the bath. These were mostly older women, from 50 to 80 years of age. We can see several needed items in this place.

The second place was much better off, but also in the state of repair and renovation. We may do a small project here.

All three of us were very tired when we got home, as we had left for the visits at 6:30 in the morning and did not get home until after five in the afternoon.

8 March 2007—We attended the Woman's Day celebration at the church, in which the women of the district were honored and fed and sung to, and thanked. On the way we saw things coming out a window – the end of a relationship gone bad so I wrote a poem about it.

A Relationship Gone Bad

We saw the end result of a relationship gone bad.
For those who were involved, it must have been sad.
We were on our way to Women's Day celebration
when we suddenly felt this interesting sensation.

Thrown out a little window came items from above:
a shoe, a watch, a whole bag of clothing and a glove.
Things a woman would wear going out on the town:
spiked heels and a pretty blouse and perhaps a gown.

Out came things she would only wear underneath,
the things that may be stolen by a sneak thief.
Out it came then, and through the air seemed to hover.
Goodness knows when worn not much did it cover.

There it was on the sidewalk pavers, thrown in a heap,
good items that most people would want to keep.
The end of what was a good relationship gone bad,
hurt and anger rose up and left the people sad.

When we returned from Women's Day fun and eat
the sidewalk had been cleared and all of it was neat.
Did the cleaner woman sweep it up and throw away?
Or, was the relationship patched until another day?



This is my history so I get to have an additional photo

9 March 2007—This morning we got a telephone call from Jana telling us that their baby is here, born on International Women's Day. Lucy came 21 inches tall and weighed in at 8 pounds and five ounces. She has already grown long dark hair that would have to be cut if she were a young man just submitting his papers for a mission. Lucy is a beautiful name for a beautiful baby. We are so happy for them and for her. She certainly has come to wonderful parents and to fine brothers and sisters.

23 March 2007—The last two days we spent in Vitebsk to support the Searles, who are pretty new in the area. They are doing fine, but did not know it. The Jarvises had done a lot up there in part because they knew the language and the full record of that put Searles in a hole to begin with. We told them that they just needed to fill their mission in their way as the Lord had called them there.

Sergei and I met with one of the head Gypsy ladies there to see if we could do some project with them. Some of the head Gov't people here want us to see what we can do for them.

The weather was fine although it did rain a little on the way back. We came on the Moscow highway coming back so that Joyce could buy some linen, which she did. It is heavy and will not be easy to transport home.

Today we will have to do much that needs to be done to prepare for our trip to the Temple in Germany, as we are going to leave on Sunday following church here.

5 April 2007—We had a wonderful time at the temple in Germany. On the way home Joyce tripped on an uneven piece of parking lot and fell, but walked around for a couple of days before we got an x-ray and found a broken bone in her ankle – one that had the courage to stay in place, however.

All people, great and small,

We love it here in Belarus, where the people are kind and the land is beautiful. Joyce loved the land so much that several months ago she hit a loose board on the sidewalk and very quickly was near the land with her whole body. This left her with a black eye – on the right side – and swellings and hurts of various kinds on her arm and leg. Some would say that falling on the right side was a kind of Republican fall.

After a while the pain went away.

Now she still loves the land and decided to get as near as possible to it. She tripped on an uneven piece of concrete and down she went, but this time on her left side. A bone in her ankle snapped, but she did not know it until after walking on it for two days before an x-ray revealed the problem. Now she wears a cast and is learning to be friends with crutches.

She has fallen on the right and fallen on the left, just about like her voting record over the years. I hope she does not try to fall again to show that she is in the middle.

In spite of it all she still smiles and is happy. For a while all of her activity has to be on level ground, as she cannot negotiate stairs.

We had a fine trip to Germany with the local Branches for a week in the temple and the end of this month we go to Latvia for a meeting. It is good to be busy.

Today I remembered why I did not like the Army. When we marched, the tall fellows got in front of the group and the short ones were always in the rear. That provided for the short fellows to take very long steps, which after while caused me to have shin splints. The last couple of days I have them again trying to follow Sergei around, and that reminds me of one aspect of the military.

13 April 2007—and a while since I have written anything. Joyce went to the clinic to have an x-ray to make sure that her bone had not shifted in this u-shaped cast. It had not shifted but the walk into the clinic was stressful for her. We went to the medical clinic nearest to our home, as we are supposed to do for the insurance, which we had to obtain before we could stay in this country. We have our DMBA insurance but that does not count here for much or anything.

As we got to the entrance we assumed that they would have a wheelchair there to assist entering patients. As we saw old ladies walking out with their cane or crutches and no wheelchair we should have been able to see that there would be none for us and they were none. They had two small elevators to get to the third floor where we needed to go and we went.

Joyce had the x-ray on the third floor, where a couple of middle aged women did the work. They charged us about \$7 or 8 dollars when we did the exchange. We then took the x-ray and went to the fourth floor to have the doctor read it. His inspection was like our own – no shift in the bone had taken place. After seeing the doctor on the fourth floor the nurse said she would get a wheelchair for Joyce, as she could see that it was hard for her to walk. She came with the chair and Joyce rode fifty feet to the elevators. There, we quickly discovered, the wheelchair would not go through the door of either elevator. The doors on the elevators were too narrow and the wheelchair would not go through either door. One would have thought that fact would have been discovered years ago, but not so. So much for Soviet building, planning and skills.

The Capeners are a couple from Brigham City area and are going to replace us but the time was not right so we had to discuss this with Vlad and Marvin and got it changed for them. They will do the welfare part of the training in May and the rest in June so we can overlap properly. All of our time schedule depends upon the Swiss meeting, which may or may not happen. We do not know yet.

14 April 2007—Now we know. They will do the humanitarian part of their training in May and then the other in June or July, just prior to when they come to replace us.

21 April 2007—Today is Saturday. We returned last night from a very productive meeting in Riga, Latvia for the humanitarian couples and the good folks from Moscow.

Joyce, of course, had her cast for the ankle and I called ahead to arrange for a wheelchair to get her through the airports. We arrived in the Minsk airport and saw no wheelchair. I went to look for one, after finding a baggage cart, which I placed near the front door, through which Sergei would be bringing Joyce slowly, as she hops along on her crutches. I got to Air Baltic and they said they would have a wheel chair there in a few moments. Ten minutes later they came with it. Prior to that here came Sergei and Joyce with Joyce standing on the baggage cart trying to balance herself and Sergei pushing it very slowly and the onlookers with big smiles on their faces.

We then went through security and passport control with no problems except that passport control withheld our immigration cards, which Eugene, our visa man, said to not give up anywhere. We tried to keep them but the two women running the operation would not hear of it. I phoned Eugene on my cell phone and they did Russian talk for five minutes, following which we did not get our cards back. In the meantime we had calls from Sergei and Eugene and sometimes two phones at once. I finally said, OK, and we went on to the waiting area, pushed by three men.

Just prior to the boarding of the plane, which required going down ten steps and then up 8 steps on the airplane here came five men and one doctor. They took Joyce and I and headed the opposite direction. We went back through passport control, where there were loud conversations between the men, the doctor and the passport officials – two women. Additional telephone calls were made and discussions on the two-way phones were added. Following all of that they took our passports, for which I gave loud protest. Finally an English speaking women said they would give them back to us at the airplane.

We were taken back through security and down the long hallway and out the front door, where we had come from thirty minutes earlier. They had an ambulance waiting and Joyce was lifted in, wheelchair and all. I got in with her as did three of the men. The other two and the doctor got into the front of the ambulance and we started down the road, away from the airport terminal. I began to worry a bit but they drove around the airport and into the runway area. Another security man checked us out and then we drove to the airplane, which was 75 feet from where we started.

The wheelchair would not go up the plane stairs, as it was too wide. One man – the smallest of the bunch got Joyce around the body, under her arms and started up the stairs backwards, while two other men each took a leg. Everyone else watched as they was not room for anyone else to do anything. They lugged her up on to the plane, like a sack of wheat, and sat her on the floor of the aisle and then into her seat. All of that was not easy and it would probably have been easier for her to hop on the stairs slowly.

We got to Riga, Latvia and there came the fireman – two of them, who had a narrow wheelchair and getting her out of the plane was a piece of cake. We went to the hotel, our meeting place, without incident. The Director of Temporal Affairs took Joyce and I to dinner that night and had a lot of important, confidential discussion about Belarus.

The meeting was wonderful the next day and a half and Joyce and I each got to bear our annual testimonies, as we can not do that except at the meeting, out of Belarus.

Then we went back to the plane, where I found a wheelchair and put Joyce in it without discussion with anyone. We got through security, after giving up hairspray, water and toothpaste. Passport control let us out without difficulty. We got the gate for our plane and waited the appropriate amount of time. A bus came to give us all a ride to the plane – 150 feet away. They said they could not load Joyce and her wheelchair on the bus without help so the rest of the passengers went and we waited for fifteen minutes – as did the passengers on the plane – until the fireman (three of them) and a doctor, came to put the two of us and our helpers on the bus, which had returned the 150 feet to obtain us. The bus got closer to the door and the wheelchair and its contents were lifted on the bus.

We drove to the airplane and Joyce hopped up the stairs with assistance from two of the five men and her crutches, while the doctor and I watched. She was seated, the passengers sighed relief and we were on our way to Minsk.

In Minsk the passengers got off and Joyce and I started for the door for her to work her way down with her crutches. The airplane personnel made us wait for help. Three men came, along with a doctor, and she crutched down the stairs, assisted by one man in front and me in the back. The first three men and the doctor were then joined by two more men and Joyce was wheeled to the waiting ambulance. There it was decided that it would be easier to just wheel her into the terminal. We waited while official passport men, in fine looking uniforms came to obtain our passports and immigration cards, which we had filled out on the plane. The doctor then wheeled Joyce to the end of the airport where we waited for the security and passport personnel to return our passports and give us permission to enter the hall of the airport and meet Sergei and the other two volunteers who went with us.

Mercy!!!

29 April 2007—Today is Sunday and I went to the Branch to take the sacrament and then returned home to watch the 2nd session of Conference from the DVD with Joyce. The Branch is watching the same in Russian. It was wonderful and I am always impressed with how wonderful it is and how it helps to build and strengthen one's testimony.

As the Tabernacle was dedicated I thought of those who offer criticism, as there are always those who find fault in all that is done, but seldom in their own ability and actions.

The other day I went to the village with Sergei and Olga to work with them and Sergei's mother in the garden. As we arrived there the man with the horse and plow had already plowed the center furrow and then continued on and we then raked the soil and prepared the beds for planting and did some of the planting and then put the frames in the greenhouse together for another season.

We worked hard all day and rested only for lunch was a treat – that is, both the lunch and the rest.

Yesterday Joyce and I went by taxi to the registration of the marriage of Mike Sorokin, from our English conversation group and his bride, Dasha. We got there a bit earlier than the wedding

party and went inside so Joyce could sit on a bench there and rest her leg. It was not easy for Joyce to get around in the event and wore out her right leg, which now for a month has done all of the work that two legs were intended to perform.

We got a call from Mike, who worried about our whereabouts, inasmuch as the wedding party was assembled outside, to come in together, which we did not know about. We assured him that we were inside and I went out to enter with the group and Joyce remained inside to await us.

Mike's parents were from a village outside of Minsk. They were both friendly and his father spoke English. He was a fine man, with the color from the sun and outdoor work. His mother was sweet and also looked to our welfare. Dasha's mom was also kind to us and we had photos together.

The registration part of the event took place in a registration building, just like I use to lecture about in my classes, as the Soviet system attempted to re-enthroned marriage and family to increase the birth rate among its people.

The registration was well thought through by the state, with the room and its official women performing well the music, recording, movement of the many people for the many marriages to occur in that day.

The main room was outfitted in such a manner that it reminded me of the production studios which are set up to do many events in as near record time as possible. The guests entered the room first and stood around the outside of the room, while the bride and groom and their two witnesses were in the center of the room, awaiting the call by the head woman to come forth and sign the register.

Each of them signed the paper and that was followed by the witnesses. A pretty little girl then came forward from the sidelines with the rings and soon after that the head woman said it was done. It was quite impressive and we were happy to have been invited.

From that room we went into another room nearby in which there was a center table with candy and champagne for the bride and groom and witnesses to toast, then joined by other so inclined. We had a piece of candy but did not drink to anyone's health and happiness, although we wished it for them.

From there the group went to the front of the building for a group photo, into which I was invited – Joyce remained inside awaiting me and the taxi to take us back home. The group got into cars, decorated with many balloons, which seem not to break, nor fall off as the group goes from monument to monument in the city to have their photos taken.

By the time we got home the leg told her to stay home for the rest of the day – we had left our home at 11:10 and returned by a bit after 1:00. Joyce thought I should go alone to the dinner part of the marriage event, which I did.

My taxi driver found the address without any problem and I saw one couple at the entrance, awaiting the wedding party. I waited for a while with then and then the father came from inside and reported that the couple would be another twenty minutes. Soon Mike and Dasha came in the only auto still decorated and marriage looking. I suppose the other cars and drivers, who had been hired were released and how everyone else got there I do not know.

As the two main people arrived the parents were at the entrance with bread and salt for the ceremony they do with that. Once performed everyone went up the thirty steps – the reason why Joyce did not attempt it on her crutches – where all of us formed two lines and the groom and bride then came in through us to the clapping and loud well wishes to the table at the head of the lines to receive each one in the party, as well as their gifts.

When Mike and Dasha were behind the table and had opened a drink and drunk to their long happiness the emcee began to read out one person a couple's name, who then went forth to the table and in a mike there gave their best wishes and laid the gift upon the table, shook hands with the bride and groom and received a part of a artificial flower arrangement from them and returned to their place in the line.

The parents were called first, then the witnesses and then an older couple from the village where Mike use to be from and then me. I went forward and gave my congratulations in English (which I have found I speak best) and then presented the gift from Dale and Virginia Wright and Joyce and me. Then that was followed by the rest of the fifty guests. I think my having been called early in the group was an indication of the honor Mike and Dasha extended to us.

Soon afterwards we were seated by nameplates by the table. I sat next to the friend of Mike's who had been asked to be our translator. He is a very fine and educated young man and we appreciated his assistance. The dinner consisted of a great variety of dishes of all kinds. Mike had presented my place with a bottle of the alcohol free drink for the toasts, which was just a further indication of his concern and care of Joyce and me.

The dinner was wonderful, interrupted with toasts, visiting, music and entertainment from a live group, who also played for dancing. The dance was first for the bride and groom, with all other guests forming a line around them to signify a wedding ring. The most of the other danced – fast mostly and with great energy. I did a little jig with two small girls aged five or six, I would guess.

Soon afterward I excused myself, was thanked by the new couple and returned to *my* bride.

Mike had invited us and the occasion was wonderful and he was very solicitous of us and we thank him for it. The event was informative and interesting to us. He has a very beautiful bride and we wish for them a long life of health, happiness and some children, as they will be good parents we think.

9 May 2007—Victory Day here in the former USSR, including our country of Belarus. No work today, just the celebration and parades and lots of war films on television.

Yesterday we took Joyce to get her leg checked as it was still very swollen and hard like a drum. We got to the doctor and waited for a reasonable time and then the door opened and we went in where the doctor was but he did not even look at Joyce. He was a doctor with cast on, and her's was off so we went back into the hall to cross to the other doctor. Sergei and I then went to pay and get a paper, properly stamped, so she could see that doctor as her case was not an emergency.

When we got to the room to pay, the young lady there had just shut off her computer and was ready to leave for the day. She plugged the computer in again and we waited for it to start. She then looked through several books and finally decided what to charge us and printed out five or six pages of forms for that purpose. Then, she remembered that foreigners had to pay an additional fee so back to the books to determine what that amount was. Finally she printed all of the forms again and (thirty minutes later) we returned to where Joyce waited for us.

She was checked and it was determined to get a compress for her. I went to the pharmacy and got several small bottles of stuff that Sergei's daughters thought smelled like vodka. Olga mixed that with some vegetable oil and wrapped the leg with a bandage soaked in the good smelling stuff. That wrap was followed by a plastic wrap like you put around vegetables in the fridge. After that another wrap of cotton followed and then a gauze bandage and finally a towel and the eventually we went to bed, after playing a lot of Uno and other such activities, like Joyce teaching them how to make chocolate chip cookies.

This morning the leg was just a bit better. Glen and Jana called and Glen was worried about a possible clot in the veins of the leg. We shall see.

19 May 2007—Joyce has had quite a time of it. After a few days of walking on her foot with it broken, we got a cast which was on for five weeks and then her leg began to swell very tight. We took off the cast and she continued to walk a bit.

We then went to see the heart specialist from America, who took a look at it and asked for an x-ray. The radiologist and he looked at it and determined that the bone did not heal, but was still broken. We determined to go back to the orthopedic hospital and have their doctors look at the x-ray. They said there were some bridges across it and that it was healing but put a cast back on it for two weeks and told Joyce to stay down with her leg up for that period of time. She has been good at it for two or three days, but it is hard for her to stay down. Dr Kimball says the bone looks ok to him and to follow his original instructions, which we had abandoned in favor of the heart doctor, who knows hearts better than bones. So it goes, but she now seems to do better with the new cast and the swelling has greatly reduced for which we are thankful.

20 May 2007-- Bus number 91 left our local stop to take me to Sunday meeting without Joyce, who stayed home with her leg problem. The bus was two thirds full with three or four middle aged men, who were talking in a very animated way for so early in the day, eight or nine older women with shopping baskets or bags on their way to the big market and me. The bus moved forward, grinding gears with each new start from each of the twelve bus stops, where one of two got off and about the same number got in the bus.

There was no woman on the bus to look at tickets, or to collect the 500 rubles in exchange for the small square paper, which the passenger was to place in the stamp machine to show that it was now canceled for use again. Sometimes the ticket inspector is there to check almost everyone, and sometimes it is a free ride for those who want it to be, but there are always some – usually older people – who cancel the ticket while they know they will not be inspected, but someone has taught them honesty in a successful manner.

As I looked out the window I was impressed with the many shades of green from the bushes, grass and trees. The horse chestnut trees were all in bloom and promise a full crop of nuts, which I think are only of value to small children, who collect them for throwing or to fill an empty pocket or small girl's purse or for me, in that I have found them interesting to paint a face on, which then becomes an unusual gift for a small child who probably does not possess any real ability for artistic criticism. Some adults have also been given the painted nut and I have found them too kind to make any unseemly remarks, at least in my presence.

Behind the shades of green provided by nature, or its maker, are the many tall apartment houses, some also with green shades of another kind. The porches of these high homes are often filled with the day's laundry and occasionally there is a man leaning on the lower part of the frame checking out the street below with its variety of cars, busses, and passers by.

The bus has constant noises, besides the one when it starts out each time. In general, most of the buses sound like there is a shortage of grease to coat the bearings and other moving parts, or that the person charged with that responsibility does not take it seriously for some reason or other, perhaps using long smoke breaks or visiting with other workers who also have little interest in their job. Such lack of interest may stem from general boredom or perhaps low wages, only a bit above that which one could receive for no work at all.

The bus ride was rather far removed from what I might have experienced growing up in Bern.

25 June 2007--“Welcome to free exhibition,” said the sign at the museum in Minsk. Several members of the local Branches were there as we arrived, to be a part of their “culture night.” The free part of the museum was very small compared with the entire displayed holdings of the museum, which are even only a small part of the entire holdings stored away from another exhibition for another occasion.

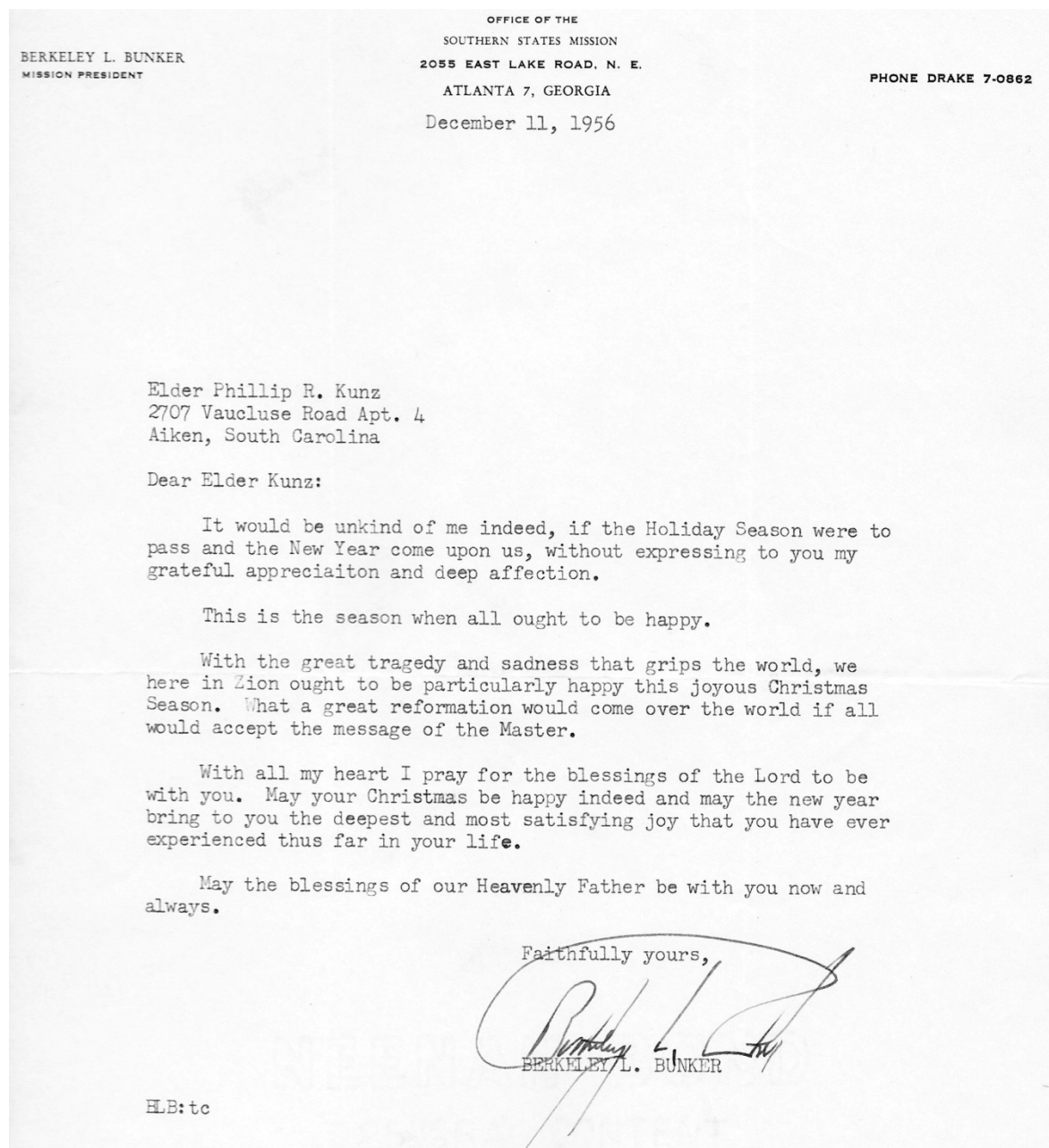
The art was wonderful and pleasing to my eyes. Some came from five centuries ago and some rather modern. Some was Belarusian and some on loan from Holland, Germany, Japan, and several other countries.

I wondered why some of this old art has been preserved through the wars and pillage and fire and storm through all of these years. Why is some now almost priceless, but once was cast aside by the potential buyers as of no value? The process of assigning value to something is interesting. That, which today is esteemed to be of great value, may have no value within a few years. On the other hand, that which is today not valued very highly may become the priceless items within a few years.

10 July 2006. Sherman and Karma Rae came the night of the 6th for a visit and to consult on humanitarian projects. We had a wonderful time with them and were able to discuss various projects and to close the first one. We set up. We are grateful they came for a visit.

[I wrote more in my journal, but included little of it here. I will, however include some of the poems and other things I wrote in Belarus. Joyce kept a daily and extensive journal her mission. As we labored together, her journal is like mine would have been if I had written like her.]

And so our wonderful mission in the country of Belarus ended, but our love and memory lives on and on.



May 23, 1919 Hilda Stoor and Parley Kunz married

July 19, 1936 Phillip Ray Kunz born
Born in Bern, ID at my parent's house

Sept 30, 1936 Blessed and named by Robert Schmid

39 Remembered Father being released as Bishop of Bern Ward

Aug 15, 1944 Baptized by Howard Buhler

Aug 27, 1944 Confirmed member of Church by David Buhler

August 4, 1945 Parley Kunz told Bp Schmid that he was going to take Hilda to Mayo Clinic

August 5, 1945 Parley and Bp Schmid administered to Hilda

July 25, 1948 Ordained a Deacon

August 30, 1958 Released from my mission to the Southern States

April 2, 1947 Received Patriarchal Blessing by Robert Schmid

July 25, 1948 Ordained a Deacon by Heber C Kunz, my Uncle

July 8, 1951 Ordained a Teacher by Orlando N Kunz, my Uncle and Bishop

22 5 53 Graduated from LDS Seminary - Montpelier Stake

19 7 53 Ordained a Priest by Parley P Kunz, my father

21 5 54 Graduated from Montpelier High School

19 7 54 Registered for Draft

30 7 54 Received "Greetings" from Uncle Sam

11 8 54 Left home by bus to go to Boise, ID for Induction

12 8 54 Sworn into the Military at Boise, ID

12 8 54 Entered Military Service

18 8 54 Entered "Dog" Company of 20th Infantry Reg

16 10 54 Completed basic training and went home for 13 days

19 12 54 Ordained an Elder by Edward V Turley, Pres El Paso Stake

25 12 54 Received Triple Combination from my parents for Christmas

8 1 55 Docked at Bremerhaven, Germany US Army

9 1 55 Arrived in Mannheim, Germany

9 1 55 Arrived in Wiesbaden, Germany

20 4 55 Went to Munich with Jerry Nielson

22 4 55 Attended Servicemen's Retreat in Germany - banquet

8 8 55 Attended Servicemen's Conference in Frankfurt, Germany

24 12 55 Left El Paso for Camp Kilmer, NJ by plane 2nd ride

25 12 55 Visited New York - attended two operas at the "Met"

29 12 55 Sailed out of the United States 8 days on the water

20 7 56 Mission call to Southern States

1 8 56 1st Recommend for temple by Bp Delmar Kunz

Aug 6, 1956 Endowment received from Logan Temple

29 8 56 Departed for mission field

29 8 56 Set apart for mission by Antone R Ivins

5 10 56 Completed reading of New Testament 6th time

5 10 56 Completed reading of Old Testament for 2nd time

18 10 56 Completed reading of Book of Mormon for 4th time

1959-60 I was on AMS Council

I played Scratch in The Devil and Daniel Webster

1959	Sand in Shoes
	Fri April 10th I was director of one act play
20 4 59	1st date with Joyce Sheffield Mask Club play and movie sand in shoes April,
1959	AMS council 1959-60
1960	1st home was 471 North 2nd East, Provo, UT basement
18 3 60	Married Joyce Sheffield S L Temple Elder Christiansen
61	2nd home 487 North 3rd East, Provo, UT bottom floor
1961	LTM for missionary work
	attended 10 th Anniversary Session University of Utah School of Alcohol Studies
	June 4 th to 10, 1961
	Phil Kunz proposed agenda on bulletin board 3 days prior to session for ASBYU
April 2, 1961	Received Master M Men award in Manavu Ward
May 29, 1961	2nd Counselor in Elder's Quorum Provo Pres Brockbank
May 25 1962	National Science Foundation Summer Fellowship
1961	Lord Byron's Love Letter BYU Mask Club Tennessee Williams Phil husband
June 4 to 10th, 1961	attended 10th Anniversary Session University of Utah School of Alcohol Studies
1962	Initiated into Alpha Kappa Delta Started by Glenn M Vernon, Helene Meyers, Norma Zeurcher and me
	created petition to do away with ASBYU Senate and Supreme Court
June 13, 1962	letter from Dale T Tingey and Alma P Burton assigning me as Principal for Lyman Seminary
October 17, 1965	Ordained High Priest by Edwin B Jones, Detroit Stake
February 26, 1970	Received Sigma Xi membership
May 3, 1970	Called to be Bishop of BYU 22nd Ward, BYU 2nd Stake
May 26, 1970	Ordained Bishop by Franklin D Richards
February 12 1972	Hilda and Parley Kunz begin their mission
August 14, 1972	Hilda and Parley Kunz mission ended
September 3, 1972	Called as Sunday School Teacher Edgemont 8th Ward
January 13, 1977	Aaronic Priesthood Banquet
February 25, 1977	Spoke in St George at Utah Humanities Program
August 13, 1977	Spoke to youth group at BYU from Huntington Beach, CA
August 15, 1977	Left NYC for Paris, Bern, return 29th
August 31, 1977	Received Karl G Maeser award at BYU for Research
October 18, 1977	Talk in St George
February 9, 1978	Met with Neal Maxwell for special study
March 31, 1978	Dinner at Lyle Cole's, my first missionary companion
June 17, 1978	Democratic County Convention I ran for House seat
July 15, 1978	Democratic State Convention in Salt Lake City
September 22, 1978	Life Style Convention Culver City, CA
December 1, 1978	Interview KMOX Jim White

1984

BYU National Champions - we made pennants and paper weights

January, 1985 Hilda Stoor Kunz died

March 11, 1993 letter from Area Presidency RE: increase in our baptism rate

September 7, 1999 Associate Editor of Psychological Reports

October 1999 I was Edgemont South Stake Mission President, with Reed Blake and Keith Robinson as Counselors and Robert Rice, Secretary [We had 18 stake missionaries]

October 16-21, 1999 Philadelphia for Housing conference

June 26, 2000 To Munich, Copenhagen,

July 1, 2000 Presented paper in Aalborg, Denmark, "Death and Funerals into the Twentieth Century: A Mormon Case Study" The 35th Annual Meeting of the Mormon History Association

March 18, 2010 Phillip and Joyce's 50th Wedding Anniversary

July 7, 2010 Phillip and Joyce celebrated 50th Wedding in Edgement 8th Ward Chapel

July 8, 2010 Phillip and Joyce and family went to Brighton, Utah for family reunion

March 13, 2011 Jay and Becky called us to tell us that he is going to be ordained a Bishop and will be set apart as the Bishop of their ward.

Bern Post Office

I remember when Barlows lived in the home, where Aunt Myrtle later lived, and which was used as the Bern Post Office. Mr. Barlow had a cane and would play at catching the legs of the children like me. When Aunt Myrtle Steckler and he children moved into the home she became the postmaster. She also had some candy and other supplies that were provided for the town residents and available for sale. I remember baby chicks coming to the post office, as well as all other kinds of mail.

Reed obtained the mail from Montpelier and brought it to Bern, where it was sorted and available for the recipients to go to the post office and obtain their mail. After I left Bern Arlo Kunz's wife Idell, became the postmistress and the operation was moved to her home. After her death the post office was deleted and mail was then and now is delivered to mail boxes at the homes of the residents.

Blessings

I have had a number of opportunities to give people blessings by the authority and power the Priesthood, and I am very grateful for this opportunity to bless the lives of others.

While we lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a member of our ward, Pat Blackinton, had a miscarriage and was concerned that they would not be able to have a baby. David Blackinton, her husband, and I gave her a blessing and promised that she would be able to become pregnant again and have a family. They ended up with three children.

When we were in Minsk, Belarus, Sergei and Olga Zubolovich had been trying for some time to have a son, or at least an additional child. They had two daughters and some time had passed, almost eight years since the birth of the last daughter. They asked me if I would give Olga a blessing. At an appropriate time and place, unobserved by the government, I did give both Olga and Sergei each a blessing and promised that she would have an additional child. After we returned home from our service in Belarus, as humanitarian missionaries, we received word that Olga was pregnant. They were both ecstatic. Then the child was born. He was named Joseph. We all thanked the Lord for honoring the blessing they had been given.

While serving as Mission President in Louisiana, we had an outstanding missionary, Jason Hoopes, who had lost the vision in one eye through an accident in which a dart had been thrown and inadvertently hit him in the eye. When it was time for him to complete his mission and return home I felt inspired to bless him. I promised him that because he had worked so hard and been such an outstanding missionary, the Lord would restore his sight. His doctor examined his eye, placed a new lens on it and he has sight.

Working it to short odd jobs.

SURVEY CREW. One summer I worked for a man in Montpelier, Idaho who had a contract to resurvey the streets of Montpelier, Idaho. I worked as his chainman, and he was delighted when I learned to coil the metal chain and twist it into a small circle, after use, as was common for the surveyors treatment of the metal chain. We completed the survey in Montpelier and I can say that we went up and down every street doing the survey. That was a good job and I enjoyed it very much.

RAILROAD. I worked for the railroad between Soda Springs, Idaho and Pocatello, Idaho. We were putting in the CTC posts in order for them to run a lines on the posts to support the CTC System. In some places we had to use dynamite to blow a hole into the rock to place the poles. In other places it was easy to dig the holes.

Prior to putting the poles into the holes, creosote was smeared on the part of the pole to be buried and tar paper was placed over the creosote and secured with a big headed nail, until the soil was tamped around the pole.

Part of the time, we commuted every day between Bern and Bancroft and McCammon, Idaho where we were working. Part of the time we stayed in railroad cars along the siding of the tracks and would go home on weekends.

TELEPHONE POLE TREATMENT. At another time I worked with a man who was treating the telephone poles, by digging around the pole about twelve inches into the ground, smearing creosote on the pole and covering the creosote with black tar paper and recovering the hole. We treated the poles in almost all of Bear Lake County. This was a hot job, but we saw a lot of the roadsides and homes in the County.

ENCYCLOPEDIAS. I thought selling encyclopedias would be a good job, inasmuch as everyone ought to have access to such books. I worked for a very short time with the Supervising Salesman for Encyclopedia Americana. I worked a little in Bear Lake Valley and in Cache Valley. The sales director had me do procedures that I objected to on moral grounds. For example, he said if I saw any old encyclopedias in the house, where I was giving a sales pitch, I should jack up the price of the Encyclopedia Americana, and then offer the people a hundred dollars for their old set, even if they only had one volume of a set. The ostensive purpose was that by buying their old book people would see the new encyclopedias and be more impressed with them and not sidetracked by the old ones. Thus, there wouldn't be a competition of the two sets as their friends and neighbors saw them in their home. In other words, he was inflating the price of the encyclopedias, offering \$100 on the old set, but essentially stealing the old set of encyclopedias, which he then sold and put the money in his own pocket or gave away. The offer of the hundred dollars was dishonest. I soon quit that job.

Family History Books

The Red Kunz Book. I have written four family history books so far and want to indicate how I got started in this endeavor. Initially I was interested in determining how many descendents there were from John Kunz II, my grandfather, who was the first Kunz to emigrate from Switzerland to America. While John Kunz I was the first to join the Church, I did include all of his children in the book, but not their descendants. I began by getting a list of people who belonged to the family and who had attended family reunions. I then decided to use family group sheets for each of the families on the list. I asked people to fill in the sheet and add addresses for any family members they knew. I sent family group sheets to those people and just kept using this process, until I had the information. Needless to say, this was a very long tedious work as many people did not respond until I had sent inquiries two or three times. Eventually I was able to determine most of the descendents and publish them in the first book I did on the family history on the Kunz family. I was surprised at the vast number of people on the list and how widely spread they were in terms of where they lived.

The only real snag I had on first work was getting the descendents of Morris Kunz, the son of David Kunz, and grandson of John Kunz II. Morris was living in the practice of polygamy, as were many of his descendants. I sent out materials to them, but didn't hear from any of his family. I decided that I would go visit with Morris Kunz, who lived in Salt Lake City. I had met him many years prior to this, but did not really know him, nor did he know me. Going to see him turned out to be a very productive and useful thing. In the first place I got acquainted with Morris and developed a very fine friendship with him, and in the second place I was able to get to the material on his family.

When I first went to his home I told him I was interested in how he had grown up in Bern, Idaho. He proceeded to tell me some early history stories. He was rocking in an old rocking chair. At that time he was close to eighty years of age. I then asked him how he got involved in polygamy. He about came out of his chair. He said, "Well, by hell, you're the first family member that's had the guts to ask me that." After he told me about his experiences with polygamy he assured me that I should send out the family group sheets again and the family members would respond.

Apparently he talked with them, because after I sent the family group sheets out to get their information, I received the information back from all of his many children, with the exception of one son. That son told me how many wives and children he had, but did not want to compromise their privacy. That was all right with me and I published what I had.

The book is still often referred to by family members, and I often receive thanks for the work that I did.

The Stoor Book. Then I decided it would be good to write to some kind of book on the Stoor Family, the family of my mother. Over the next few years we made two trips to Finland, where we tried to obtain all of the information that we could on this family. My grandparents on Mother's side of the family came from Finland and ended up in Caribou County, Idaho. I was able to write a book with chapters on the area they came from in Finland [Portom, Vassa, Finland] the community and the farm on which they lived, and something about their history. In that book I have a chapter on their early history, a short history of my grandparents, a chapter on each of their children, information on the second wife, who married John Stoor, after Mother's mother died, and a chapter on each of Mothers brothers and sisters. I was able to finish that book the year my mother's hundredth birthday. As she had passed away prior to that be over a decade, I considered that a birthday present for her.

The Boss Book. After the Stoor book was completed I desired to write a book on the Boss Family. That is the family of my grandmother Elizabeth Boss, mother of my father, Parley Kunz, and the sixth wife on my grandfather John Kunz III. She died when my father was very young so while we had the picture of her and of the members of her father Johannes Boss' family, we didn't know much else about the Boss Family. I spent some time interviewing Boss family members, obtaining pictures and histories from the various family members, who I could find, and ended up writing a book which dealt with their early history in Switzerland, the history of my Boss grandparents, and a chapter of each of my grandmother's brothers and sisters. This book also includes chapters on the children from the second wife of John Boss. His first wife died in Switzerland and he married again, just prior to coming to America. I felt very good about to the all of these books on the Kunz, Stoor and Boss families.

Parley and Hilda Family Book. After the death of our parents, my brother and sister and their spouses get together each summer, prior to our larger family reunion. I told them that they needed to write their history. I brought up the subject and they more or less delegated me to write a history of Parley and Hilda Kunz our parents. I spent some time gathering information from the brothers and sisters and the eventually published the book on our parents, with a chapter for each of the thirteen children and a few pages for each of the grandchildren.

From all of this I have learned that:

- 1) It is important to do this kind of thing
- 2) It is hard to get information from those who are in a position to supply it, and
- 3) It is absolutely essential to have a supportive and intelligent spouse

Farm Work

Putting up Hay in Cokeville, Wyoming.

One summer I went up to Cokeville, Wyoming, where my father and my uncle, Abel Kunz, were putting up hay for Bill Buckley, and Les Olson. Father and Uncle Abel has many teams and gasoline driven equipment and were contracting with Mr. Buckley and Mr. Olson, to put up their wild hay. They did this for many years, in addition to putting their own hay up in stacks. Darrell Hansen and I were both hired that week to pump water by hand, from with hand pumps, attached to the wells, for the work horses to drink when the men came in at noon time for their lunch, as well as after the day's work was done, for the evening water. We would pump for a long time to get the water troughs full of water. With the many teams of horses they used the water was drunk very quickly. It was hard for us to see the water level recede so quickly, knowing that we would have to pump the troughs full again. However, we still had time to hunt ducks, chase mud hens and play a little, so it was an interesting time for us and I enjoyed being up there with my father and the many people there, working on the crew putting up the hay.

Down in the Bern bottoms, between the Outlet and Bear River, Darrell and I use to shoot a goose now and then in the summer time and his grandmother, Emma Kunz, would roast the goose for us. It is my sincere hope that the statute of limitations has run out on those shooting out of season.

Working with animals on the farm. When I was young, all of the farm work was done with teams of horses. The main team that I remember was Buss the Ginger. They were kept in the barn, along with the milk cows. Buss was used to pull the manure sled out south to the alfalfa field. It was a task to harness the team. The harness was kept on the east wall of the stable. Once the hame was thrown over the back of the horse, they had to be buckled together under the neck yoke and the crupper hooked under the tail of the horse. A girth strap was hooked and the bridle placed on the head. In the winter time when cars got stuck in the snow we would often use one of the horses to pull the car out. At that time we rode on the back of the horse. I was always concerned that the hames would break loose and hit me as the horse pulled hard. It never happened but it did concern me.

We also had a horse that I used on the hay rake with a shaft on either side for pulling the rake. This horse was called Mandy, and was pretty much blind in one eye. One day as I was coming up the gravel road from our milking area, down by the outlet, towards Bern Mandy started to run away with me. Each time I would pull in the reins and try to get her to slow up, the single tree would hit her in the back legs and she would take off again. I had a hard time stopping her, but eventually I slowed down and then stopped the runaway, as we neared Alvin Kunz's barn in Bern.

We put up wild hay in the land between the Outlet and Bear River. We called that area the Rich Place, named after Wilford Rich, from whom my father or grandfather bought the property. Each spring Uncle Abel, Uncle Heber and my father would put a dam in the Outlet, between Bern and the Bear River. Water would then back up and cover the land where the wild they grew, and often times the water would also go over the gravel road, which goes from Bern to Montpelier.

By using various kinds of smaller dams and levees, we were able to control where the water went to assist the wild hay to grow. These levees were made from soil, sod, manure and whatever would hold the water and was inexpensive. At times a levee would break and the water would start to drain off. We would have to hurry and get another load of manure or sod to shore up the levy.

In the summer time we milked cows, generally between eight and twelve head or so, down on the west side of the Outlet where we had a milking corral. Uncle Heber had a corral next to ours and they milked their cows in that corral. In the winter time we would milk the cows in Bern on the inside of the barn. The cows were in stalls in the stable where they would stand, usually two of them side by side. They were tied at the neck with a chain and would eat from the manger and lie down at night there in the stable. We milked them by hand. Some neighbors later obtained milking machines, but we never did. The milk was then put through a strainer and into ten gallon cans. The cans of milk were placed in a water trough to keep it cool, until in the morning when we would carry it up on the road west of our home, where the milk truck would pick up and take to the dairy.

In the winter the cows' teats sometimes got sore and the cow wanted to kick when we milked them. We used hobbles on the back legs to keep the legs under control. We also used salve to help the teats heal. Clover Salve, Rosebud Salve and Bag Balm were generally used. During high school we often had fund raising drives for one thing or another, selling these kinds of salve or magazines or greeting cards.

It was enjoyable during the summer to go get the cows from the pasture and take them to the corral for milking. There were always a lot of birds in the swamps and in the trees. We would see many red headed or yellow headed blackbirds and other birds, which would sing in our beautiful fields. They were plentiful because of the water backed up by the dam. Later in the summer the dam was taken out which permitted the water to flow on down through the Outlet in the Bear River or evaporate just before it was time to start haying. It only took a few days for the land to dry and then we mowed, raked and stacked the hay for use in the next winter.

Heating the house. Our home in Bern, Idaho was initially heated with wood and coal. In the fall of the year we got a load of coal and put in part of the woodshed. The other part of the woodshed was filled with split wood, sawed short so that it would fit into the stove in the kitchen or in the living room, where we had a small stove, just for heating.

The wood and coal in the kitchen was brought into the house in coal buckets and in a box for kindling wood. The kitchen stove heated the kitchen, cooked the food on top of the flat stove, warmed water on the side of the stove in the reservoir that was filled with water. The heat from the stove warmed the water for cooking, dish washing and weekly bathing. The oven was used to bake in and sometimes in the winter the oven door would have a lamb on it to warm it up and hopefully save it from death from the cold outside. The smoke from the stove went up through the upstairs rooms and out the roof and helped heat a little for those sleeping upstairs in the house.

Later on we got LP gas to heat the stove in the living room and upstairs and then natural gas.

Radio and television. We had a radio from which we heard news of the war and other important news. If all of the work was done on Saturdays, I would lie on the floor and listen to the Metropolitan Opera broadcast. After we bought a truck with a radio in it we would listen to music or soap operas while fixing fences around our hay stacks.

We did not have television while I lived at home. While I was on my mission my brother, Paul, and my brother-in-law, Fred Gortscinski, put an antenna on Pete's Peak, above Bern and they got television. Later on the signal was improved and eventually my parent's got color television. As I dated in high school some of the families of the girls I took out had television and I thought the shows were very interesting -- even the commercials. Generally I only saw a very few minutes of any show, as I waited for the date preparing her final touchups.

With a radio in our automobile we could listen to the "Hit Parade," as we drove up and down the main street in Montpelier.

Hunting and Trapping. With the 22 caliber rifle I use to shoot squirrels and birds, that roosted in the barn and made a mess. We did not shoot owls, hawks, or very many ducks or geese (out of season.) We also trapped many squirrels, for which we got a couple of cents per squirrel tail. One time I was checking the trap, which I had placed in the lane east of Bern, on the way to the milking corral, when I discovered I had caught a weasel. It really did stink. We also trapped and shot rabbits for their pelts. We got a little money for the pelts, but did not get rich from the enterprise.

Deer hunting was an annual event. Before we were old enough to hunt with a deer rifle, my brother, Owen and I would hunt deer with the 22 rifle. I think we never got more than two deer that way. Later on, we hunted with the big guys and the deer hunting party, consisting of upwards of twenty people, shot a lot of deer out north of Bern in the hills.

I quit fishing many years ago, but still go into the hills with Johnathan, and Jay earlier on, to scout out and hunt deer. Now [2011] I am getting too old to hike the hills like I use to on the deer hunt.

Nick Kunz. Nick Kunz was a brother of Orlando, son of David Kunz. Nick, my brothers, Dale and Paul and I were repairing the fence on the southwest corner of the milking corral, where the fence was in the water about three or four feet deep. Someone accidentally dropped a fencing tool in the water. Paul and Dale tried to reach it, after they had removed some of their clothes, but were not successful. Perhaps the water was cold and they did not want to get in it. Anyway, Nick jumped out of the wagon box and into the water with all of his clothes on and retrieved the tool. I was watching from the bank of the slough.

Nick worked for my father off and on for several years. He lived in a trailer behind Howard Buhler's and then behind Fern and Irvin's house, when they bought the house from Howard. Later on, Nick moved to south Salt Lake and took care of horses. Before he died he had to have his leg or legs, amputated as a result of diabetes. He was a good old soul.

Sleigh riding. There is a little hill, just west of our home in Bern. In the winter we would ski or sleigh ride down from the hill. The ride was not too long, but then it did not take very long to walk up to the top of it either. One time Max Stoor and I were on the sleigh together and I fell off the back of the sleigh, about two thirds of the way down the hill. Max turned to laugh at me and ran into the barbed wire fence and cut his face up. We had a couple of pair of skis, the kind with one strap that went over the front part of the shoe. When snow got under the heel and made ice, it was hard to keep on the skis.

At times we pulled a sleigh behind a horse and went around the streets in Bern. We even used a truck to pull the sleighs at times, although now we see that such a practice was a little dangerous.

In the summer time we walked up on the hill to pick butter cups and look at the flowers of the spring, like Indian paint brush and blue bells. I always loved the springtime and even the flow of water that came down through the lot, north of our home, when the snow melted.

Frozen pipes. Paul and I were attempting to thaw out frozen pipes under the house. We had a small hole on the north side of the bathroom, by which we entered the under parts. We had some diesel which we lit to warm the pipe and that started a fire on the floor joists. We got it out but it scared me and I was afraid we would not be able to get out from under the house. I have never liked tight places since then.

Television antenna invention. When we lived in Lyman, Wyoming we had a small house with an antenna in the attic, above a little storage room. Depending on which station we wanted to watch, the antenna had to be turned a little one way or the other. Instead of climbing up into the attic, I attached a string to the antenna, made a hole in the ceiling and I could then change the direction of the antenna but pulling the string. It worked quite well and the hold in the ceiling was not too distracting of the house, as it was old and had a number of strange characteristics.

Good use of snow. We had a heavy snow in Lyman, Wyoming so I thought we ought to make good use of it. I made a big ball of snow, like the bottom part of a snowman, and rolled in front of Jack and Vera Hutchison. They could not open the door and had to call me for help. It was a good idea I thought.

Mercury. Today we hear a lot about the adverse effects of mercury. My office at the University of Michigan, for a time, was in the old West Building. Just inside the front door of the building was a large five gallon glass container of mercury. Several of us, who were housed in the building used to play with the mercury. That must account for some of my shortcomings today. It was much later that the warnings were given about the harm that comes from mercury.

Graffiti. Graffiti is pretty much frowned upon in our society, except for the young people who find satisfaction in using it. The University of Michigan and Eastern Michigan University at Ypsilanti are fairly close together geographically, but quite different in terms of status and the

social class of their students, with Ypsilanti having lower class students. That is, that is the way it was when I taught at both places some fifty years ago. The writing on the walls of the toilets was more of an intellectual nature, while at Eastern Michigan, bathroom humor was like "for a good time call" At the University of Michigan students also wrote on the walls by the elevators. One would write, "God is dead." Another would respond with his own writing, "How do you know." A long conversation would ensue with many different writers. At times the custodian would clean the writing and then another conversation would begin.

Flag at half mast but bird at full volume. I have always been one to question why things were, at times finding some delight in the pursuit of the answer. One day the flag was at half mast at the University of Michigan. Thinking that perhaps some national figure had passed away or a major tragedy occurred I called the office of the Department Chairman to inquire. They had no idea, but suggested that I call the custodians' office, who would have lowered the flag. No idea but a suggestion to call the physical plant office. I called the Vice President, the Mayor, the Police and finally the office of the President of the University. It turned out that an Associate Professor had died. I asked whether they would lower it for an Assistant Professor. Yes, they would. How about an Instructor? Not sure. How about a graduate assistant? Probably not, but they did not know. How about a custodian who had made a donation to the University of a few dollars? At that point my inquiries were not well received, so I hung up. It was clear that there was no clear policy, but the flag got lowed if someone called and asked it to be done.

One day as I left West Building I noticed residue, of what birds from above expelled in a pile, on the steps in front of the exit door. It was time for a fun phone call thought Phillip. I called the Humane Society of Ann Arbor. "Are you interested in pigeons?" I asked. "No, mostly just dogs and cats." "Okay, I will just go ahead and kill them then." "No, don't do that. What is the problem?" I explained that I was in great turmoil leaving the West Building because I thought I might get hit with residue. They thought perhaps I should call the University and if I got no relief they would welcome a second call from me. Each University department referred me to another, hoping that would take care of the problem. Physical plant, Vice President, Dean of Students, Alumni, Biology, Health Department and on and on were called. For each I explained my problem, inflating the consequents with each call. By then I was going to have a nervous breakdown as I worried about leaving the building. It was a fun topic and I made the most of it. A couple of days later I noticed that some netting wire had been installed above the door. Whether it helped or not I don't know as I was moved to a new better office shortly thereafter.

Israel and Egypt. In the fall of 2010 Joyce and I went with some of our friends and neighbors to Israel and Egypt. While we had never been in Egypt before, we had been in Israel two or three times. This was a very fine trip, led by Richard Barrett, from the Logan, Utah area. His father, William E . Barrett, was the Patriarch in our stake at one time and we have known him for years.

Richard was well versed and we learned a lot about Israel and found the trip to be very rewarding. Egypt was also of great interest to us. What an old and fascinating history. We left that country at 11:30 at night and the next day the demonstrators were in the streets and many

had a tough time leaving. We timed it just right and, of course, never knew that there would be a great political turmoil within hours.

Graves. Some of the dead were buried in the Bern Cemetery. Early on the graves were dug by volunteers from Bern, with pick and shovel. Small slabs of cement formed a box around the casket to protect it and to keep the grave from caving in. Later on, graves were dug with power equipment. When Delmar and Wanda Kunz were killed in an automobile accident, they were buried in a grave dug by a backhoe and the graves were covered in with the same equipment. That was quite a departure from the shovels used prior to that. The backhoe did not seem to give the same love and concern for the dead as did the shovels, moving a bit at a time.

As a little boy I remember counting the cars in the funeral procession, as the deceased was taken to the final resting place. Even then, I sensed that the more cars there were the more significant the person.

Ancestors. My ancestors have always been important to me, but especially in the past three or four decades. This has led me to write the books which I have written about my ancestors. In addition, Joyce and I have visited all of the grave sites for our ancestors in America. That includes ancestors of hers and of mine. We want to preserve some kind of record of these for our own posterity and family members.

This concern has led us to England, Denmark and Norway to find home towns of Joyce's forbearers, and to Switzerland and Finland to find hometowns of those who went before me. This has been a satisfying experience for both of us.



Sister Kunz, Sister Faust, Elder Faust, President Kunz



Elder and Sister Kendrick



President and Sister Kunz, Sister and Elder Porter



Elder Morrison, Elder and Sister Naudald, Sister and Elder Kendrick



Brother Seaborn Pulliam



WEST BANK ZONE

Elders Hoopes, B. Wilson, S. Davis,
Dick, M. Taylor, Manwill, Papkae, Blair
Sister & Elder Thatcher, Elders Jones,
Tolman, Nasman, Whicker, Littlefield,
Koyle, Istvanffy, Walter
President & Sister Lasater, Sister and
President Kunz



President & Sister Kunz
Sister & Elder Lasater



President Kunz
Elder and Sister Ashton Faust



President & Sister Kunz
Sister & Elder Nadauld



President and Sister Kunz
President Monson



Sister Kunz, Elder and Sister Ashton Faust
President Kunz



Elder Faust, Jenifer, Jody, Jana, Elder Russell
President and Sister Kunz as they were "set apart"
for their missions.



President and Sister LeGrand Curtis
Counselor in Area Presidency



Area Presidency
President Lasater
President Morrison
President Curtis



Sister and Elder Lasater Sister and Elder Curtis

This began at birth and ends just prior to my 76th birthday.

The end.